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THE HISTORY OF  
PHI GAMMA DELTA









*John S. McCarty*

1848

The cane is in the archives of the fraternity



THE HISTORY OF  
PHI GAMMA DELTA



WILLIAM FOSDICK CHAMBERLIN

DENISON 1893

IN FIVE VOLUMES

*Tomos Alpha*

*THE BEGINNINGS*

NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED BY THE FRATERNITY  
1921

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## TO OUR BROTHERS

**W**HO held true to the ideals of our founders . . . who chose as their path to glory, that trodden by the feet of the heroes of '61 who donned the Blue or the Gray, and forsook the walls of learning for the great battlefields — and whole chapters of them perished . . . who took as their inspiration for the goal of human endeavor, the chivalry of those in the century's latter years who championed the cause of the helpless and oppressed in the islands of the seas . . . who but recently met the tyrant's brandished steel and all the hideous concomitants of uncivilized warfare in No-Man's Land, somewhere in France, finding a deeper significance in Friendship, man for man; gaining wider Knowledge of life's fundamentals and earning heroes' Fame . . .

*to those who fell — and sleep Over There*

THIS VOLUME WITH THE BENEDICTION  
PHI GAMMA DELTA  
IS DEDICATED





## PROLEGOMENA

GENESIS is often hidden in oblivion. The birth-right of a great man—Homer—may be unknown; the tale of a city—Rome—may begin in some fiction of a Romulus and Remus; the origin of a national unit—the Mound Builders—may be undiscoverable. The farther we are removed in time from the sources, the greater is the task of obtaining facts. The difficulty varies, like gravity, with the square of the distance.

Happily the first minute books and records of the "Delta Association" have been preserved. In the removal, however, of the Grand Chapter from Jefferson College to New York; in the change of officials both of the Grand Chapter and of the present form of government; in the unfortunate and ill-advised removal of a wealth of memorabilia from the home of Major Frank Keck after his departure for Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American War; in the migration of the fraternity offices; in the absence of permanent and fire-proof archives, assets of historical value have been lost, among which was the collection of valedictory addresses of the II's of the Grand Chapter for the first fifty years of the fraternity's existence. It will be noted that much of the material for this volume is the result of research work. There is no bibliography. It seems almost incredible that so much new material should have been obtainable more than seventy years after McCarty and his associates established the fraternity.

When the writer was a member of the Board of Archons in 1905 inquiry of his fellow members failed to reveal any detailed knowledge of the founders or early history of Phi Gamma Delta. At the Old Point Comfort Ekklesia in 1906 he introduced a resolution calling for a report on the advisability and cost of marking the graves of the founders. It developed that no one knew where the founders were buried, nor how many were dead; indeed, an issue of *The Phi Gamma Delta* but a short time previously had recorded: "John Templeton McCarty is a successful lawyer in California."

The University of Chicago Ekklesia in 1907 instructed the Archons to find and mark the graves of the founders, and inasmuch as the historian was father to the plan, the task was given to him. This was the beginning of patient and painstaking investigation, covering a period of years, some of the results of which have been published from time to time in *The Phi Gamma Delta*, and are in part recorded in Tomos Alpha.

Five volumes of the History of Phi Gamma Delta are projected:

Alpha, The Beginnings;

Beta, Miscellany: the governments, conventions, catalogues, song-books, magazines and chapter publications, the coat of arms of the fraternity and its chapters, and like matter;

Gamma, The Chapters, active and inactive;

Delta, Who's Who?: A biography of prominent members.

Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta in the Army and Navy.

The story of Deltas under two flags in '61-'65, the



part played by Fijis in Cuba and the Philippines; the work of our brothers of the present day on the sea and under the sea; on the land and under the land; and in the heavens over all, in the agonizing parturition of a new freedom for the world.

Manifestly, the one person who can best write Epsilon, the war story of the fraternity, is our beloved Major Frank Keck, whose record at San Juan was recognized by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

The material for these volumes is being carefully compiled.

In the collection of information I am debtor to my friend, Rev. Maurice E. Wilson, D.D., the son of the ninth initiate, Thomas B. Wilson, Jefferson '49, for counsel and encouragement in an almost hopeless task. The Sunday evenings spent in Doctor Wilson's study, the little journeys with him to Canonsburg, to the wrecks of its once famous college and dormitories and taverns, are the happiest of memories.

Every profession, industry and craft has its Fijis. The trepidation that would in an ordinary case have marked the departure of the manuscript from the editorial hands was not merely diminished but replaced by a happy satisfaction after I had met Luther A. Brewer, Gettysburg '83, a lover of Fijis and a lover of books. Under his eyes every step in the progress of the work toward completion has been taken; from his fascinating book-making apparatus the completed work has come.

As the reader turns these pages he will note the obligations to the daughter, granddaughter, and sisters of John Templeton McCarty, to the sons of Samuel

Beatty Wilson, James Elliott, and that "god of boys," Thomas W. B. Crews.

A preface is, in part, an invention to acknowledge one's thanks, and to express one's affection and esteem. This would involve the naming of many friends and brothers, for whose patience I am exceedingly grateful.

The most inspiring incident of The Beginnings to me is the meeting of John Templeton McCarty and Bolivar G. Krepps, each independently seeking his Eldorado in the excitement of '49, within a few months after the founding, when the roll of the entire "Delta Association" numbered not more than twenty-five. On the banks of a little stream they drank a toast to all brothers who should live after them, and to the "Delta Association," that it might embrace the college youth of the entire country. Seventy years have passed. Brothers in Phi Gamma Delta now meet daily in every mart. I find my own life very much among them; they have been brothers and more, they have been my counselors "in times of trouble, dire distress." They are my friends, business associates, and co-workers. They have been such since as a Freshman I gave my pledge to Charles H. Bosler on Denison's hill, and they will be *per ardua ad astra*.

I look out the window and see the sun of a Spring morning streaming Croesus-like from the gilded dome of the capitol of a New England Commonwealth. I recall familiar words: "light ineffable and full of glory." Beyond the capitol dome I see the stately quadrangle of Trinity, where lusty voices sing:

"Phi Gamma Delta still to thee,  
Our hearts will turn eternally."

And it is so in Orono and in Berkeley, in Minneapolis and in Austin.

The beginnings were well planned. The dreams of the founders have come true. Phi Gamma Delta does embrace the college youth of the entire country.

WILLIAM F. CHAMBERLIN

Hartford, Connecticut

May first, Nineteen twenty



TOMOS ALPHA  
THE BEGINNINGS





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION . . . . .	5
PROLEGOMENA . . . . .	7

## PART I

CHAPTER	
I THE APOSTLE OF THE WEST . . . . .	23
II THE LOG CABIN . . . . .	28
III THE LITERARY SOCIETIES: FRANKLIN AND PHILO	34
IV OLD COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMS . . . . .	54
V OLD JEFFERSON . . . . .	61

## PART II

I FOUNDING OF PHI GAMMA DELTA . . . . .	75
II JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY . . . . .	104
III SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON . . . . .	134
IV JAMES ELLIOTT . . . . .	163
V ELLIS BAILEY GREGG . . . . .	196
VI DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS . . . . .	211
VII NAAMAN FLETCHER . . . . .	246
EPILEGOMENA . . . . .	285
INDEX RERUM . . . . .	289



## ILLUSTRATIONS

JOHN T. McCARTY . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
REVEREND JOHN M'MILLAN, D.D. . . . .	24
DR. M'MILLAN'S HOME, ERECTED 1778 . . . . .	26
THE M'MILLAN CABIN . . . . .	28
MEMORIAL TABLET . . . . .	32
SEAL OF FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY, 1848 . . . . .	34
GREGG'S FRANKLIN DIPLOMA . . . . .	36
WASHINGTON COLLEGE, ERECTED 1793 . . . . .	38
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 1847 . . . . .	40
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 1848 . . . . .	42
LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON . . . . .	44
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1848 . . . . .	46
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1849 . . . . .	48
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1851 . . . . .	50
BOGUS PROGRAM, 1848 . . . . .	52
BOGUS PROGRAM, 1850 . . . . .	54
BOGUS PROGRAM, 1851 . . . . .	56
REPRODUCTION OF LITHOGRAPH OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE . . . . .	58
JEFFERSON COLLEGE BUILDINGS, 1850 . . . . .	60
SEAL OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1848 . . . . .	62
JEFFERSON COLLEGE BUILDINGS, 1909 . . . . .	64
GREGG'S JEFFERSON DIPLOMA . . . . .	66
BADGE OF DEFUNCT JEFFERSON FRATERNITY . . . . .	68
REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, D.D. . . . .	70
THE JEFFERSON COLLEGE CAMPUS IN 1920 . . . . .	76
"FORT" ARMSTRONG . . . . .	78
MINUTES OF THE FIRST MEETING . . . . .	80
PIN OF JAMES ELLIOTT . . . . .	82
SITE OF "SECEDER" CHURCH . . . . .	84
SPRING HOUSE OF TILLIE HUTCHINSON . . . . .	86
"FORT" EMERY . . . . .	88
"FORT" ORAM . . . . .	90

ROOM OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY . . . . .	92
WINDOW SILL IN McCARTY'S ROOM . . . . .	94
MANTEL FROM McCARTY'S ROOM . . . . .	96
FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION . . . . .	98
FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION . . . . .	100
FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION . . . . .	102
LETTER FROM GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING . . . . .	104
FACSIMILE OF PAGE FROM ORIGINAL MINUTE BOOK . . . . .	106
THE BRICELAND TAVERN . . . . .	108
PHI GAMMA DELTA KEY . . . . .	110
JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, 1853 . . . . .	112
JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, 1856 . . . . .	114
HOME OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY . . . . .	116
MISSING MINUTE FOUND IN McCARTY'S JOURNAL . . . . .	118
FACSIMILE OF PAGE IN McCARTY'S JOURNAL . . . . .	120
MR. AND MRS. JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, 1854 . . . . .	122
JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, WIFE AND CHILD . . . . .	124
JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY ABOUT 1860 . . . . .	126
TOMBSTONE OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY . . . . .	128
FACSIMILE LETTER OF McCARTY TO ELLIOTT . . . . .	130
SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON . . . . .	134
SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON, 1848 . . . . .	136
HOME OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON . . . . .	138
LAW OFFICE OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON, 1850 . . . . .	140
MONUMENT AT GRAVE OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON . . . . .	144
SIDE VIEW OF MONUMENT OF WILSON . . . . .	148
FACSIMILE OF WILSON'S HANDWRITING . . . . .	152
JAMES ELLIOTT, 1848 . . . . .	168
THE LORD'S PRAYER, SHORTHAND NOTES OF ELLIOTT . . . . .	176
JAMES ELLIOTT, 1873 . . . . .	184
TOMBSTONE OF JAMES ELLIOTT . . . . .	186
FACSIMILE OF ELLIOTT'S HANDWRITING . . . . .	192
E. B. GREGG, 1848 . . . . .	196
MACGREGOR COAT OF ARMS . . . . .	200
FACSIMILE OF GREGG'S LINES ON "BEAUTY" . . . . .	202
GREGG'S PROFESSIONAL CARD . . . . .	204
TOMBSTONE OF ELLIS B. GREGG . . . . .	206
FACSIMILE OF GREGG'S HANDWRITING . . . . .	208

## ILLUSTRATIONS

19

DANIEL W. CROFTS, 1848 . . . . .	212
DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS, 1850 . . . . .	216
MAP OF CEMETERY, CLINTON, LOUISIANA . . . . .	218
GRAVE OF DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS . . . . .	220
TOMBSTONE OF DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS . . . . .	224
FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF CROFTS TO ELLIOTT . . . . .	232
N. FLETCHER, 1848 . . . . .	246
TOMBSTONE OF NAAMAN FLETCHER . . . . .	248
FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF FLETCHER TO ELLIOTT . . . . .	256
EMERY TAVERN AS IT IS IN 1920 . . . . .	264
FACSIMILE LETTER FROM CREWS TO ELLIOTT . . . . .	272
THOMAS W. B. CREWS, 1850 . . . . .	276
W. E. McLAREN . . . . .	278
FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF McLAREN TO CREWS . . . . .	280
THE SWIMMING HOLE . . . . .	282
OLD BLACK HORSE TAVERN . . . . .	286





## PART I



## CHAPTER I

### THE APOSTLE OF THE WEST

AS NO history of the United States is complete that begins with the days of the Father of His Country and of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but we realize that these founders of our national unity are the children of a former generation, the Pilgrims and Puritans of pioneer days, so the annals of Phi Gamma Delta properly begin, not with that eventful meeting of *its* founders, in the chamber of John Templeton McCarty in "Fort" Armstrong, but with the establishment of the academy which became their Alma Mater, and with a short account of the pious man whose zeal and devotion were dedicated to the first pupils of the famous log college.

John M'Millan, like John the son of Zacharias the priest, was consecrated to the gospel ministry before his birth, November 11, 1752, in Faggs Manor, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Under the able tutelage of the Rev. John Blair, afterward vice-president of Princeton, he attended the classical school in Faggs Manor until he was fifteen, when he was sent to the academy at Piqua to study with the Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, and there underwent his first serious religious experience during a powerful revival. At the College of New Jersey, from which he was graduated under Dr. Witherspoon in 1772, and at Piqua, where he afterward studied theology under the direction of the Rev. Robert

Smith, he received his training for his life work as the Apostle of the West. There were no theological seminaries then, nor for thirty years afterward. Students read fewer books, with the result that what they did read they marked, learned, and inwardly digested. In October, 1774, shortly before his twenty-second birthday, John M'Millan was licensed to preach the gospel.

During the early years of his ministry the Apostle of the West itinerated through the scattered mountainous settlements of Virginia, preaching to sparse congregations and spending many a night in the open with his coat rolled under his head for a pillow. Perhaps in some of those lonely watches he was blessed with a vision of the great work ahead of him, as Jacob saw the gate of heaven at Bethel.

In June, 1776, he was called to take charge of the whole territory west of the mountains, and established himself at Chartiers, where he tells us:

The cabin in which I was to live was raised, but there was no roof on it, nor chimney nor floor. The people were very kind, assisted me in preparing my house, and on the sixteenth of December I moved into it. But we had neither bedstead, nor table, nor chairs, nor stool, nor bucket — all these things we had to leave behind us, there being at that time no wagon road over the mountains. We could bring nothing with us but what we carried on pack horses. We placed two boxes, one on the other, which served us for a table, and two kegs served for seats; and having committed ourselves to God in family worship, we spread a bed on the floor and slept till morning. The next day, a neighbor coming to my assistance, we made a table and a stool, and in a little time had everything comfortable about us. Sometimes we had no bread for weeks, but we had plenty of pumpkins and potatoes, and all the necessaries of life, and as for luxuries we were not much



REVEREND JOHN M'MILLAN, D.D.





concerned about them. We enjoyed health, the gospel and its ordinances, and pious friends. We were in the place where God would have us to be, and we did not doubt but that he would provide everything necessary, and glory to his name we were not disappointed.

His work here was not confined to sermons; levelling the forest, clearing and cultivating the ground, and raising crops all fell within his province, and in the exercise of the grubbing hoe it was said he was unsurpassed by any of the hardest pioneers.

About a year after his installation at Chartiers he began to work out plans for the founding of a literary institution for the education of young men, especially those who wished to fit themselves for the ministry. This idea had been suggested to him by his friend and teacher, Dr. Robert Smith, who in this trust bore witness to the high regard in which he held his former pupil's scholarship and piety.

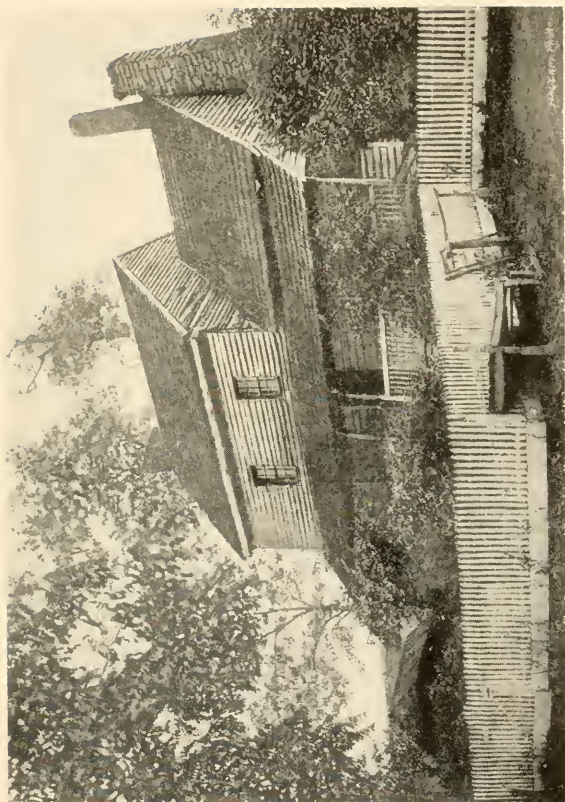
In the little rude study, long afterward known and revered as the Log Cabin, Jefferson College had its origin in the first "Latin School" west of the mountains. Here, too, were the beginnings of the first Theological Seminary which, until his death in 1833, continued under the direction of Dr. M'Millan. More fortunate than the Log Cabin in which Princeton had its beginning, the Log Cabin still remains within a short distance of its first location and, except for the decay of the lower logs, is as sound as in the days of the pioneers. Some years ago a student with a penchant for drawing made an excellent sketch of the building, which is preserved at Old Jefferson, where it attracts the keen interest of many a visitor.

As the number of students steadily increased it be-

came necessary in 1791 to erect a suitable permanent building to house them. Two places were proposed; the site of the Log Cabin, a short distance from Canonsburg, and Canonsburg itself. Sentimental associations had endeared the former, but practical considerations made the second a more acceptable situation for the contemplated Academy; accordingly Colonel John Canon donated one of the finest sites in Canonsburg, together with the promise of an ample stone building to be ready for occupancy before winter, all, for the time, at his own expense, to be refunded by the clergymen and their people later, as they should be able. The Colonel's generous offer was unanimously accepted by the good people interested, and on the following morning at ten all friends of learning and of their country were invited to attend the opening ceremony of the Canonsburg Academy. The little gathering assembled in the shade of some sassafras bushes growing in a worm fence and here, *corona populi parva circumstante*, two pupils, William Riddle and Robert Patterson, began the first recitation in the Academy with the words "*Quid agis.*" In a short time the roll of students embraced the names of

Abraham Scott	Joseph Doddridge
Robert Patterson	Dorsey Pentecost
William Wylie	James Dunlavy
Thomas Swearingen	Daniel McClean
James Snodgrass	William Kerr
Ebenezer Henderson	Phillip Doddridge
James Duncan	William Riddle
James Allison	Alexander Campbell

Trustees were appointed by the ministers and other



DR. M'MILLAN'S HOME, ERECTED 1778



gentlemen who felt an interest in the Academy, and contributions were made by the Presbyterian congregations of the West, both to refund to Colonel Canon the cost of the Academy and to aid in payment of teachers, also occasionally to raise means for partial scholarships. The contributions took unique forms. Many ladies subscribed a few yards of linen valued at twenty-five cents a yard. Other donations consisted of grain, tea, and even, in one instance, of whiskey.

In 1794 this institution received a charter from the legislature under the name of "The Academy and Library Company of Canonsburg." Patrick Henry contributed £50 to the library of the new institution and selected many of the books himself. Benjamin Franklin afterwards became interested in the college library and sent from France many volumes of French literature bound in hand-tooled leather.

The later history of this academy we shall follow in Chapter V.

## CHAPTER II

### THE LOG CABIN

OUT of the log cabin in America have come marvelous men and marvelous things. Presidents have been born in log cabins; universities have been born in log cabins.

Princeton was born in a log cabin, and her host of loyal sons today lament that there is neither stick nor stone left to which they may pay homage. Jefferson College was founded in a log house by a son of Princeton, and while revered by her aged alumni, it stood in old Canonsburg for years unnoticed, and their efforts toward its preservation in 1908 met with strange opposition from some citizens of Canonsburg, who feared that the beauty of the town would be marred by the ugliness of the relic.

In New England the spirit of memory is not dead. In the desire to perpetuate the names of heroes and to mark historical spots, towns vie with each other. "On this bridge, the ride of Paul Revere was intercepted by the British," is the inscription. "Under this elm, Washington took command of the Continental Army." "John Adams, the second president of the United States, was born here," boasts the placard. Here is the very rock upon which the Pilgrim Fathers first placed their feet. Yonder on the hill they are buried. Everywhere in New England are piles of stone perpetuating a mighty deed; everywhere are statues of our forefathers; every-





THE M'MILLAN CABIN ON THE CAMPUS OF  
JEFFERSON COLLEGE AS A MEMORIAL TO THE  
FOUNDERS OF PHI GAMMA DELTA





where buildings for the preservation of valuable records and historical property, erected and maintained in grateful remembrance by citizens.

Canonsburg, the site of old Jefferson College and the birthplace of Phi Gamma Delta, is blessed historically by the preservation there of the log cabin which recalls the genius and prowess of the pioneer educator of the whole region west of the mountains, John M'Millan.

From this log college may be traced the foundation, not only of old Jefferson College, but of the Washington and Jefferson of today, the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany, and Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

For eleven years the cabin was a classical and a theological school, within whose walls of log and mortar, with greased paper for the panes of its two small windows, and with rough boards for benches, over one hundred students were educated for the ministry.

During the life of Old Jefferson College, the cabin was always an object of veneration, and the distance between Jefferson College buildings and the M'Millan farm was one of the popular constitutionals for the students. The story that the plans of Phi Gamma Delta were first promulgated by the founders in the M'Millan cabin is traditional but cannot be verified by any early records. That the old cabin was, however, without question frequented by our founders is testified to by the fact that there are to be found carved on the door of the old cabin the names of McCarty and Fletcher.

To the Rev. William F. Brown, D.D., an alumnus of Jefferson College, is due the credit of the preservation of the cabin. Dr. Brown's father and grandfather had both been presidents of Jefferson. He himself had

been a teacher in the old building, and his enthusiasm and love for it were innate. When, in 1895, the descendants of Dr. M'Millan were about to take down the famous cabin, Dr. Brown obtained possession of it and removed it to the campus of Jefferson. The occasion of its removal was made a time of great celebration. On June 18, 1895, there were gathered together, with the governor of Pennsylvania, many of the distinguished sons of Jefferson. W. R. Allen, of Washington, the great-grandson of M'Millan, and his wife, a great-granddaughter of Colonel Canon, founder of Canonsburg, contributed interest to the occasion. The cabin at this time was not placed on a foundation, but was left in an obscure place back of the old buildings.

At the morning session of the Fifty-eighth Ekklesia of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, held at Old Point Comfort, July 27, 1906, a resolution was introduced that the Board of Archons be instructed to report to the Fifty-ninth Ekklesia the cost of a suitable memorial to the founders of Phi Gamma Delta, to be erected at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. The entire matter of investigation was put into the hands of the writer, who at the Chicago Ekklesia on July 24, 1907, suggested the preservation of the M'Millan log cabin and the placing thereon of an appropriate bronze tablet. This plan was adopted. The bronze tablet was designed by and cast under the direction of Donald S. Brown, Purdue '04. The special features of the tablet are the coat of arms, a star under the name of each founder, and the endless cord around the entire border of the tablet.

The burgess of Canonsburg in 1907 was Samuel Blaine Ewing, Washington and Jefferson, '89, and it

was to a very large degree through his good efforts that the negotiations with the trustees of Jefferson Academy were conducted to a successful conclusion.

The following resolutions were promulgated at this time by the board of trustees of Jefferson Academy:

1. *Be it resolved*, That the permanent care of the M'Millan "Log Cabin," wherein Jefferson College had its origin, is hereby vested in the Board of Archons of the fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta upon the express agreement that said fraternity, through its governing board, shall now, and hereafter, preserve said "Log Cabin" for the exhibition of mementoes of Jefferson College, subject to ordinary wear and tear, unavoidable casualties and destruction, and shall be permitted to place on said "Log Cabin" a suitable memorial to the founders of said fraternity, approved by the governing board of said fraternity.

2. *Be it further resolved*, That permission is hereby given to remove said "Log Cabin" from its present site to a point or place of location on the campus at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.

3. *Be it further resolved*, That in case the aforesaid fraternity shall fail to take proper care of the said "Log Cabin," as provided for in the first resolution of this agreement, for a period of three current years, that the care shall revert to the directors of Jefferson Academy.

That there shall be access to said cabin at all times, by the principal of Jefferson Academy and its janitor, who, together with the representative of the Phi Gamma Delta society, shall have a key thereto; that said principal on behalf of said academy and the friends of Jefferson College as well as said fraternity shall have the privilege of placing mementoes of said college therein.

That a copy of these resolutions be certified to the Phi Gamma Delta society as the contract between the parties hereto.

That the location of the cabin be delegated to the prop-

erty committee of the academy and the representative of the Phi Gamma Delta society.

Approved this September 3d, 1907.

N. W. Shaefer,  
President of Board of Jefferson Academy.

J. H. H. Cook,  
Secretary.

On the 7th of February, 1908, exercises were held in the Central Presbyterian church, Canonsburg, under the direction of the national officers of Phi Gamma Delta. The president of the board of trustees of Jefferson Academy, Noah W. Shaefer, opened the meeting with an address in commemoration of Dr. M'Millan's pioneer educational work, following which, in behalf of the Jefferson trustees, he turned over to Phi Gamma Delta the old cabin to have and to preserve for all time. Thomas L. Pogue, national secretary, accepted the charge on behalf of the fraternity, promising that it should be sacredly kept.

The Rev. W. F. Brown, D. D., wrote me at the time expressing his regret and disappointment that he could not be present at the exercises; the rest of his letter follows:

Set it in such a firm way on the classic hill of Canonsburg that it can never be hid. Let the watchmen of the town guard it against all hurt and desecration. Let the artist put it on the glowing canvas. Let the historian gather up its records and tell its story, of which we may be proud. Let this building proclaim to posterity the labors, the sacrifices, the faith, the ideas, and the burning hopes of the fathers whose heroic actions made our advanced age a possibility.

Well may we today be proud of this crude building presided over by the devoted Christian man, Dr. M'Millan, which institution has been the center from which have





THIS LOG CABIN WAS BUILT IN 1780

BY

THE REV. JOHN McMILLAN D.D.

AND WAS THE BEGINNING OF

JEFFERSON COLLEGE.

IT WAS DONATED BY HIS DESCENDANTS  
THE FULTON BROTHERS

TO

THE REV. WILLIAM F. BROWN D.D.

WHO REMOVED IT TO THIS CAMPUS IN 1895  
AND COMMITTED IT TO THE GUARDIANSHIP OF  
THE TRUSTEES OF JEFFERSON ACADEMY.  
BY ACTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES 1907  
ITS PERPETUAL CARE WAS ENTRUSTED TO  
THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY OF

PHI GAMMA DELTA

FOUNDED IN JEFFERSON COLLEGE IN 1848  
FOR THE HONOR OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE FRATERNITY

DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS

SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

★  
JAMES ELLIOTT

★  
NAAMAN FLETCHER

★  
ELLIS B. GREGG

★  
JOHN T. Mc CARTY

★

★

MEMORIAL TABLET



radiated hundreds of intellectual lights seen in the pulpit, the forum and on the platform, and which have shown forth as brilliant rays of truth and reflected honor upon their humble Alma Mater. I am filled, I trust, with a pardonable pride that my ancestors wrought in this old and glorious relic of the past, and therefore I greatly rejoiced when I became the recipient of this time-honored structure, and it was indeed most welcome news to me, as I know it was to the Jefferson Academy trustees, who have been so true and faithful to their trust, when your fraternity, through you, kindly offered to become the future guardians of the historic relic.

The labors and prayers of my own ancestors, who carefully and tenderly nourished the vine planted by Dr. M'Millan, naturally increase the deep interest which I now feel as a former Canonsburg boy, as an alumnus of Jefferson College, as a pastor once occupying the pulpit in Providence Hall, as a professor and principal of Jefferson Academy, and as a warm friend of education.

Believing that no charter is superior to the faith and labors of our pious pioneer ancestors, I wish to express my sincere thanks to you, Mr. Chamberlin, and to your fraternity for the great interest you have shown in your desire and efforts that "the old log college" may have a continued career in future history.

Very sincerely yours,  
W. F. BROWN.



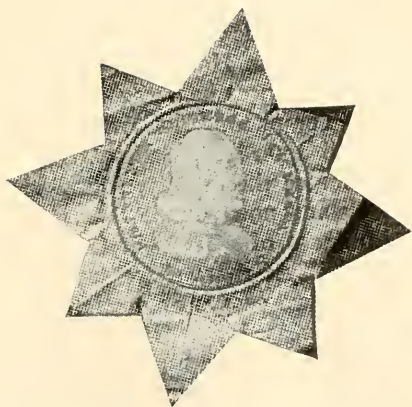
## CHAPTER III

### THE LITERARY SOCIETIES: FRANKLIN AND PHILO

**D**URING the years preceding the activities of Phi Gamma Delta, little is known of the rival literary societies save the dates of their founding, Philo on the 23rd day of August, 1797, by Rev. John Watson, Franklin on the 14th day of November, 1797, by Dr. James Carnahan. As the founders had been members of the societies at Princeton, they no doubt modelled the constitution, rules, and secret exercises of the Canonsburg societies on the plan of those at Princeton.

A record of the first years of the Franklin Society was found in one of the volumes of "College Miscellany" collected and bound by Thomas W. B. Crews. This pamphlet, published by the Society with J. Templeton McCarty as chairman, contains an address delivered at the semi-centennial anniversary, November 14, 1847, by the Rev. W. A. Passavant; and since the prosperity of the Franklin literary society was for so many years in the hands of the "Delta Association," a short sketch from the data given us by Dr. Passavant will not be out of order:

In 1790 the M'Millan Latin School was removed from the log house to a substantial stone building in Canonsburg. Shortly after the opening of the new building, a debating society was formed by the students, which was a forerunner of two other literary



SEAL OF FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY  
1848



societies, the Franklin and the Philo, which labored and flourished together until the union of Jefferson with Washington.

The Franklin Society was founded on the evening of November 14, 1797, by nine students with the motto of *Scientia, Amicitia et Virtus*. The first resolution ever passed by the society was that "the members be required to keep its business a profound secret." So fearful were they of any violation of this that members were not permitted to read an essay in the academy which had already been read in the society. Subsequently when leakages were discovered in certain quarters, married students were not eligible to membership. Of the nine members who founded the society, five were officers—a chairman, clerk, inspector, and two correctors. The names of these officers continued until 1817 when they were changed to president, vice-president, secretary, clerk, and reviewers.

In perusing the annals of the society in the first three years of its existence, one is impressed with the tone and character of its decisions on some of the great questions. In 1798 the question was discussed and decided in the affirmative, "Would it be politic in the southern states to abolish negro slavery?"

On moral subjects, some of the decisions at this time are strangely at variance with the common verdict of society at the present day. Thus the question "Would it be advantageous to cease the distillation of rye and raise more wheat?" was unanimously decided in favor of rye. Some time after this decision, a similar question was discussed—"Is not the use of spirituous liquors more injurious than beneficial to a country?" This also was decided in favor of the spirituous liquors.

A rich vein of humor often ran through the early performances of the society. Thus, for instance, a member read a dialogue between a spider and a fly. One youth edified the society with an eloquent essay on "Kissing." Another graphically described "The Pleasure of Having a Clean Pocket Handkerchief." Another read an essay on "A Description of an Ass," and another feelingly described "The Itch."

If we may judge from the same records, the days of chivalry were not over. Thus the question, "Is Female Modesty Natural or Artificial?" was decided by acclamation to be natural. The question, "Ought a Man to Whip his Wife on Any Occasion?" was gallantly decided in the negative. It is recorded that one Mitchell gave a description of a beautiful damsel. Donald wrote on "The Female Sex is the Life of Society." Chaplain wrote "On the Choice of a Wife." A solitary individual, Caldwell, had the fortitude to stem the popular current of opinion and chose for the subject of his essay, "The Horrid Practice of Dancing with the Girls."

Each member, in turn, furnished candles, brought water, and kept the door at the meeting of the society.

Fining was always kept alive. Sinclair and Wilson were fined one cent each for "laughing and talking without permission." Henderson was fined five cents for a ridiculous composition, and two cents additional "for frequently changing his seat without permission." Wallace was fined six cents for holding the poker in his hand while debating.

The jurisdiction of the society extended over the conduct of its members not only while in session but also







during the intervals. Members were tried for profanity, playing cards, and becoming intoxicated.

During the first five years of its existence, the society was without a library. On September 10, 1799, it was moved "that a collection be lifted for the purpose of purchasing of such a dictionary as may be thought necessary for the society." This was the beginning of the Franklin Literary Library, which, at the time of the founding of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, numbered 3,000 volumes, many of the most valuable of which were taken out of the library by loyal Franklinites and hidden so that they might not find their way to Washington.

The literary contests between the Franklin and Philo societies commenced as early as 1799, when a challenge was given by Franklin to Philo. In the contest of 1809, the question of the debate was "Is the Soul Created Immediately at the time of its Infusion into the Body?" At the contest of 1817, the records report the appointing of a committee "to build the stage and to hold the candles and snuff them." This was considered an honor and such honor was conferred only on members of the more advanced classes. The inspectors of the society were often men of prominence. In January, 1798, James Carnahan, the president of the College of New Jersey, wrote: "The Franklin Society promises to exceed our highest expectations. We trust it will be an honor to the members, a benefit to the academy, and will extend its happy influence throughout America."

One interesting and unique memento of the Franklin Society is Ellis Bailey Gregg's diploma, the Latin words of which are still legible:



## FRANKLINIA SOCIETAS LITERARIA

Collegii Jeffersoniensis

Omnibus has literas lecturis

SALUTEM

Notum sit Ellis B. Gregg, A.B. titulo gradu beneficiisque honorarii sodalis hujusce Institutionis placere nobis decorare. Cuius rei in testimonium, Societatis consultu, sigillum nostrum commune est affixum. Praesidis, Scribeaeque nomina subscripta sunt.

Datum Decimo Octavo Die Calendarum Julii

Anno Domini Millesimo Octingentesimo

Quadragesimo Octavo

Praeses

Socii

Scriba

The name of John T. McCarty appears as Praeses; G. I. Young as Scriba. Among the names of the Socii that follow we have preserved the signatures of the founders and other members of the "Delta Association:" Thomas W. B. Crews, J. Q. Adams Jones, B. F. Ray, Albert G. Jenkins, John B. Penington, J. P. Gilchrist, and James W. Logan. It is manifest from the proportion of Delta signatures that the founders and their new-made brothers of Phi Gamma Delta were the real life of the Franklin society.

The seal of the society, a profile of Benjamin Franklin, is well nigh effaced from the yellow original.

In addition to Gregg's diploma, there are now in the possession of the Fraternity, through the kindness of J. B. Gregg, of Peoria, Illinois, a nephew of Ellis Bailey Gregg, two essays or orations of Gregg in his own handwriting, addressed to "Gentlemen of the Franklin Literary Society:" one a dissertation on the 1,846 years of the Christian era, dated January 1, 1846;



WASHINGTON COLLEGE, ERECTED 1793, THE WINGS ADDED 1818-20  
Chartered as Academy, 1787; chartered as College, 1806



the other his last work in the Society on "The Right of Suffrage."

While some Deltas were members of Philo and some Betas were members of Franklin, yet from the society lists preserved by Crews it is evident that Philo was dominated in the late forties by Beta Theta Pi, just as Gregg's diploma clearly indicates the preponderance of Phi Gamma Delta in the Franklin Society.

The general catalogues of both societies for June, 1850, preserved in Volume II of Crews' "College Miscellany," are now in the archives. In the honorary list of the Franklin Society appear the following celebrities:

Hon. James Buchanan, Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, Hon. Jefferson Davis, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, Hon. W. H. Seward, Hon. Daniel Webster. The number of honorary members given at this time was 194, regular members 1,347, present members 108; total 1,649.

Philo could boast as distinguished a list with the names of Hon. John Quincy Adams, Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. Thomas Corwin, Hon. Horace Greeley, Hon. Andrew Jackson, and Hon. Martin Van Buren. The total number of honorary members in the 1840 catalogue of Philo was 205, present members 93, and regular members 1,332; total 1,630.

The founders and the first initiates of the "Delta Association" were exceedingly prominent in the activities of the Franklin Society as the copious notes of the minutes will attest.

Perhaps no other document in the possession of the fraternity can so vividly conjure up before our eyes the student days of '47-'48 and '49, the prolific petty fining, the spontaneous wit, the earnest rivalry.

MINUTES OF FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY  
JEFFERSON COLLEGE

JANUARY 15, 1847

Regular debate, "Should a man be convicted of murder in the first degree on circumstantial evidence?" Fletcher affirmative, McCarty, deny. (Latter appointed) Merits of argument, "Decided equal by committee with a slight discrimination in favor of the affirmative. Merits of the question decided by Society in the affirmative."

JANUARY 22ND

T. B. Wilson fined 5c "for walking between the chair and the speaker."

FEBRUARY 5TH

Resolved, "That it be optional with members to wear slippers or pay 50c tax per session."

MARCH 5TH

James Elliott applied for membership and elected. Committee appointed to publish a catalogue of Society,—Wilson, Sr., Hill, Sexton, S. B. Wilson & Woods, Jr. Committee on decoration of hall for contest,—Wilson, Sr., Fletcher, Sexton, McCarty, Maxwell & Irwin.

Wilson, Sr. fined 5c for lounging.

Fletcher elected Recording Secretary.

MARCH 12TH

"A rose was adopted as the badge of Society" (for contest).

Committee to procure hangings for the chandelier,—Wilson, Sr., McCarty & Todd.

N. FLETCHER, Scriba.

MARCH 19TH

Elliott "appeared and took his seat as a member." Committee on order for contest,—Geary, McCarty, Wilson, Sr., & Hall were members with others.

N. FLETCHER, Secretary.

MARCH 23RD

Society convened in Providence Hall. "The contestors



# ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF

## WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1897.

### GRADUATING CLASS.

Andrew B. B.  
George B. B.  
James G. Blaine  
Joseph O. B.  
George D. C.  
Thomas C.  
Vernon D.  
Hugh W. F.

Alexander M. G.  
John O. H.  
John M. H.  
R. Campbell H.  
John O. J.  
John A. L.  
La Fayette M.

G. M. Miller.  
J. B. Moore.  
Wm. S. Moore.  
Robert J. M.  
H. P. M.  
Edward B. N.  
Wm. M. Orr.  
Samuel P.

Wm. H. M. P.  
Z. Wilson P.  
Huston Q.  
Robert R.  
J. A. R.  
James H. S.  
John H. S.  
Alexander W.

MATRIALMAE SIMUS HONORI.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC--PRAYER--MUSIC.

- |  |        |  |
|--|--------|--|
| 1st. Latin Salutatory,                                     | MUSIC. | JOHN C. HEATY, Brooke County, Va.      |
| 2d. English Salutatory and Oration,                        | MUSIC. | JAMES G. BLAINE, West Brownsville, Pa. |
| 3d. Greek Salutatory,                                      | MUSIC. | T. W. PORTER, Fayette County, Pa.      |
| 4th. ORATION--The Sword and the Plough,                    | MUSIC. | J. G. JAMES, Wellsburg, Va.            |
| 5th. ORATION--Byron,                                       | MUSIC. | HUSTON QUIT, Union Valley, Pa.         |
| 6th. ORATION--The Era of Napoleon,                         | MUSIC. | LA FAYETTE MARKLE, Mill Grove, Pa.     |
| 7th. A POEM--The Collegian,                                | MUSIC. | G. D. CLATTS, Grave Creek, Va.         |
| 8th. ORATION--Moral Warfare,                               | MUSIC. | J. R. MOORE, Wellsburg, Ohio.          |
| 9th. ORATION--Poverty useful in the development of Genius, | MUSIC. | R. C. COLEMAN, Hazenville, Ohio.       |
| 10th. ORATION--The American Boy,                           | MUSIC. | E. B. NEELY, Washington City, D. C.    |

### MUSIC--CONFERRING OF DEGREES--MUSIC.

- |                    |        |                                     |
|--------------------|--------|-------------------------------------|
| 11th. VALEDICTORY, | MUSIC. | WILLIAM M. ORR, Wayne County, Ohio. |
|--------------------|--------|-------------------------------------|

### MUSIC--BENEDICTION--MUSIC.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 1847  
James G. Blaine one of the speakers



exercised themselves upon the stage which had been erected in the hall, after which the Society adjourned."

N. FLETCHER, Secretary.

MARCH 25, 1847

"A large and brilliant audience assembled in Providence Hall which had been previously decorated in a style of magnificence and grandeur never before equaled." Franks won select oration, essay and debate; took 13 points out of 20.

APRIL 2ND

S. B. Wilson chosen contest debater for '48. Committee,—to remodel library room,—Wilson, Sr., Beveridge, & Pugh. "Is conscience innate?" Crofts deny. Wilson, Sr., 10c for books.

N. FLETCHER, Scriba.

APRIL 9TH

Esq. McCullough, Phineas Gurley & Stephen Douglas were elected honorary members. N. FLETCHER, Scriba.

APRIL 16TH

Wilson, Sr., and others fined for disorder and for boots. McKay 10c "for quoting Scripture."

N. FLETCHER, Scriba.

APRIL 23RD

Subscribed for "Eclectic," "Littells" and "North American Review." S. B. Wilson and Wilson, Sr., 10c each "for talking during performance." FLETCHER, Scriba.

So endeth these labors! amen, amen. [A single line in very small lettering by Fletcher.]

APRIL 30TH

Elliott, Vice President, pro tem. Findley, 10c "for sitting in the window." Crofts, 25c "for refusing to debate when appointed." Pelham, 10c "for sitting in an improper posture."

MAY 14TH

Committee of three "to attend to the library in vacation,"—Wilson, Sr., Beveridge & Carson, Sr.

MAY 21ST

"The granting of Mr. Crofts an honorable dismission



from Society was deferred till the next meeting. A committee of Mr. Crofts's *particular friends* was appointed to confer with him. Committee,—S. B. Wilson, McCarty & Salisbury."

JUNE 4TH, 1847

McCarty fined 25c "for disorder." [All six Phi Gamma Delta founders were Franks.]

SEPTEMBER 17TH

"Mr. Crofts was granted an honorable dismissal." Elliott elected essayist for contest.

SEPTEMBER 24TH

S. A. Quay elected member of Society and initiated. Subject for debate on contest in '48, as contained in minutes of this date, "Was the death of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?"

S. B. Wilson, 10c "for bringing a cane into Society." Committee to confer with Philo Committee regarding time of next contest,—Wilson, Sr., McCarty & Vincent.

OCTOBER 8TH

M. Quail elected member of Society. M. Quail initiated October 15th.

OCTOBER 15TH

Fletcher debated affirmative of question, "Is Faith natural to man?" and won. "Mr. Crofts was reinstated a regular member of this Society." Elliott and Wilson, Sr., granted optional attendance. Gregg elected Corresponding Secretary. Gregg and McCarty, 25c each "for non-performance last meeting."

OCTOBER 22ND

Ray initiated. Wilson, Sr., S. B. Wilson, Quay & Quail not required to perform.

NOVEMBER 12TH, 1847

"Fletcher's suspension was taken off. The suspension of S. B. Wilson was taken off and his fine repealed."

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17TH

The Semi-Centenary of the Society observed in Provi-

# PROGRAMME OF THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, PA.

ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1848.

## GRADUATING CLASS.

ANDREW TODD BAIRD  
LAWRENCE BLACKLY  
C. BLACK  
J. B. CRAIG  
JAMES M. CLARK  
JOHN D. ORSON  
JAMES E. COOLE  
J. SCOTT COLMERY  
EZEKIEL DAVENPORT

ELIAS F. DODD  
DAVID EDMISTON  
NORMAN D. FENTON  
WILLIAM A. FLEMING  
JAMES FORSYTHE  
JAMES H. FORSYTH  
ANTHONY HARTZ  
WILLIAM B. KING  
W. B. KENNEDY

JOSEPH M. LODGNEY  
E. E. LEAVITT  
J. S. MARQUIS  
D. F. McFARLAND  
H. D. McCANN  
J. W. McOLUSKY  
J. O. MESSENGER  
DAVID A. PRESLEY  
T. B. SEARIGHT

J. MONROE SHAFER  
JAMES T. SLANGLE  
JOHN C. SPENCER  
JORD. STEWART  
J. B. STEWART  
WILLIAM B. TELFAIR  
E. GEORGE TURNER  
J. WATKINS  
WILLIAM YOUNG

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

### MUSIC--PRAYER--MUSIC.

EXCELSIOR SALUTATORY.

MUSIC.

H. D. McCANN, Erie, Pa.

LAUREL SALUTATORY.

MUSIC.

J. BLACK, Stewartville, Pa.

GRACE SALUTATORY.

MUSIC.

Wm. B. KING, Belford, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--Tyranny--its evil ruin.

MUSIC.

Wm. A. FLEMING, Jacksonville, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--The Spirit of Liberty.

MUSIC.

E. F. DODD, Amity, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--Our Age--its march.

MUSIC.

J. B. STEWART, Clinton, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--The true Source of Free Principles.

MUSIC.

J. S. MARQUIS, Cross Creek, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--The Spiritual in Man.

MUSIC.

D. EDMISTON, Cherokee, Ohio.

PRIMER ORATION.

MUSIC.

S. DAVENPORT, Woodfield, Ohio.

ORATION--SUBJECT--The Empire of Thought.

MUSIC.

J. FORSYTH, Emeryville, Pa.

ORATION--SUBJECT--First Impressions.

MUSIC.

J. SCOTT COLMERY, Hayesville, O.

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

EXCELSIOR.

J. B. CRAIG, Clayville, Pa.

### EXCELSIOR--PRAYER--EXCELSIOR.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, WASHINGTON COLLEGE, 1848



dence Hall. "A large and brilliant audience was present." Orators, Jacob Winters, Esq. of Canonsburg and Rev. Passavant of Pittsburg. [An account of Passavant's oration appears earlier in this chapter.] Expense of Semi-Centenary \$51.-2- $\frac{1}{2}$ . One item, "Expense of one of committee going to and returning from Pittsburg—\$3.50."

## NOVEMBER 19TH

Brown, 10c "for bringing a cane into the hall." Stone-road, 10c "for playing with Brown's cane."

## NOVEMBER 26TH

Select debaters, — Fletcher & Frazer.

E. B. GREGG, Corresponding Secretary.

## DECEMBER 3RD

Letter from the Philo Society:—

"PHILO HALL, DECEMBER 3, 1847

"GENTLEMEN OF THE FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY:

"I am authorized to inform you that Mr. Lawrence C. Hepburn has been expelled from this Society.

"Yours truly,

"S. H. DICKIE

"Corresponding Secretary."

"Fletcher's fines and suspension were taken off."

## DECEMBER 17TH

Thomas B. Wilson's name appears as member of a committee. Also McCarty's, Crofts's & Fletcher's. Crews elected a member of Society.

## DECEMBER 31, 1847

"Mr. Crews appeared and took his seat as a regular member."

Wilson, Sr., chairman of committee on decision of debate. Frazer beat Fletcher in debate. McCarty, "25c for disrespect to Society."

"Lyceum"—T. B. Wilson read an essay treating of "Thunder Storms."

Woodrow excused till next time. Wilson & Woodrow elected "Curators."

FLETCHER, Secretary.

JANUARY 21, 1848

Fletcher and Ray elected Librarians. Crofts, chairman of Committee on Membership. Quay, Reviewer. Goodwillie, Recorder.

JANUARY 28TH

Probationers for debate on contest: Fletcher, Perkins, Frazer & T. B. Wilson. McCarty fined for boots, Crofts for leaving the hall.

FEBRUARY 4TH

McCarty paid \$10.00 "for the purpose of refitting the hall in vacation."

FEBRUARY 11TH

Financial report signed by Thomas B. Wilson, George C. Arnold & I. Hays. McCarty a member of "Committee on hall and library" making report.

S. B. Wilson, chairman of Committee on Constitution. Quay fined 25c for absenting himself immediately preceding his performance.

FEBRUARY 18TH

"Is the present war with Mexico a just war on the part of the United States?" On merits of argument — in favor of the negative. [Wilson, Sr., a member of the committee.] Merits of question also in favor of negative by Society. Crews permitted to read his debate and excused from speaking twice on debate. Gregg fined 10c for leaving hall without permission.

MARCH 17, 1848

B. C. Ward received into membership.

MARCH 31ST

"The probationers on debate performed except T. B. Wilson who declined performing. After which the election resulted in the choice of Fletcher." Crews fined 10c for sitting in a window reading a newspaper. Hamilton for lying on Moore's knee, 10c.

APRIL 14TH

Mr. A. M. Reid was initiated. "The resolution of May 21, '47, to abolish the opening and closing of Society with prayer was expunged from the minutes."

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

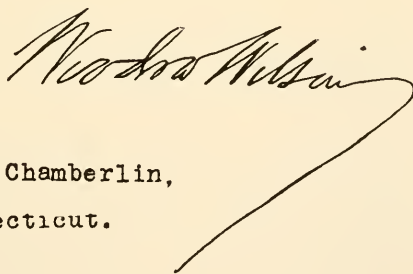
6 March, 1918.

My dear Mr. Chamberlin:

I have your letter of March fourth and in reply would say that the Reverend Doctor James Woodrow, to whom you refer, was my mother's brother. I did not know that he was a member of any college fraternity.

In haste

Cordially and sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Woodrow Wilson". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the recipient's address. A long, thin, curved line extends from the bottom of the signature, sweeping downwards and to the left, ending near the bottom of the page.

Mr. William F. Chamberlin,  
Hartford, Connecticut.



## APRIL 21ST

Gregg was temporary Vice President. "Our debater, Mr. Fletcher, was granted optional attendance."

## APRIL 28TH

McCarty elected President. Goodwillie, Corresponding Secretary, and Hall, Reviewer. James Elliott elected valedictorian (representing senior class). Messrs. George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott and Longfellow proposed for honorary memberships. "At a meeting of the seniors, Mr. Naaman Fletcher was chosen Response." Henry Clay elected an honorary member. "Committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the insertion of a drawing of the village of Canonsburg in our catalogues."

## MAY 5TH

Bancroft, Prescott & Longfellow elected honorary members. "Drawing of the college buildings ordered sent to Baltimore to be lithographed." [For the catalogue] 400 impressions. "Committee to revise constitution preparatory to receiving the charter," — Crofts, S. B. Wilson & Elliott, Sr. JOHN T. MCCARTY, President.

## MAY 12, 1848

Charter was received. Report of committee to revise constitution received and adopted. Constitution adopted.

Thanked Mrs. Herriott for the drawing of the college buildings. Thomas B. Wilson "attests" application of James E. Buchanan for membership.

Elias Prow was "factotum" at \$25.00 per year to keep the hall in order, lift and clean carpet once a session, etc. Fletcher, Frazer & Perkins, Committee.

## MAY 19TH

Absent, Wilson, Sr. Those required of the third division performed their respective duties except Wilson, Sr., Ray. Letter received from Hon. H. Clay acknowledging reception of our letter informing him of his election to honorary membership. Mr. Clay's letter was ordered to be framed and hung in the library. Crews's fine was taken off.



## MAY 26TH

Wilson, Sr.'s fine was taken off. Crews's fine was taken off. Crews fined 10c for prompting himself. Crews fined 10c for disorder in library.

## JUNE 2ND

Ray & Crews fined 10c each for reading letters. Crews, 10c for going out without permission.

## JUNE 9TH

Absent, Wilson, Sr. Election of officers — Ray, President, Elliott, Vice President. Eight appointed a "Committee of Order" for commencement, — Ray, Fletcher, Hall, Goodwillie, Crews, Grier, Logan, Sr., & Ward. A committee of three appointed to select a chaplain, — Fletcher, chairman. "The factotum was ordered to go around town and gather up the books."

## JUNE 13TH

Adjourned meeting. "The valedictory was delivered by James Elliott of Ohio, — the response by N. Fletcher, Esq. of Ohio."

JOHN T. McCARTY, Pres.

[End of term]

Session ending June 14th, '48, roll contained 99 members.

## SEPTEMBER 16, 1848

"There being no president, Wilson Sr. was called to the chair and initiated such of the officers elect as were present." Standing Committees: On Constitution, — Wilson, Sr., Chairman. On Finance, Fletcher, Chairman.

B. F. RAY, President.

## SEPTEMBER 22ND

Absent, second calling of the roll, Wilson, Sr. "Wilson, Sr., was permitted to read an essay instead of declaim." Challenged the Philo Literary Society "to meet us on contest at a time," etc. Committee reported they had purchased a frame to cover the letter received from the Hon. Henry Clay. Cost 50c.

# PROVIDENCE HALL.

## COMMENCEMENT

### JEFFERSON COLLEGE,

Wednesday, June 14th, 1848.

#### GRADUATING CLASSES.

A. H. AMKIN,	ROBERT CURRY,	W. S. LIVINGSTON,	J. WILSON FANTON,	W. J. SMITH,
W. J. BERTOLETTE,	JNO. H. DUNCAN,	JOHN LYONS,	J. R. PENNINGTON,	G. W. STRAIN,
W. Y. BROWN,	JAMES ELLIOTT,	W. J. LYONS,	CARLES L. PERSHING,	J. R. THOMPSON,
MILTON W. BROWN,	JNO. M. GEARY,	W. G. MARCHE,	W. A. PUGH,	A. VIRTUE,
J. WOODS BROWN,	ELLIS E. GREGG,	JNO. MEWEN,	W. A. RANKIN,	S. H. WILSON,
GEA. W. CLARK,	JNO. HARRISON,	J. T. MCCARTY,	J. G. REASER,	J. H. WILSON,
MATTHEW CLARK,	THOS. W. HILL,	R. C. McFARLAND,	J. W. ROBINSON,	SAM TOM WILSON,
A. R. COOK,	T. J. JENKINS,	I. N. MCKINNEY,	A. D. RODGERS,	R. T. WOODS,
J. IRWIN COX,	W. I. JENKINS,	JACOB H. MILLER,	W. T. THOMAS,	ED. K. YOUNG,
JNO. K. CHAMLER,	A. G. JENKINS,	JOSIAH MILLIGAN,	SOL. A. SHARP,	G. T. YOUNG,
DANIEL CROFTS,	C. F. JOHNSON,	JNO. J. PATTERSON,	J. MAC SHARPE,	

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

##### MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

SALUTATORY—English and Greek.	JNO. B. PERKINSON,	New Castle, Del.
SALUTATORY—Latin.	MATTHEW CLARK,	Paducah, Pa.
State of Thought, The Spirit of Truth, Man's True Interest.	A. B. COOK,	Allegheny County, Pa.
Napoleon's Eulogy, The Mystery of Nature.	J. IRWIN COX,	Shippensburg, Pa.
Progress of Free Principles, The Heart, The March of Mind.	JOS. K. CHAMLER,	Cambria, Md.
Poetry—It's Perpetuity, The Ruin of Mind.	JAMES ELLIOTT,	Mc. Plerson, Ohio.
The Social in Man, The Tears of Genius, St. Bartholomew's Eve.	A. G. JENKINS,	Cabell County, Va.
The Adaptation of the Bible to the purpose of Mental Discipline, The Immortality of Man.	JNO. T. MCCARTY,	Brookville, Ind.
The Idea of God, the Genius of Civilization, The Scholar's Bequest, The Mystery of Death.	JOSIAH MILLIGAN,	Ohio County, Va.
VALADICTION.	H. C. RYAN,	Allegheny County, Pa.
	J. WILSON FANTON,	Gettysburg, Pa.
	J. W. ROBINSON,	Marysville, Ohio.
	W. A. RANKIN,	Shippensburg, Pa.
	THOS. M. HILL,	Liverpool, Ohio.
	W. P. REIMSCHUES,	Greencastle, Pa.
	ANDREW VIRTUE,	Tidewater, Pa.
	S. B. WILSON,	New Castle, Pa.
	SAM TOM WILSON,	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
	JNO. H. DUNCAN,	Fairview, Ohio.
	G. IFFLER YOUNG,	Achier, Ohio.
	J. MAC SHARPE,	Newville, Pa.

#### CONFERRING DEGREES—BACCALAUREATE.

#### EXORDIATION.

Printed by M. McKim & Son, New Castle, Pa.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM, JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1848



## SEPTEMBER 29TH

"A committee of three was appointed to take into consideration the propriety of having a public exhibition and to draft a plan for it." Committee, Wilson, Sr., Arnold & Perkins. The challenge for contest was returned by the Philo Society "Without being answered." Crews fined 10c "for walking about the hall during a performance."

## OCTOBER 6TH

Resolved, that the By-Laws be amended so as to read, "Any member by paying 25c at the commencement of each session, shall not be subject to boots fines during that session." The committee appointed to propose a plan of exhibition reported, "George C. Arnold, T. B. Wilson & C. H. Perkins." "Committee on Constitution" recommended changes, — laid on the table. Thomas B. Wilson, George C. Arnold.

## OCTOBER 13TH

Absent second calling of the roll, Wilson, Sr. Wilson, Sr., "excused from performance." Fletcher and Frazer unanimously elected as debaters for approaching "Exhibition." Amendments to the Constitution laid on the table at former meeting, "Taken up and adopted." Amendments to By-Laws ditto.

## OCTOBER 20TH, 1848

"An election for officers being entered into resulted in the choice of Wilson, Sr., President; Smith, Sr., Vice President; Wilson, Jr., Recording Secretary; Fletcher & Sloan, Reviewers; Quail, Jr., and McKay, Librarians." Crews was excused from debating.

## OCTOBER 27TH

"The officers elect entered upon the discharge of the duties of their respective offices after solemnly promising to discharge them with impartiality and fidelity." J. Q. A. Jones's name presented for membership. Attests, T. B. Wilson, B. F. Ray & Fletcher. Also John Van Lear. Attests, James W. Logan, Thomas B. Wilson & B. F. Ray. [A penciled note follows]: "Mr. Van Lear is

d——d sorry he was ever elected. How about that [man?]" [Last word illegible.]

"The Vice President was ordered to pay Elias Prow \$1.20 for repairs done by him to the library room and hall." B. F. Ray presented to Society, Sears's "Guide to Knowledge" valued by the committee at \$2.50.

T. B. WILSON, President

R. F. WILSON, Recording Secretary

#### NOVEMBER 3RD

B. C. Ward & T. W. B. Crews chosen "Select Orators" for exhibition.

T. B. WILSON, President

R. F. WILSON, Recording Secretary

#### OCTOBER 9TH

"Crews fined 10c for upsetting ink on the Recording Secretary's minutes."

#### NOVEMBER 24TH

"Hamilton, 10c for attempting to bribe the President [T. B. W.] with an apple."

WILSON, SR., President

WILSON, SR., Recording Secretary

#### DECEMBER 1ST

W. Quail, 10c for absence the first calling of the roll.

T. B. WILSON, President

R. F. WILSON, Recording Secretary

N. FLETCHER, Reviewer

WM. QUAIL, Librarian

#### DECEMBER 8TH, 1848

Wm. Quail fined 10c for boots and M. Quail fined 10c for lounging.

Arbuckle, "for lounging on Fletcher." Wilson, Sr., for not returning three books, November 25th-30th. Spencer & Stewart, "for eating nuts," 10c each. Select debaters, Hutchinson & Wilson, Sr.

GEO. C. ARNOLD, President

D. H. GOODWILLIE, Secretary

# PROVIDENCE HALL.

## COMMENCEMENT OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE; WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1849.

### GRADUATING CLASS.

RUFERT ANDERSON	JAS. M. EDMONDS	J. N. KELLER	JOSEPH MURRAY	J. F. SMITH
W. R. ANDERSON	JOHN ELIOTT	JNO. T. KURO	C. H. PERKINS	J. M. SNODGRASS
GEO. C. ARNOLD	A. FLETCHER	W. D. LEIPER	H. C. PIATT	HUGH SWAN
S. M. BARRETT	GEO. FRASER	J. A. LEIPER	S. F. RAY	W. R. VINCENT
S. B. BARLOW	J. MASON GRIPER	ALONZO LINN	A. M. REID	W. G. WALKER
AUGUSTUS BURT	JNO. F. GILCHRIST	J. W. LOGAN	S. C. REID	T. B. WILSON
J. H. CALVIN	W. R. HAMILTON	JNO. H. MATHERS	J. W. ROBINSON	T. S. WITHEROW
W. F. CARSON	J. A. HANNA	DAVID MCKINNEY	R. F. SAMPLE	JNO. A. WOLF
JAS. G. CARSON	ADAM HARRIS	WM. MCCULLOUGH	G. M. SLOANE	JAMES WOODROW
JAS. E. COCHRAN	CHRISTOPHER INGEL	J. R. MENA	HIRAN N. SMITH	WM. G. WOODS—53.
S. H. DUKIE	J. A. JONES	C. A. MUNS		

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

#### MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory—English.	Geo. C. ARNOLD.	Allegheny Co. Pa.
Salutatory—Latin.		
Salutatory—Greek.		
Decision of Character essential to true Greatness.		
Influence of the Social on the Intellectual.		
The Hero of Poland.		
Words.		
The Passions—their Influence.		
Nature—the Emanation of Deity.		
Supremacy of Law.		
The Beginning.		
The Ideal.		
Work.		
The Opinion of the Age, no Criterion of Greatness.		
God in History.		
Oppression—the Nursery of Reform.		
Eloquence of Truth.		
Human Progress.		
The Last of the Aztecs.		
National Vanity.		
Greene County—its Destiny.		
Life an Enigma.		
Mental Greatness—its Immortality.		
Valedictory.		

#### CONFERRING DEGREES—BACCALAUREATE.

#### MUSIC.

#### BENEDICTION.

Printed by M. Miller & Shreve.

at Wood and 3d Sts. Pittsburgh.





## DECEMBER 15TH

"Quail, Jr.'s boots fine was repealed." "Wilson, Sr.'s fine for books was repealed." Crews's fine for books was repealed. Crews & Perkins were appointed Librarians during vacation.

## JANUARY 5TH, 1849

Standing committee on Library, — Burt, Perkins, Wilson, Sr. On Constitution, — Fletcher, Barnett, Carson.

## JANUARY 26TH

Select debaters, — Spence & Quail, Jr. "A committee was appointed to visit the faculty in relation to the time of holding exhibition,— Ray, Wilson, Sr., & Elliott."

## FEBRUARY 2ND

Select debate, — "Can the immortality of the soul be proved without the aid of revelation?" Affirmative, Hutchinson, — Negative, Wilson. Merits of argument decided in favor of negative.

"A committee was appointed to draft resolutions relative to the death of James Allison. Committee, — Messrs. Quail, Jr., Hall & Wilson." Wilson, Sr., & Reid, Jr., elected reviewers. Fletcher fined 10c for disorder. Quail, Jr., for boots, 10c. Quail, Jr., with Elliott, Ray and half a dozen others, 10c each "for disrespect to the officers and to the Society."

JAS. W. LOGAN, President

## FEBRUARY 16, 1849

Mr. Quay was elected a regular member. Fletcher volunteered to debate the negative of question, "Is reason essentially different from instinct?" On merits of argument, decided by committee in favor of negative. "The time for holding the exhibition was appointed on Thursday the 29th of March." "A supper was agreed to be given to the performers on the evening of the exhibition." "The resolutions reported by the committee on the death of J. B. Allison were adopted." The following request was received: "Gentlemen of the Franklin Society — Wishing to become a member of one of the literary soci-

eties of this Institution and preferring yours, I hereby solicit membership. M. Stanley Quay." Spence & Quail, Jr., "for disrespect to the President, each 10c."

#### FEBRUARY 23RD

President and Vice President being absent Mr. Fletcher was appointed President pro tempore. Mr. Quay was initiated and took his seat as a regular member. Select debate, "Should Congress pass the Wilmot Proviso?" Quail, Jr., & Spence. Merits of argument, in favor of negative. "Is man governed more by divine than human law?" [regular debate] Vaneman, Sr., and Wilson. Merits of argument in favor of affirmative.

#### MARCH 9TH

"A committee of sixteen appointed as a Committee of Order for exhibition." On this committee, Goodwillie, Elliott, Wilson, Sr., Hall, Ray and Pershing. Invitations extended to Philos, students of Washington College, of the Female Seminary at Canonsburg and of the Theological Seminary. Quail, Jr. fined 10c for boots.

#### MARCH 16TH

"A committee was appointed to invite the President of the College to preside at our exhibition,"—Wilson, Sr., and Fletcher. Quail, Jr., for non-performance, 25c. Appropriated for expenses of exhibition, \$50.00 for music and \$8.00 for supper for performers and \$7.60 for programs. "A scrap book be purchased for preserving the letters received by Society."

#### MARCH 26TH, 1849

Adjourned meeting. An additional \$5.00 appropriated for decorating Providence Hall. Trustees of College invited to attend exhibition. All members meet in Franklin Hall Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

#### EXHIBITION

#### MARCH 29TH

A large and brilliant audience assembled in Providence Hall which had been previously decorated in a style for magnificence and splendor never surpassed or even equaled

# COMMENCEMENT OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1851.

### GRADUATING CLASS

JAMES W. ANDERSON,  
C. B. BETTS,  
CROSBY M. BOGGS,  
CYRUS O. BRADDOCK,  
A. S. BRADY,  
B. H. BRISTOW,  
JAMES CALDWELL,  
JOHN A. CAMPBELL,  
A. CROFT,  
J. A. COULTER,  
W. D. COZZENS,  
W. F. CULBERTSON,  
SAMUEL DUNCAN,

J. F. FIKT.  
JAMES W. HANNA.  
A. D. HEPBURN.  
A. J. JOHNSON.  
NINCLAIR JOHNSON.  
JOHN JORDAN.  
WILLIAM O. KEARNS.  
ROBERT P. KENNEDY.  
ALEXANDER KENTIDY.  
SAMUEL M. L. KIER.  
THOMAS McCAGUE.  
JOHN McCARTY.  
R. B. McCARTNEY.

WILLIAM G. MCCREARY  
W. C. MCCUNE  
JOHN M. McELROY.  
SAMUEL E. McKEE,  
WILLIAM E. McLEARN.  
D. C. McNEIL,  
HENRY A. MARTIN,  
J. M. MATHERY  
SIMON MERCER,  
T. M. MICHAEL,  
W. P. MORGAN,  
H. H. MORROW,  
CHARLES B. NEWELL.

J. H. FOSTER.  
W. HAMILTON FULTON  
L. R. W. SHERBOURNE  
J. HEWITT SMITH.  
J. HENDERSON SMITH  
HENRY MARTIN SMITH  
R. G. & S. SPENCER  
BARTLEY, M. EVAN.  
T. B. VANDERMAN  
A. McLEAN WHITE.  
JONATHAN WILSON,  
W. SWAN WILSON  
G. L. WILSON, JR.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES

MUSIC - PRAETZL - MUSIC

**MUSIC.**

Secretary - Little, James A. Treasurer - J. IRWIN SWIFT, .....  
 Secretary - Green, ..... SAM. B. McKEE, .....  
 Treasurer -

अथर्ववेदः

More Life's Givings For The Unconverted Student.	CYRIL B. BRADDOCK, JAMES CALDWELL,	Greene Co., Pa. Allegheny Co., Pa.
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**MUSIC.**

Journal in Progress	J. H. POYLA	Seaver Co., Pa.
Disputed Refrain	JAMES W. BARRA	Detroit, Mich.

ACAC.

The Social Frontier.....	A. H. CROFTES.....	ETHICS, PA.
The Scholar's Hope.....	SCOTT J. JORDAN.....	WYOMING CO., OHIO
Power of Intellect.....	NO. 2. H. H. HARRIS.....	ALBANY, N. Y.

518K.

The Anglican Cross,	W. C. McCrue,	Beaver Co., Pa.
The World's Power,	John M. McElroy,	Greensfield, Ohio.

REACT

Massachusetts, ..... HENRY S. MARTIN, ..... Chittenden Co., N.  
Reading, ..... J. M. COMBES, ..... Butler Co., Pa.

總編輯

<i>Theory and Practice</i> .....	RENNY M. SMITH.....	Corinth, Pa.
<i>Reverend K. L. Smith</i> .....	SAM'L M. SWAN.....	Johnstown, Pa.

PLATE.

*American Responsibility*,..... T. B. YAMAMOTO,..... Chambersburg, Pa.  
*Favorite Fairs*,..... A. McLEAN WHITE,..... Harrisburg, Pa.

**\* MESPC:**

University of Michigan	JONATHAN WILSON	Member of the
The True in the False	W. SWAN WILSON	Bluffton, Indiana

ACCA

MUSIC

REB4-  
MUSK.

BENEDICTION.

## BENEDICTUS.

CONFERRING DEGREES-BACCALAUREATE

MUSIC.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

PRINTED AT THE COMMONWEALTH OFFICE WASHINGTON



on any former occasion. White's Pittsburgh band was present and gave much life and variety to the exercises. Prayer was offered by A. T. Magill, D.D., of Alleghany City after which the regular exercises ensued as follows:

*Order of Performances*

Select Oration, Public Opinion, B. C. Ward, St. Charles, Ill.

Select Oration, Star Spangled Banner, T. W. B. Crews, Glasgow, Mo.

Essay, The Literary Pioneer, Augustus Burt, Cambridge, Ohio.

Essay, Pride of Ancestry, Its Influence, James W. Logan, Cecil, Pa.

Original Oration, Mystery of Life, C. H. Perkins, West Canaan, Ohio.

Original Oration, The Real in Life, J. P. Gilchrist, Butler, Pa.

*Discussion*

Question, Is error in judgment a proper subject of Moral Disapprobation?

Affirmative, George Frazer, Wellsville, Ohio. Deny, N. Fletcher, Esq., Sidney, Ohio.

Benediction by A. T. Magill, D.D.

WM. CAMPBELL, Secretary

Session Ended March 30th

MAY 4TH

Committee on Decoration of Hall for the exhibition reported an expenditure of \$12.00, part of which was McDaniel & Block, \$1.38. Standing Committee on Library for the Session, — Wilson, Sr., Hall & Vaneman. A. M. Reid performed in both essay and original oration classes. "On motion, one half dozen spit boxes be purchased."

FRANKLIN SOCIETY, JUNE 1ST, 1849

T. B. Wilson, Chairman of "Committee of Decision" on debates, — "Is there any necessary evil?" and "Does woman contribute more to the establishment of national character than man?" Former in favor of affirmative.

Latter in favor of negative. Both on arguments. Crews fined 25c for absence both callings of the roll last meeting.

#### JUNE 8TH

Crews's fines [with those of others] "were removed." In Franklin Library, 2412 volumes.

J. Q. A. JONES, President, Pro tem.

J. W. LOGAN, Vice President, Pro tem.

#### JUNE 15TH

"This being the evening for the election of valedictorian and response, the balloting resulted in the choice of T. B. Wilson as valedictorian and I. C. Pershing as response." Four members fined 10c each for boots. [Wearing in hall.] Crews, "for being out over 30 minutes, 10c."

#### JUNE 22ND

Debate, "Was the brilliant career of Luther owing more to his superior intellect than to external circumstances?" Discussed on the negative by Wilson, [T. B.] Decision by committee in favor of negative, on arguments. Thomas B. Wilson & George Frazer signed an "amendment to the By-Laws, Art. 6, Sec. 3," regarding reception [form of] new members.

#### JUNE 29TH

"Are short terms of political office desirable?" Debated by Crews on the negative. Decision by committee on merits of argument in favor of affirmative, — by majority. Committee on Decision, — Wilson, Sr., Grier & Linton. "The Vice President was authorized to refund Wilson, T. B., \$2.25 the price of Whipple's Miscellanies which he had procured for Society." Crews fined 10c "for absence over 30 minutes." Fletcher, "for going out without permission, 10c."

#### JULY 13, 1849

Debate, "Should the veto power be restricted?" Affirmative, Wilson, Sr., appointed in place of Stewart, absent. Committee decided in favor of affirmative [by majority] "on merits of arguments." Hall elected president. Declined. D. H. Goodwillie elected. Wilson, Sr., fined 25c "for non-performance."





# GRAND EXERCISES OF THE G. I. A. SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27th, 1848.

"Mairi alma selmus dedecori."

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- 1st. Latin Salutatory—Subject: The Whispering Zephyr, Red-head James Black.
- 2d. English Salutatory and Oration—Subject: The ingratitude of Societies, HUSSES.
- 3d. Select Oration—Subject: H. D. McCain, pregnant with Satanic ambition. ENTHUSIASTIC GROANING.
- 4th. A Poem—Subject: Baby Jumpers, Pumpkin-head Johnny Marquis. SQUALLS.
- 5th. Essay—Subject: The influence of unrevealed truth, or the "G. I. A. Society, on the human character and destiny" of the present Senior Class. of his poetry. Red-head Bombasticus Stewart.
- 6th. Select Speech—The social effects of Negro Amalgamation in changing colors. Leather-lip man-mouthed Furrybe. AWFUL GROANS AND HISSES.
- 7th. SQUEALS AND GRUNTS. Black David, the Hog Drover.



- 7th. Composition—Moral Ambition revised for publication and bound in calf. Elicass Dault.
- 8th. Comic—A French Oration: Poly Vio Francis, The Blinker Davenport. Song by the Brotherhood—"MARSEILLES HYMN."
- Question for Discussion—"WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?" Affirmative, Linie Fleming.
- Song by the Brotherhood. A grand fastastasio, composed for the occasion—"THE PURITAN FATHERS."
- Negative. Call Mary J. Scott.



GRAND ROW. Fight between Irish Jimmy and the pedantic Judge. Valedictory—"The heart speaks most when the lips move not."

The whole to conclude with "GROUND AND LOFFY TUMBLING," and several Silos on the Chinese Tong and Bass Drum, by striking players.

Preserved by Mr. W. H. Smith  
class of '55, and presented to the  
fraternity by his heirs.





## JULY 20TH

Report of Librarians signed by M. S. Quay & Stone. Committee on Commencement included Crews & Logan. [Crew's fines were frequent "for absence" in the records.] Six fined 10c for boots.

D. Hall elected orator for contest ('50). Wm. E. McLaren placed a note in hands of the Secretary soliciting membership in the Society, dated July 27th. McLaren & R. W. Playford elected and initiated. "Wilson, Sr., fine for non-performance was repealed." Library volumes, 2917. Price of Society diplomas, 75c. Crews one of the librarians during vacation. Quay fined 10c "for disorder in Library room" [with two others].

## JULY 30TH

Seniors requested to wear "blue ribands" on commencement.

## JULY 31ST

Adjourned meeting. "The valedictory by the present senior class was delivered by Thomas B. Wilson and the response in behalf of Society by Israel C. Pershing." Letter was sent to the Female Seminary inviting them to attend this evening at the address of Dr. D. H. Riddle. [This address was in connection with the delivery of the Society diplomas to the seniors.]

The Franklin and Philo Halls still exist in the old college buildings. Philo Hall is used by the Historical Society of Canonsburg as a museum. The old rostrum and rail are still preserved in Franklin Hall, which is used as a "Memorial Room," in which are hung portraits of Jefferson presidents from the time of M'Millan 1790, to the day in 1865 when Jefferson ceased its independence and united with Washington as Washington and Jefferson College, with the inauguration of Jonathan Edwards as president. The old motto, *Scientia, Amicitia et Virtus* can today be read over the hall door.

## CHAPTER IV

### OLD COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMS

OUR interest in the commencement programs of Jefferson and Washington produced here lies mainly in the body of testimony they furnish to establish the high scholarship of members of the "Delta Association."

The Washington program of 1847 was held before the installation of the Beta Chapter, but it contains one name of interest to us, James G. Blaine, the chum of Edmiston, McCann, Forsythe, Leavitt, and Stewart, who in 1848 formed the Beta Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta. Tradition says that Blaine was 'pledged to Phi Gamma Delta but left college before the installation of Beta Chapter.

Of the twelve honor men on the Washington program for '48, eleven belonged to Beta Chapter, a fact which met with vigorous opposition from the non-fraternity element and called forth the first of the lampoons described later in this chapter.

Of the eight Deltas in the Jefferson class of 1848, Penington, Elliott, Jenkins, McCarty, S. B. Wilson, Crofts, Gregg, and Pershing, the first five each had some part in the commencement exercises. Five of Phi Gamma Delta's founders graduated with this class. The three other members all attained more than usual prominence.

John B. Penington, after teaching for a few years

# PROGRAMME

## OF THE SECOND GRAND CONVERSAZIONE OF THE PHI GAMMA DELTA SOCIETY.

Washington, Penn'a, September 23th, 1850.

"NOSTRAM POTESTATEM, PER PAS NEPASQUE."

### ORDER OF EXERCISES

English Salutatory.	Subject, . . . . .	JONAH'S GOURD The Bright Morrow.
Latin Salutatory.	(Tumultuous symeals and groans.)	ORTIED DRATING.
Song by the Brothers.		Carrot Head, The Wood Pecker's Ode to his head.
Oration.	Subject, . . . . .	DARTS OF THE DAWNISO OF FLAGARINE. Baby Face Jim.
	(MUSIC—Polly Hopkins, by the Band.)	
Oration.	Subject, . . . . .	BROKEN PLEDGES JUSTIFIED, BY THE PHI GAMMA DELTA SOCIETY. Traitor Zack.
	(Entomasiatic Drags.)	

### DEBATE,

QUESTION.—Who are the Greater Men,—Baby Faced Jim & Black Arch, or Traitor Zack & Old Duncy?

Aff.-----LEGGS DUNCAN.

Neg.-----WHEELING WHINER.

Grand Fantasia, by the inimitable Junior Trio—Brothers BOBBAST FREMAN, DONKEY JOHN, and SHEET HEAD SAM.

Valedictory,—SUBJECT—Experimental Democriticism, or, Figeon Milk succogential to the growth of Macassarum.

JEALOUS TOM, THE VERRANT SON OF GRONNOR.  
(Speeals, Groans, Drags and Squalls, by the Brothers.)

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The Degree of A S S will be conferred upon the Organizing Members of the PHI GAMMA DELTA Society.

(MUSIC—Roger's March, by the Band.)

Stick Horse Alley, Philadelphia.

BOGUS PROGRAM, 1850



immediately after leaving college, studied law, and later became prominent in politics, serving successively as a member of the Delaware legislature, clerk of the House of Representatives of Delaware, United States District Attorney for Delaware, Attorney-General of Delaware, and member of Congress.

Albert G. Jenkins at twenty-seven was a member of Congress from Virginia. When the South seceded he was a delegate to the Provisional Confederate Congress, and later a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, dying in 1864 of wounds received in battle. It is of him that the story is told in connection with the burning of Chambersburg during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania. General Jenkins was ordered to apply the torch. A representative citizen of the town came to intercede with him in its behalf, urging their college friendship, but was refused on the ground that he did not "wear the right kind of pin." The general had on his Phi Gamma Delta badge at the time.

Cyrus L. Pershing was at one time a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, and was the unsuccessful candidate for Congress, for the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and for Governor of the state. In 1872 he was elected President-Judge of the Twenty-First Judicial District of Pennsylvania, which position he held continuously for about thirty years through successive elections. During his first term of office the trial of the infamous "Molly Maguire" gang was held in his circuit, resulting in the conviction of members of the gang and the complete overthrow of that lawless organization.

The sixth founder, Naaman Fletcher, in whose hands the fostering of the new-fledged society was left, ap-

pears on the Jefferson commencement program for '49 with an oration on "Supremacy of Law," which some listening critic who held the surviving program has pencil-marked "very good."

Other Deltas in the graduating class of '49 were J. M. Barnett, T. B. Wilson, and James Woodrow, all afterward ordained to the Presbyterian ministry; John P. Gilchrist, and B. F. Ray, later merchants; J. Q. A. Jones, and John H. Mathers, who, like Fletcher, became lawyers; and J. W. Logan, journalist.

The program of '51 contains fewer familiar names. That of William E. McLaren, later Bishop of Chicago, will always be honored. Three other members of this class, Braddock, R. P. Kennedy, and W. S. Wilson, were also later ordained. S. B. Mercer became a teacher; and Thomas W. B. Crews, who left Jefferson in his Junior year, graduated from Union College in '51 and followed the legal profession.

With the exception of the Jefferson program for 1849, the originals of these programs are in the possession of the Rev. Maurice E. Wilson, D.D., of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

Gregg's diploma from Jefferson has been preserved with his Franklin diploma. It bears the College seal, which was a roll of paper with three books on which a snake is coiled about a big stick, facing the rising sun. The diploma is inscribed as follows:

OMNIBUS ET SINGULIS

Has Literas Lecturis

SALUTEM

Nos Primarius et Professores Collegii Jeffersonensis  
Testatum Volumus ingenuum juvenum Ellis B. Gregg  
hujus academix alumnum, studiis bonarum literarum



# THE THIRD GRAND CONVERSAZIONE, OF THE PHI GAMMA DELTA SOCIETY.

Washington College, Wednesday, Sept. 24th, 1851.

"A set o' dull, concious hatches,  
Confuse their brains in College Classes!  
They gang in stirks and wae's out aces,  
Plain truth to speak:  
An' eyn they think to climb Parnassus  
By dint o' Greek!"

## PROGRAMME.

### MORNING.

ORATION.—Speaker.—Party Spirit, or a Disquisition on "Female Women."

By Speaker.

SONG.—*Sieh ihr Götter in dem großen Empir,  
Dem Götterden Robarder Schiffer.*

ORATION.—Speaker.—Atlantis, or the Art of Writings, philosophically, physically, and mystically considered.

By Speaker.

SONG.—*Beauty is Power.*

COLLOQUIAL DISCUSSION.—Speaker.—Amalgamation  
Phi Gamma Delta,  
Sons of Protection.

Pickle Tommy and the Junior Broom.  
Nabob and Hilton.

### INTERMISSION.

PRIZE FIGHT.—Between the Satellites, G. LEANDER SCOTLOCKS and SPINDLE SHARKS PASTRIM.

SONG BY THE BROTHERHOOD.

"They fit and fit, and gouged and bit,  
Until the ground, for miles around  
Was scoured with their blood;  
A pile of noses, ears and eyes,  
Like unto mountains reached the skies."

### AFTERNOON.

ORATION.—Inhuman Capability, or the Strength of the Association exemplified and proclaimed.

By Speaker.

SONG.—*"Large Streams from Little Mountains Flow."*

By Speaker.

ORATION.—Speaker.—Fat Francis, or Deafly Personages.

SONG.—*"Tom, Tom, Tiddy Mouse."*

By Speaker.

VALEDICTORY.—A DECLAMATION.—*"You'd scarce expect one of my size."*

MUSIC.—*"Oh, If I Had a Donkey."*

THE END OF THE PROGRAMME.

All will be conferred on the Graduating members of the PHI GAMMA DELTA SOCIETY.  
Music.—Rogue's March, by the Band.

BOGUS PROGRAM, 1851



operam dedisse, eumque post varia examina approbatum, consensu Curatorum, gradum Baccalaurei in artibus liberalibus consecutum esse, et omnia jura privilegia immunitatesque ad hunc gradum pertinentia. Cujus rei in testimonium, nos, publico sigillo appenso, nomina apposuimus DATUM CANONSBURGI Quart. Kal. Octob. Anno Domini Millesimo, Octingentesimo Quadragesimo Octavo.

A. B. Brown	President, etc.
Wm. Smith	Prof. of Greek
Henry Smyth	Prof. Math.
S. R. Williams	Prof. Nat. Philos. & Chem.
R. W. Orr	Prof. of Latin

Mention has already been made of the bogus program or lampoon which appeared simultaneously with the Washington Commencement September 27, 1848, and which was occasioned by an incident related in a letter of a contemporary, John Scott Colmery, who on the 60th anniversary of his initiation into Phi Gamma Delta in 1848 sent us greetings from Varden, Mississippi:

After senior examinations which occurred six weeks before commencement, we all put on our pins. Honors had all been conferred, speakers chosen, etc. All the honor men, all speakers had pins. Then there was a regular fury. Rebellion in the class, charges of conspiracy, and everything imaginable, charged against the secret organization. Honors were bestowed by the faculty. Speakers were elected by the two societies, six from each, hence twelve in all were wearing the diamond. The rebels appealed to the faculty, so they agreed to appoint speakers according to scholarship. The faculty appointed the same twelve. This ended it until commencement day, when a bogus program was issued by the rebels. Can't remember all the caricatures, but this one: They had the question for debate, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Affirm, Little Billy Fleming; deny, Call Mary J. Scott. We seniors

got our A.B. all right, but the incoming seniors and juniors had a hard time the next session. The faculty declared war against all secret societies. Some Delta students went to Jefferson and graduated.

The "Grand Exhibition" boldly gives names.

"Red-head James Black" became a professor of Greek, Washington College, '59-'68; vice-president of Washington and Jefferson, '68; president State University of Iowa, '68-'70; president Female College, Pittsburgh '70-'75; professor of Greek, Wooster, '75, until his death in 1890. In 1883 Princeton honored Dr. Black with its LL.D.

"H. D. McCann, pregnant with Satanic ambition," became an attorney of some prominence in New Orleans, and died of consumption in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, December 12, 1855.

"Pumpkin-head Johnny Marquis" was a Presbyterian minister, and at one time was principal of Jefferson Academy.

"Red-head Bombasticus Stewart" was John B. Stewart, who became a Presbyterian minister, occupying large churches in Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Des Moines, and Riverside, California.

"Leather-lip maw-mouthed Forsythe:" There were two men named Forsythe in the old Washington chapter, both graduating in 1848. It is not known which was entitled to be called "leather-lip." James C. Forsythe became a preacher of the Dutch Reformed church and afterwards was a Presbyterian minister. He died December 29, 1897. James H. Forsythe entered upon a business career, and died in St. Louis on September 6, 1867.

"Black David, the Hog Drover" in all probability





REPRODUCTION OF LITHOGRAPH OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE FOUND IN McCARTY'S JOURNAL. The building on the left erected in 1813 was razed in 1912. The building on the right, erected in 1833 and containing Providence Hall and the rooms of the Franklin Literary Society, is standing, 1920.



was David Edmiston, the only David in the class of '48. Edmiston was a captain of U. S. Artillery from '61 to '64. He was superintendent of schools in Olney, Illinois, and later resided in Harper, Kansas.

"Eli-ass Dodd" served during the Civil War as Captain of a band in Pennsylvania militia. He studied medicine and practiced for many years in Van Buren, Pennsylvania.

"Little Fleming" was William A. Fleming. He became a Presbyterian minister, and is now deceased.

"Innocent Johnny Craig" was John H. Craig. He studied law with Hon. T. M. T. McKenna, of Washington, and practiced law in Keokuk, Iowa, where he died.

The non-appearance of a bogus in 1849 and the use of pseudonyms in 1850 may have been the result of faculty interference and opposition to the libel of 1848, though no doubt the depleted membership of Delta in '49 had something to do with it.

The second "Grand Conversazione" of the Phi Gamma Delta Society appeared September 25, 1850, and though the lampooned men undoubtedly recognized themselves even under disguise, it is a hopeless task for us to attempt to identify "Carrot Head" and "Traitor Zach."

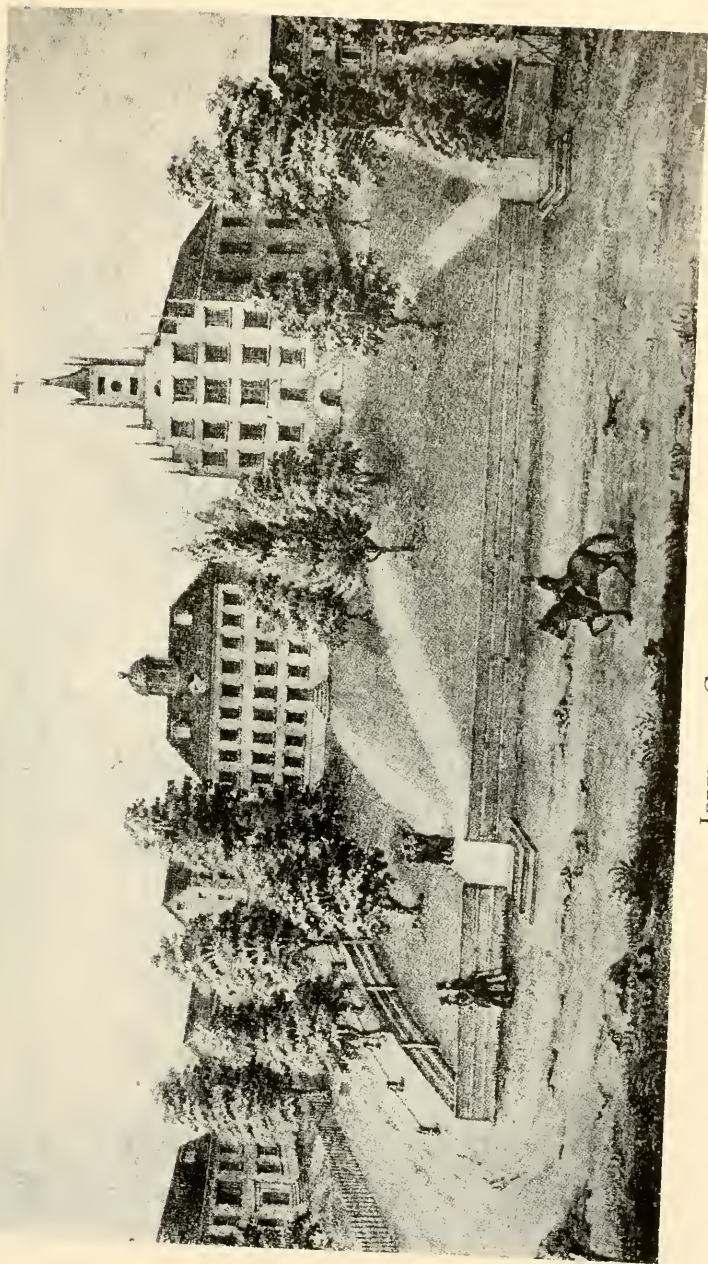
The third and last "Grand Conversazione" came out in 1851. "Mellifluous Frank" was probably Francis H. Power, who became a Presbyterian minister, entered the army, and died at Nashville, October 16, 1863. "Bombasticus Braydy" may have been Freeman Brady who practiced law in the courts of Washington, Pennsylvania, until his death. "Donkey John" may refer to one of two Johns in the class of '51, John Ewing who

entered the army in '62 and became successively captain, major, and brevet colonel; later served in the Pennsylvania legislature from '66 to '67 and became judge of county courts; or John Kelly, who entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church.

These specimens of student activity in the early history of the Fraternity were preserved by William McK. Smith, Washington, '53, and upon his death were given to Walter B. Anderson, Washington and Jefferson, '05, who framed them and hung them on the walls of the Washington and Jefferson chapter house.

A copy of the 1848 program is also in the possession of the Rev. Maurice E. Wilson D.D., Phi Kappa Sigma, Washington and Jefferson, '78.





### JEFFERSON COLLEGE BUILDINGS

Reproduced from a Franklin Society Catalogue of 1850  
The building on the left, erected in 1813, was razed in 1912. The building on the right, containing Providence Hall and the rooms of the Franklin Literary Society, is standing, 1920



## CHAPTER V

### OLD JEFFERSON

THE Jefferson catalogues of 1847, 1848, and 1849, found by me in the old Jefferson College library and now in the fraternity archives, contain records of considerable interest. In its number of students, old Jefferson held third place among its contemporaries in 1848, the year of the founding of Phi Gamma Delta; Harvard leading with 273 men and 11 professors, Princeton second with 257 students and 14 professors, and Jefferson with 207 students and 10 professors. The previous year's catalogue showed 241 students. The University of Michigan had at this time only 89 students and 7 professors; Williams College, 179 students and 9 professors; Dartmouth, 193 students and 13 professors; Columbia, 126 students and 6 professors.

The faculty of Jefferson College in the catalogue of 1848 is named under the title of "The College Faculty of Arts." The president of the institution at this time was the Rev. Alexander B. Brown, D. D., who held the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. The other chairs were Greek Language and Literature, Hebrew Language, Belles Lettres, Logic, Rhetoric and General History, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry and Geology, Latin Language and Literature and Roman History, Archaeology and Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, Physiology, and Comparative Anatomy.

The course of study pursued by the "Delta Association" as given in the catalogue of 1848 was as follows:

#### FRESHMAN CLASS

##### *First Term*

Cicero's Orations, Roman Antiquities (Fiske), Herodotus begun (Leipzig Edition), Algebra through simple equations (Davies' Bourbon).

##### *Second Term*

Livy, Roman Antiquities, Herodotus continued, Algebra through quadratics.

##### *Third Term*

Horace's Odes, first and second books, Latin Prosody, Roman Antiquities completed, Herodotus completed, Geometry, first five books (Davies' Legendre).

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS

##### *First Term*

Horace's Odes completed and first book of Satires, Latin Composition, Thucydides, Greek Exercises, Grecian Antiquities, Algebra completed.

##### *Second Term*

Tacitus' History, Latin Composition, Thucydides continued, Greek Exercises, Greek Antiquities, Geometry completed, Plane Trigonometry (Young's) begun, Physical Geography begun.

##### *Third Term*

Tacitus continued, Latin Composition, Xenophon's Hellenica, Greek Exercises, Grecian Antiquities, Plane Trigonometry completed, Surveying and Navigation, Spherical Trigonometry, Physical Geography completed.

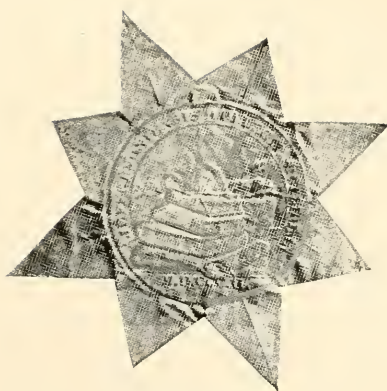
#### JUNIOR CLASS

##### *First Term*

Horace completed, Demosthenes' Orations, Conic Sections (Bridges'), Analytical Geometry (Davies') begun, Natural Philosophy (Olmsted's), Natural History (Smellie's).

##### *Second Term*

Cicero de Oratore, Demosthenes' Orations, Analytical



SEAL OF JEFFERSON COLLEGE  
1848



Geometry completed, Natural Philosophy completed, Chemistry (Kane's) begun.

*Third Term*

Homer's Iliad, Differential and Integral Calculus (by lectures), Chemistry completed, Rhetoric begun, History and Classical Literature (by lectures).

SENIOR CLASS

*First Term*

Tacitus, Germania and Agricola, Homer's Iliad, Astronomy, Rhetoric completed, Logic (Whately), Butler's Analogy.

*Second Term*

Juvenal, Longinus, Astronomy completed, Meteorology, Mental Philosophy (Upham's), Paley's Natural Theology.

*Third Term*

Longinus completed, Geology and Agricultural Chemistry, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy (Wayland's), Physiology (by lectures), Evidences of Christianity (by lectures).

The qualifications for admission to Jefferson in 1848 were these:

The public may rest assured that the course of study published is actually accomplished in this institution; and, although it may be impossible to teach the idle, the dull, or the imperfectly prepared student as we would wish, yet the advantages which we profess to afford, are really furnished to every student, a fact of some consequence, and far from being universal in similar cases.

Candidates for admission into the freshman class must produce testimonials of their good character, and must have a competent English education, including arithmetic, geography, English grammar and the elements of history. In Latin and Greek, besides the elementary authors, they must have read Caesar, Sallust and Virgil, and the usual portions of the Greek Testament, Greek Reader, or the Graeca Minora, or an amount of Latin and Greek equivalent thereto.



Students are admitted at any season of the year, and to any class for which they are qualified. But it is important that they be admitted at the beginning of the college year. And in order to reap the proper advantages of a college course they ought, ordinarily, to begin with the freshman class and go regularly through. Much loss of time, great additional expense, and serious disappointment of the hopes, both of students and their friends, frequently result from attempts to pursue large portions of the course before coming to college. In all cases of application for advanced standing in a class the candidate is examined on all previous studies of the course; and in such cases, it is important to the student to have followed exactly the prescribed course of study, even, where it is possible, to the very text-books.

Students from other colleges, whose course of study is as ample as that of this institution, are admitted, *ad eundem*, upon a regular dismission; but students under discipline in other colleges are not received into this.

Young gentlemen wishing to pursue particular branches of study, or to take an irregular course, are permitted to recite with any of the college classes, and to enjoy all the advantages offered by the institution in the particular departments of study to which they desire to devote themselves; and, in point of fact, there is a considerable number of them always connected with the college.

### The college expenses were exploited as follows:

One important object contemplated in the whole arrangement of this institution is, to make superior education as cheap as is consistent with its being thorough and complete. The location of the institution in the midst of a bountiful country, inhabited by a plain, moral and economical population, and removed as it is from all extraordinary sources of temptation to expense, or even means of extravagance, greatly facilitates this design.

The charge for tuition in the college course is \$10 per term, payable in advance, a condition indispensable to the success of an institution whose dependence is almost



Reproduced from Jefferson Academy Catalogue of 1909  
JEFFERSON COLLEGE BUILDINGS

The building on the left, erected in 1813, was razed in 1912.  
The building on the right, erected in 1833, containing Providence Hall and the rooms of the Franklin Literary Society, is standing, 1920



exclusively on its tuition fees, and therefore to be carefully noted by students and their friends.

Each student is also required to pay 50 cents every term for fuel, servants' wages and repairs in the public halls.

The graduating fee paid to the college treasurer is \$6 to each Bachelor of Arts, upon the payment of which he receives his diploma and becomes entitled to all the honors and immunities of the first degree in the Arts.

The price of board and lodging varies from \$1 to \$2.50 per week. The college provides accommodations at \$1.62½ per week; and it affords facilities to students, which enable them to obtain board and lodging at \$1 per week. A small number have boarded and lodged themselves for about 50 cents a week. The majority of the students board in private families in the village and neighborhood, at an expense varying from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per week.

Upon an average, the necessary expense of a student, including tuition, board, lodging, fuel, washing, lights, etc., ought not to exceed \$130, and need not exceed \$100 for the period of forty weeks annually, during which the college is in session. Of this sum, the average yearly payment to the college by a student who takes a full course and graduates, is \$32.25, which includes tuition, contingent expenses and cost of diploma.

This sum, of course, does not embrace the cost of clothes, books, pocket money, traveling expenses, board during vacation, etc., in regard to which everything depends on the habits of the student and the indulgence of his friends.

Parents and guardians are earnestly advised, on the one hand, to restrict the youth sent to this college to such an amount of money as is necessary for their comfortable and respectable support; and, on the other hand, to see that they receive the amount that is really proper with absolute punctuality, so that the temptation to extravagance and that of running into debt — both of them amongst the greatest evils of college life — may be avoided.

This is the statement in regard to the moral and religious instructions of the students:

The friends and patrons of this institution consider it the chief glory of it that it was founded in prayer and faith; and that God has as signally owned the efforts made here to promote true religion as those to advance sound learning. All the officers of it consider it one of the highest duties to promote the moral and religious improvement of the pupils. An inspection of the course of studies will show that from the beginning to the end of their college life the students are all required to pursue a systematic course of religious studies, embracing the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, the analogy between them, and the Holy Scriptures, a course distinct from and additional to the ordinary one of Moral Philosophy.

No effort is made — none will be made — to teach the peculiarities of any sect; and even the prejudices, much more the conscientious scruples of those who entertain any, will always be respected. But the Christian religion and the Protestant and evangelical faith are fully embraced and distinctly taught in the college as a portion of its course of instruction.

The principal of the college is pastor of the village church, and the religious instruction of the students, especially on the Sabbath-day, devolves, by the regulations of the college, particularly on him. The students are all required to be present at the daily public religious exercises, and to attend preaching, either in the college chapel or on such other ministrations as their parents or guardians prefer, twice every Sabbath-day.

It is confidently expected that this strong infusion of religious principle into the whole course of discipline and instruction, and the unusually large proportion of pious young men who have always resorted to this college, are chief reasons why so great a number of youths congregated here for so many years have been found capable of being taught and managed with a remarkable exemption from public and degrading punishments.









Under the heading of "Miscellaneous Information," these statements are made:

#### GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTION

In cases of extreme indigence, or of great and praiseworthy efforts, the faculty of the college are authorized to bestow gratuitous instructions, and are in the habit of doing it. By the laws of the college they are also empowered to remit all charges for instruction as a suitable mark of their great respect for distinguished merit in a student.

#### TEACHERS OF COMMON SCHOOLS

A limited number of young men, who are sons of citizens of Pennsylvania, and who are preparing themselves to be teachers of common schools, are, by statute, entitled to gratuitous instruction in whatever will fit them for that vocation.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

These are in a flourishing condition and are probably unsurpassed by any similar associations. They are ornaments to the college and valuable auxiliaries in the mental training of the students. Their halls are commodious and handsomely furnished and their libraries extensive and well selected.

#### LYCEUM

An association for the advancement of knowledge in the various branches of natural science has long been established in this institution and has made valuable collections of minerals, fossils, shells, coins, medals, Indian antiquities, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, etc.

Donations to this cabinet are respectfully solicited from the friends of natural science.

#### LIBRARY AND APPARATUS

The college library is not large, but contains a considerable number of rare and valuable books. Important additions have recently been made to it and efficient measures for its enlargement.

The philosophical and chemical apparatus has been greatly increased during the present year. The college is now furnished with facilities for illustrations in the vari-

ous branches of Natural Science to an extent probably not surpassed by any literary institution in the West.

#### NEW BUILDINGS, ETC.

The board of trustees have recently extended the college grounds and have contracted for the erection of a large three-story building for the accommodation of such students as may desire cheap boarding.

This building, it is confidently expected, will be ready for occupancy by the first of next November. About forty students may thus be furnished with board and lodging at a cost of about \$1 per week.

#### LOCATION OF THE COLLEGE

The village of Canonsburg is situated on the Chartiers, in Washington county, Pa. It is seventeen miles from Pittsburg, forty miles from Wheeling, Va., and seven from the borough of Washington, which is on the National Road, leading from Wheeling, Va., to Cumberland. Daily lines of stage pass through it, connecting it with all the places just named, and more remotely with the Atlantic sea-board, by means of turnpikes, canals and railroads — and with the south and the great west, by means of the Ohio, near the head of the immense valley of which river it stands. The country around it is elevated, beautiful, fertile and healthful — one of the finest regions of the American continent. It is confidently believed that few places can be found where the health and habits of youth would be more likely to be safe, or where they would more likely escape the evils and dangers incident to the loss of parental supervision, and to a college life, than in this retired and peaceful village, planted in the heart of a population remarkable for its religious character.

Reference is made, as will be noted, to the Lyceum, founded August 10, 1831. The Curator's Book of the Lyceum of Jefferson College is now in the archives of the Fraternity. It was found by me in the old building, where possibly it had been hidden with hundreds of



BADGE OF DEFUNCT  
JEFFERSON FRATERNITY



other books and documents at the time of the removal of the college classes to Washington, Pennsylvania.

In the list of members given are the names of all the members of the "Delta Association."

Three Greek letter societies own old Jefferson College, before its union with Washington, as a common mother: Phi Gamma Delta, founded 1848; Phi Kappa Psi, founded 1852; and a defunct fraternity, Kappa Phi Lambda, founded 1859. The last named society is known to have had chapters at Mt. Union, University of Michigan, Monmouth, Northwestern, Moore's Hill, Ohio Wesleyan, University of Virginia, Denison, and the Western University of Pennsylvania; yet with all this growth and strength and with *mentes multae consilium unum* it became extinct in 1874.

About the time when Dr. M'Millan founded his classical school, two others were started within ten miles of Washington, the county seat, by the Rev. Thaddeus Dodd and the Rev. Joseph Smith. In 1787 these Presbyterian clergymen united with others in the founding of an academy at Washington, which was chartered September 24, 1787, and put into operation two years later under the principalship of Rev. Thaddeus Dodd. The library of this institution owed its origin to a gift of £50 from Benjamin Franklin. The courthouse, in the upper rooms of which the academy was conducted, burnt down about 1790, and as the friends of the suspended academy met with little encouragement in seeking a new home, another academy was organized at Canonsburg, seven miles distant. The successful opening of this new institution stimulated the re-opening of Washington Academy, and thus the friends and patrons of higher education throughout the county became

divided. The Canonsburg academy, chartered by the Supreme Court of the state in 1794, obtained a charter as Jefferson College January 15, 1802. Washington Academy was chartered as Washington College, March 27, 1806. The wisdom of uniting the two colleges was early conceded, but repeated attempts to agree upon a basis of union between 1807 and 1865 all ended in failure and renewed rivalry.

The Civil War depleted both schools, particularly that of Jefferson, which was very largely patronized by the South.

In 1865 the Rev. Chas. C. Beatty, D. D. of Steubenville, Ohio, offered the sum of \$50,000 to the Presbyterians of Western Pennsylvania on condition that the two schools should unite. The decision was made—the plan being to have the preparatory and freshman years at Washington, and the sophomore, junior, and senior years at Jefferson. This dual plan was continued until the Fall of 1869, when the entire college was removed to Washington and incorporated as Washington and Jefferson College under the presidency of Jonathan Edwards.

When this decision was reached the citizens of Canonsburg were thoroughly incensed. They went into the Jefferson buildings and took therefrom everything which they could lay their hands on, including scientific apparatus, the library which Benjamin Franklin had largely given, and famous portraits of Jefferson and Franklin which these patrons of the college had given to Jefferson College. Many of these things are still in the custody of the descendants of the citizens of Canonsburg of that day. I have seen with my own eyes the splendid portraits of Jefferson and Franklin, which are



REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, D.D., LL.D.  
First president of the combined Washington and Jefferson  
Colleges, 1866-1869





kept in hiding in a residence in the city of Canonsburg. I was obliged to take an oath that I would never reveal their hiding place. They belong without question to Washington and Jefferson College. The portrait of Jefferson is probably worth \$15,000; the smaller of Franklin has an estimated value of \$7,500. They will be discovered some day, and will make a subject for an interesting monograph. It is unfortunate that they are not now in the possession of Washington and Jefferson College.

Jonathan Edwards, president of Washington and Jefferson College, occupied that office from April, 1866, to April 1869, coming to the college from a Presbyterian ministry in Philadelphia. He was a descendant of the famous Jonathan Edwards, illustrious preacher, scholar, and theologian.



## PART II



## CHAPTER I

### FOUNDING OF PHI GAMMA DELTA

**S**ATURDAY night, the 22nd of April, 1848, was the date on which the "Immortal Six" gathered in McCarty's room at "Fort" Armstrong and determined to establish a society "founded upon the principle of secrecy." Let us read it in the words of the first secretary, as he wrote them in the little worn leather covered blank book which at the second meeting he was ordered to purchase "for the purpose of transcribing the Constitution."

#### MINUTES OF THE GRAND CHAPTER

Saturday night April 22d/48.

Messrs. Jno. T. McCarty, Jas. Elliott, D. W. Crofts, S. B. Wilson, E. B. Gregg and N. Fletcher, students of Jefferson College at Canonsburg, Pa., at a social meeting and while conversing on the subject of association came to the conclusion that a society founded upon the principle of secrecy into which none but men of distinguished talents and acquirements, endued with a high sense of Honor and possessed of a laudable ambition and who were members of some college (at the time of their admission) should be admitted, would be of incalculable benefit to those thus uniting, thereupon determined to organize and establish such an association, whereupon Mr. S. B. Wilson was called to the chair, and N. Fletcher appointed Secretary. After many suggestions on the part of those present a committee of two was appointed to draft a constitution and report at their next meeting.

Committee Messrs. S. B. Wilson and Jas. Elliott. On

motion the meeting adjourned to meet on Monday evening  
May 1st at 9 o'clock precisely.

S. B. WILSON Chair.

N. FLETCHER, Sec.

In reading this casual account of a momentous occasion we must remember that a close friendship of the six original members antedated this preliminary meeting, that they were bound by Masonic ties, and that this memorable occasion was probably the culmination of many earnest student discussions inspired and led by John Templeton McCarty.

That McCarty was the leader and inspiration of the Society in its infancy, no one doubts who has read the minutes of 1848 and the correspondence of the illustrious six. It was in his room—"Delta Hall Number One"—that the first meetings were held. He presided at the May 1st meeting. His name leads the list of those meeting April 22, his signature is the first to the constitution of the new Society, and his name is first among the founders in the early catalogues.

The statement of Gregg in a letter to Elliott dated January 1, 1850, eliminates any possible doubt of McCarty's claim to leadership:

You are fully aware that the opinion about Canonsburg is that the order was formed by McCarty, and that it was founded in 1848.

McCarty without question designed the diamond badge of the fraternity. The original Phi Gamma Delta pin of James Elliott has been given to me by his son, Frank Elliott, of Chicago, for the archives. The illustration here given shows its exact size; diamond-shaped, with the white star, the society letters, and the inscription  $\alpha\omega\mu\eta$  on a black field. It is perfectly flat and





THE OLD JEFFERSON COLLEGE CAMPUS IN 1920

The building on the right, erected in 1833, is standing 1920. It contains Providence Hall and the Literary Society rooms

The building on the left is the new High School building which occupies the site of the building erected in 1813



lacks the gold cord around the edge which the official pin today has. Some doubt has been expressed in regard to the statement that McCarty designed the badge of Phi Gamma Delta. His only child, "Mae Evelynne" — which is the pseudonym of an actress — whom I first met in Cincinnati in August, 1908, questioned the assertion at that time. Less than a year later she wrote me from San Francisco where she had been called by her mother's illness: "Mother says that Father did design the badge of the 'Delta Association,' and that he often talked of it to her when they were first married."

Whereas McCarty was the spirit of the "Delta Association," Wilson was the brain which provided a firm foundation for the noble superstructure which the students of almost three-quarters of a century have builded. It was Wilson whose "Sunday labors," shared, according to his own statement, by Elliott, resulted in the constitution of Phi Gamma Delta, and he was its first president. Wilson, the Greek student, gave to us that trinity of principles which will tie young men together in the bonds of brotherhood as long as the American college exists.

Let us turn to the Minutes of the Grand Chapter once more:

MAY 1ST, 1848

The Association convened according to the adjournment and was organized by calling J. T. McCarty to the chair. The committee appointed to draft a constitution then submitted their report which was received and adopted. The members then respectively signed their names to the Constitution and thus was established the order of Phi Gamma Delta at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania in the year Anno Domini 1848. An election for officers was then entered into which resulted in the choice of S. B. Wilson, II,

J. T. McCarty E and N. Fletcher F. On motion the  
\* \* \* \* \* was ordered to purchase a small blank book  
for the purpose of transcribing the Constitution.

On motion a committee of one was appointed to draw  
up a report in relation to the establishment of foreign  
chapters. Com. S. B. Wilson.

On motion the Chapter adjourned to meet tomorrow  
evening at 9 o'clock.

J. T. McCARTY Chair.

N. FLETCHER Sec.

The next meetings, held at short intervals, were taken  
up with the proposing, electing, and initiating of new  
members into the Society. Penington, Jenkins, Ray,  
Logan, Gilchrist, Jones, Crews, Woodrow, Hall, T. B.  
Wilson, D. Edmiston, C. Pershing, and Barnard, were  
admitted before commencement, June 13, 1848, when  
"Mr. S. B. Wilson, our worthy II upon leaving the  
chair made some very appropriate remarks which were  
listened to with profound attention."

In Wilson's old law office in Turn Pike Street, Beaver,  
Pennsylvania, I found, among other treasures, the  
manuscript of this very valedictory:

My relation to this chapter, brother Deltas, as its chief  
presiding officer, is now closed forever. And impressed  
with the idea that oftentimes the heart feels most when the  
lips move not, I had resolved to deliver my trust in silence  
— to make no attempt at giving expression to the thoughts  
which in an hour like this must well up from the fount of  
feeling and demand utterance. And if ever I felt the  
utter barrenness of words — their total inadequacy to give  
expression to the heart's own language, it is now. But I  
feel that I would be recreant to my trust — that I might  
justly incur the suspicion of deep ingratitude, did I fail  
to say at least *I thank you* — thank you that you have  
been my friends, most of you tried and true, ever rejoicing  
with me in the hour of triumph, never deserting me in the



"FORT" ARMSTRONG IN WHICH PHI GAMMA DELTA WAS  
FOUNDED

The house fronts to the north. The telegraph pole is east of the house. McCarty's room was on the second floor and in the northwest corner. The building was razed in 1916





hour of adversity, when the damning calumnies of vile hypocrites and remorseless slanderers were vilest, when the envenomed shafts of malice flew thickest,—then you wavered not, faltered not. For these and a thousand acts of unstinted kindness — all thanks. And think not that they will ever be forgotten. They are engraven deep on the tablets of memory. Even now they seem like threads of burnished gold woven into the web of my existence, and appearing more comely “than all the gorgeous images that crown the land of dreams.” Yes! These numberless expressions of your regard and the many happy hours of sweet intercourse that have been passed in your midst shall ever form the brightest, sunniest spots in all the vista of memory. And if, in the great struggle of life, any of you should be first to fall — any of you should sink down to darkness and the worm, and I be left,—then if I ever make a pilgrimage, it will be to your graves; if ever I plant flowers of remembrance to be watered by the tears of affection, it will be upon the sod that covers your heads.

To you, brother Deltas, who remain, let me say that if there is one word above all others I would have deeply and indelibly impressed upon your minds, it is *Be United*. Let no discord, no dissensions, no appearance of jealousy or envy enter here. If by these bonds of mystic brotherhood this little band of kindred gifted spirits can be made one in interest as it must be one in aim,—if they can be made to move onward, shoulder to shoulder, in perfect harmony throughout their college course, surely a glorious object will have been accomplished. Your rugged pathway up the hill of science will be strewn with many a flower, which might else have been a thorn. Your college life will be fraught with a thousand blessed memories which might always have been bitterness. Thus far this glorious object has been accomplished. Thus far we have been indeed a band of brothers, of living, trusting, confiding brothers. Then break not the spell which binds us. You have sworn to be true to each other, true to yourselves, true to the association. Oh, break not your oaths!



Stain not your souls with the damning sin of perjury!  
Perish the hand that is ever lifted to sow the seeds of discord here. Blighted be the heart which shall cherish a feeling of unkindness to a sworn brother!

And now we leave you. By trusting to the arm of God we "go forth into the misty future without fear and with manly hearts," ever keeping in view the solemn pledges we have made to you that our aims shall be high, and our efforts untiring, we will

*"Bate not one yote of heart of hope*

*But still look up and still ride onward."*

The first officers were succeeded by Fletcher as II, Woodrow, E, and Gilchrist, I; and as the chapter adjourned until the fall semester, "Good feeling, good order, unanimity, peace, and harmony prevailed among the members and promised the most abundant success in future."

Up to Commencement Day, the real existence of a new Greek letter society was a secret to all but the initiated. William E. McLaren, in an article on the early days of the fraternity, published May, 1880, gives an account which testifies to this:

In those early days, the fraternity was literally a secret organization. It was not until commencement day 1848 that its existence was known in the college, and then only by the apparition for the first time in history of the little diamond pin of black enamel with a weird blazonry of Greek characters. It was many years before undergraduates wore the badge or openly acknowledged membership in the mysterious band. So cautious to avoid suspicion were the founders that, for want of a better sanctuary they used to go out more than a mile to a "Seceder Church," in the "wood-house" of which they held their trembling conclaves by the light of a tallow candle. The next year they made bold to get a room in a remote quarter of the village, bargaining with a good old lady from

# Minutes of the Grand Chapter

Saturday night April 22<sup>nd</sup> /68

Messrs. Geo. J. McCarty, Jas Elliott, D. W. Crofts  
J. B. Wilson, E. B. Gregg and N. Fletcher. Students of Jefferson College at Canonsburg Pa. at a social meeting and while conversing on the subject of association came to the conclusion that a Society founded upon the principle of Secrecy, into which none but men of distinguished talents, and acquirements, endued with a high sense of Honor and possessed of a laudable ambition and who were members of some College (at the time of their admission) should be admitted, would be of incalculable benefit to those thus uniting thereupon determined to organize and establish such an association whereupon Mr J. B. Wilson was called to the Chair and N. Fletcher appointed Secretary. After many suggestions on the part of those present a committee of two was appointed to draft a constitution and report at their next meeting. Committee Messrs J. B. Wilson and Jas Elliott.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet on Monday evening May 1<sup>st</sup> at 9 o'clock precisely.

J. B. Wilson. Chan.

N. Fletcher. Sec.



whom they rented that its existence should be solemnly concealed from the knowledge of the uninitiated as a secret too awful to be divulged. It was in this room that I was initiated. When the hour of destiny arrived, I was escorted to the penetralia which I have mentioned. The windows were covered with thick cloth of quilts so that not a ray of light escaped. Entrance was effected by a flight of stairs near the rear of the house, and I stood for the first time within the precincts of Phi Gamma Delta.

Tillie Hutchinson's spring house was one of these secret meeting places in the old days. I was fortunate enough in one of my rambles over Canonsburg to discover an old lady who could remember and testify to this fact, and to secure a photograph of the very place. Dimly lit by tallow candle light or by the gleam of the silvery moon, this remote little underground room furnished an ideal rendezvous for the mystery-loving young men, when after the town curfew had rung and college lights were out at nine, they stole forth, the president and McCarty from "Fort" Armstrong, Fletcher from "Fort" Emery, Gregg from "Fort" Ballentine, Crofts from Oram, and Elliott from McClelland, to "convene according to adjournment."

At one of these meetings held the evening of June 7th, 1848, at 10 o'clock, D. Edmiston, having previously been adjudged by McCarty a "proper individual," was duly initiated, and his joint request with Messrs. Hugh D. McCann, Edward Leavitt, J. B. Stewart and James Forsythe, "that a chapter of this Association be established at Washington College" was heard with pleasure. "Mr. S. B. Wilson was appointed a legate and duly empowered to establish a chapter at said college."

Many of the meetings however were held in "Delta Hall, Number One," McCarty's room in "Fort" Arm-

strong, indicated in the picture and attested by David H. Goodwillie:

McCarty's room, marked x, was where I was initiated, and, in my day, where most of the meetings were held.

On May 6, 1908, I spent a memorable day with Doctor Wilson, visiting the old haunts of Phi Gamma Delta in Canonsburg.

The day previous, Dr. Wilson had discovered in Fort Armstrong the word "Mac" carved on a window-sill in McCarty's old room. This discovery thrilled us because no doubt remained that the northwest corner room at "Fort" Armstrong, McCarty's room, was the birthplace of Phi Gamma Delta. Here was the open fireplace and tall wooden mantel around which with the logs burning brightly the founders might have seated themselves when they made their high resolves and launched a new Greek letter society. With a saw I cut the word "Mac" out of the sill. Nor did I do this with the spirit of a souvenir vandal. Old "Fort" Armstrong was in a deplorable condition. Built as a dormitory for students, its decadence commenced when Jefferson united with Washington. The sill at which "Mac" studied and toiled and planned for the "Delta Association" was very much rotted. The old "Fort" was doomed to destruction sooner or later. I considered the taking of the part of the sill, therefore, as a legitimate enterprise. The tenant of McCarty's room at this time remembered having seen some names written on one of the walls. With the promise of new paper, we commenced to tear away the loose paper from the walls. In the hallway leading to McCarty's room we found these words "Enter and experience its glory." The words which preceded "enter" had been obliterated



PIN OF JAMES ELLIOTT  
Exact size of first badge





with paste. This much to eager seekers was of significance; but a more important discovery was made when we deciphered the names of John T. McCarty and S. B. Wilson in a list most of which even with the aid of a glass we could not positively read. The most legible were J. W. Logan, Cyrus L. Pershing, and A. G. Jenkins. They undoubtedly formed a list of the "Delta Association." Dr. Wilson and I investigated the house from top to bottom; the windows, cupboard doors, and woodwork were carefully examined, but nothing else of interest was discovered.

One thing was especially noted,—that while the names of Deltas were written on the walls of the old Fort, and while "Mac" carved his initials in the window-sill, the letter Delta and the letters Phi Gamma Delta in Greek characters were not to be found written anywhere. This strict observance of the founders is emulated by the brothers of these latter days.

"Fort" Armstrong was razed in 1916. It will be no longer possible to visit "Mac's" chamber, the birthplace of Phi Gamma Delta. It now lives in the memory of a comparatively small number of Fijis whose love for the fraternity led them out of the beaten paths of travel to Canonsburg. Its foundation stones have been obtained for the fraternity so that each chapter now organized or which may be established in the future may have in its possession a relic of sentiment. *Vale* "Fort" Armstrong.

I obtained from the owner of old "Fort" Armstrong the mantelpiece around which the founders gathered and organized Phi Gamma Delta. It has been erected in the library of the Denison lodge. Lambda Deuteron Chapter placed on it a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

THIS MANTEL WAS REMOVED  
 FROM THE ROOM OF  
 JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY,  
 IN FORT ARMSTRONG, JEFFERSON COLLEGE  
 CANONSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,  
 TO THIS ROOM ON MARCH 1-1909 BY  
 WILLIAM F. CHAMBERLIN, DENISON, 1893.  
 AROUND IT ON MAY 1-1848 WAS  
 FOUNDED THE FRATERNITY OF  
 PHI GAMMA DELTA  
 BY JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY  
 SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON  
 JAMES ELLIOTT, JR.  
 ELLIS BAILEY GREGG  
 DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS AND  
 NAAMAN FLETCHER

With the desire to bring the founders a little nearer to us, and to see them as they were to each other, I have sought to ascertain their nicknames, and have been successful except in finding out that of Gregg. The nickname of McCarty among his fellows was "Mac" while in his own home he was often called "Johnty;" Elliott was known as "Jim," and Crofts as "Dan." There were two Sam Wilsons in the class of 1848, the other being Sam T. Doctor Brown, professor of mathematics, early in his college course sharply called our Wilson "Sam B," and this was the name by which he was familiarly known to the day of his death. From Wilson Paxton, Esq., of Washington, Pennsylvania, a cousin of the Rev. Maurice E. Wilson, D.D., who had assisted so much in obtaining early records, I have learned that the nickname of Fletcher was "Nancy," an appellation earned by Fletcher because of the constant use of a large "N"



SITE OF "SECEDER" CHURCH

The "Seceder" church was formed by secession from  
the Established Presbyterian Church of  
Scotland in 1733



in writing his signature. In all the old letters and papers, however, which I have seen, Gregg is simply referred to as "old Gregg" and in one or two instances as "Ellis." I was unable to obtain any information from the nieces or nephews of Gregg, the nearest living kin.

Though all but Fletcher graduated with the class of 1848, their interest never flagged in the "Delta Association." Their letters which are published chronologically after the biography of each founder, indicate a lively interest in the welfare of the new society and of each of the other scattered brothers. The art of letter-writing seems almost to be a lost one. Over seventy years have passed since these letters were written; but it is much to be doubted if any letter written by fraternity brothers of the same age today will be found to equal them in diction or in interest.

Most of these letters of the founders were mailed without envelopes and stamps, as was the custom of the time. The letter was folded to the size of a small envelope; the postage was marked in the upper right-hand corner on the side upon which the address was written. In the upper left-hand corner was written the sender's address. It was the custom in those days for the receiver to pay the postage. The letters were all sealed with wax or some other seal adopted by the writer.

Many of the envelopes which contain these old letters have written on the outside the word *Perge*, and frequent reference is made to that section in the original constitution entitled "Of the Duties of Members," which asserts that "the watchword of each member shall be *Perge*, and his lode-star the highest niche in the Temple of Fame."

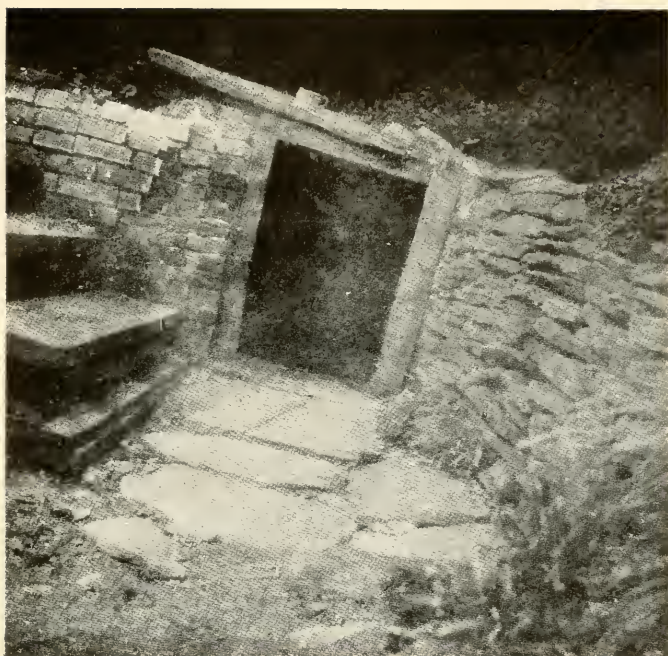
When life has gone, nothing mirrors the characteristics of a man so truly as personal letters to personal friends. I have been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining these letters of the six founders, a few from a granddaughter of Thomas W. B. Crews, Miss Virginia Reynolds of Caruthersville, Missouri, some in S. B. Wilson's old law office in Beaver, Pennsylvania, and nearly seventy others found in old boxes by the son of James Elliott, Frank Elliott, Esq., of Chicago. They are manifestly a most valuable acquisition to the archives.

During the presidency of Fletcher, the roll of Alpha chapter of Phi Gamma Delta was increased to twenty-eight; signatures to the original constitution appear in the following order:

- |                      |                          |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. John T. McCarty   | 17. Cyrus L. Pershing    |
| 2. James Elliott     | 18. Ben. F. Ray          |
| 3. D. Webster Crofts | 19. David Hall           |
| 4. E. B. Gregg       | 20. B. C. Ward (deleted) |
| 5. Sam B. Wilson     | 21. Sam'l Harsh          |
| 6. N. Fletcher       | 22. B. G. Krepps         |
| 7. J. B. Penington   | 23. —————                |
| 8. James W. Logan    | (entirely obliterated)   |
| 9. J. P. Gilchrist   | 23. Israel C. Pershing   |
| 10. Jno. H. Mathers  | 24. Simon Mercer         |
| 11. A. G. Jenkins    | 25. Rob't Kennedy        |
| 12. J. Q. A. Jones   | 26. C. W. Findley        |
| 13. T. W. B. Crews   | 27. D. H. Goodwillie     |
| 14. J. Woodrow       | 28. Geo. McC. Kennedy.   |
| 15. T. B. Wilson     | 29. David Minis          |
| 16. John M. Barnett  | 30. W. S. Wilson         |

The deletion of B. C. Ward's name is explained by the record of his resignation in the minute books; but how W. S. Wilson's name escaped the same fate is in-





SPRING HOUSE OF TILLIE HUTCHINSON





explicable, for his resignation was accepted at about the same time; yet his name appears in all of the catalogues.

Those of the present generation who have been privileged to see the first minute book of the "Delta Association" with the signatures to the original constitution have always asked: "Who was the original Twenty-Three?" The signature as it appears in the minute book, not only to the original constitution but in other places, was most thoroughly and carefully obliterated. There was in one place a slight trace of two letters. It was only, however, with the discovery of the letters written to Elliott by Ray, Fletcher, and Crofts that a clue to the identity of the apostate or any of the details in connection with the incident were known.

The letters to Elliot contain a full account of a typical case of "lifting" by another society which was so intolerable to the betrayed Deltas of '48 and '49 that thenceforth they regarded the deserter as a "traitorous Simon" and a "perjured villain."

Manifestly, it was the desire of the founders that the name of the "perjured villain" should be lost to the fraternity forever. The letters are published as a bit of the early history of Phi Gamma Delta; the name of the individual who incited the enmity of his fellow-students by being false to his professions and principles and the name of the society involved are omitted. The desire of the founders that the name of the apostate should be unknown forever and "referred to only as an instance of what human nature is susceptible" will, therefore, be observed. The original letters, however, will remain in the archives of the fraternity. "Let the dead Past bury its dead."

The expurgated letters are as follows:

RAY TO ELLIOTT, DECEMBER 13, 1848

Heretofore I have been able to inform you that old Jefferson and our society were both in the most flourishing condition and, which gave me much more pleasure than I have heretofore been able to tell you, that the noble association to which you and I have the honor to belong could still shout "excelsior" and none dared to dispute our right. You need not infer from this remark that any dire calamity has befallen that glorious band of brothers, but there has happened that which is very unpleasant to us here, and which I know will be very unpleasant to those who are absent, yourself included. At the commencement of the session there were a small number of new students who appeared to be worthy of being elected members of our association. The \* \* \* also appeared to be on the alert, and endeavoring to get the first choice of the new students (of which I have perhaps informed you before). When we elected Green, and sent Harsh to inform him of his election, or rather to solicit his acceptance of membership, he declined, and we have since found out that he was a member of the \* \* \* Society. Previous to this however, we had elected a young fellow by the name of \* \* \*, of the Sophomore class. He accepted membership and was regularly initiated into the mystery of our order. After he was initiated, he appeared to be enthusiastic in the cause, and members of the Chapter were satisfied that they had made a very valuable acquisition in him and were entirely pleased that we had elected him. A short time after this, M. \* \* \*, one of the former tutors, came to the place on a visit, and I suppose you are well aware he was a member of the \* \* \* Society. He would be acquainted with Mr. \* \* \* before, and was doubtless aware that he was a person of superior talents. It was soon to be seen that he was using his best endeavors to get Mr. \* \* \* on good terms with the \* \* \*, for he took West and other \* \* \* down and introduced them to Mr. \* \* \*. But all this did not excite any suspicion in the minds of



"FORT" EMERY, WHERE FLETCHER ROOMED  
Probably in this house was Delta Hall Number 2



our fellows. Some of us supposed that they were endeavoring to make \* \* \* a \* \* \*, but we would very knowingly remark that "it was no use knocking at the door." Things went on this way until a short time after Sterrett had left. When Grier was down at Bricelands and heard that there had been three persons there to speak for some ten or a dozen to be ready that night at half past ten o'clock, he told Kate to watch and see who came to him. She did so and told him that between eleven and twelve o'clock Messrs. Pratt, Calvin, West, MacWilson, Reid, Jr., and \* \* \* came to take supper. When Grier gave us this information, we were rather astounded, but still did not allow ourselves to suspect Mr. \* \* \* of being a \* \* \*. We thought, however, that it would be well to have an investigation of the matter. Accordingly we appointed a meeting and sent Woodrow down to request \* \* \* to attend, and at the same time he told of this report extant that he was at the \* \* \* supper, telling him at the same time that none of the members believed it to be true. \* \* \* instead of coming up to the meeting sent us up a most insulting letter, the contents of which I cannot now give more than that he withdrew from the chapter without denying that he was at the \* \* \* supper. I could say much more on the subject, but I am waiting for the stage to go home. I will be back in a couple of weeks when I shall expect a letter from you and then I will give you the details. Excuse this scrawl and believe me,

Yours in bonds

RAY TO JAMES ELLIOTT, CANONSBURG, JAN. 6, 1849

The Gamma has by order of the chapter blotted out his name wherever it was to be found in the minute book, and he himself will hereafter be referred to by the members of the chapter only as an instance of what human nature is susceptible.

NAAMAN FLETCHER TO JAMES ELLIOTT, JEFFERSON  
COLLEGE, JAN. 6, 1849

The villain of whom you spoke in your letter as having turned traitor to our association is the son of the Hon. \* \* \* of \* \* \*. He has fine talents and is gentlemanly in his deportment, but at heart a perjured villain! The poor devil can't look one of us in the face — "Guilty conscience needs no accuser." We say nothing to him or even about him, except among ourselves. Let him go and do his worst, and may the frowns of Hell be upon him.

D. W. CROFTS TO JAMES ELLIOTT, NEW LISBON, OHIO,  
AUG. 3, 1849

Fletcher has at last condescended to write just as he is leaving the halls of college. He gives me some news which is new to me. He states that \* \* \*, that infamous, grovelling, hell-deserving wretch, — had been initiated into the mystic tie and with all the perjury and treachery of a traitorous Simon had left, had been initiated into the \* \* \*, and had revealed the words glowing from his distorted and craven spirit all the secrets of the order so far as they could be comprehended by his contracted intellect. It is strange, — surpassing strange, — that they should initiate such a base wretch into such an honorable body, and it is still more strange that a man could be found so lost to every sense of honor as to act with such baseness.

The third election of the fraternity resulted in the choice of I. C. Pershing, II, S. Mercer, E, and D. Hall, I. Upon Pershing's resignation, his place was filled by Hall who was in turn succeeded by Goodwillie as I. It was the third president of our "Delta Association," David Hall, who was responsible for the initia-





"FORT" ORAM



tion ritual used for many years, described in Sam B. Wilson's letter to Elliott of November 18, 1849, as "one of the prettiest pieces of composition" he had ever heard. It was under these officers in November, 1849, that the famous Article 5, Section 4 of the Constitution was restored, namely: "The watchword of each member shall be *Perge!* and his lodestar the highest niche in the Temple of Fame." At the next meeting "*Age!*" was substituted for "*Perge!*"

On the 15th of December, 1849, "a petition was received, signed by three members of Nashville University, praying for the grant of a charter from our association, but being found deficient in regard to the number of petitioners the  $\Gamma$  was instructed to correspond with them on the subject." Nashville subsequently became the seat of the Gamma chapter of Phi Gamma Delta and the first volume of Minutes closes with the words: "Thus it stands the third of that mystic brotherhood which shall embrace and own the talent and the glory of the Nation."

The meeting of March 2, 1850, had under consideration "the propriety of adopting some By-laws and Regulations for literary exercises," in consequence of which the members were entertained by essays on such subjects as "United Effort," "The Power of Nature over the Human Mind," and the "Sweets of Memory."

The officers for the fourth year were  $\Pi$ , Crews;  $E$ , Wilson, and  $\Gamma$ , Kennedy. At the meeting of August 6, 1850, a delegation of Deltas from Beta chapter, Washington, swelled the roll to thirty-two. The literary tradition was maintained, bearing such fruit as "Mind," "Moral Sublimity," "Effort," "Creation of Man,"

“Spirit of Progression,” “Firmness,” “Soul,” “Friendship,” “Happiness,” “True Ideality,” “Thoughts,” “Knowledge,” and “Influence of Example.”

During this year, the need of some definite program for extending the order was felt, and a letter was sent to each graduate member urging earnest consideration of the question. Delta Chapter was established at Union University, Murfreesboro, Tennessee; and on March 14, 1851, the University at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, sent a petition for a charter which was granted in the name of Epsilon.

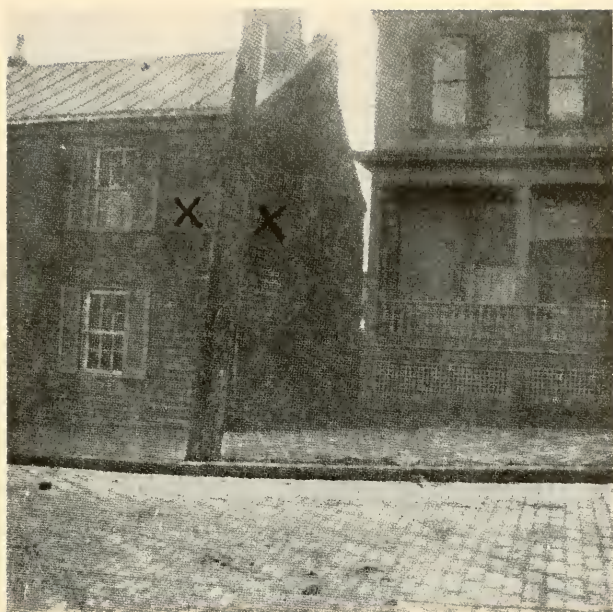
The following resolutions were adopted toward the institution of a fraternity catalogue:

For the farther carrying out the principles of this order, advancing its interests, and strengthening the ties of individual members,

RESOLVED 1ST. That every member of our order be requested to keep his chapter informed of his residence, occupation and prospects, by correspondence at least once during the college year, and oftener should he change his location or anything of importance occur.

RESOLVED 2ND. That every chapter be requested to forward periodically to the Grand Chapter the name, residence and occupation of each of its members and that the Grand Chapter distribute copies of the same to each other chapter whence they may be farther distributed to individual members.

In those days the minutes of conventions and Grand Chapter reports were written, instead of printed, thereby adding to the secret character of the fraternity. The following is one of the early Grand Chapter reports. The original fills one sheet of legal cap paper:



X X ROOM OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY IN  
"FORT" ARMSTRONG WHERE PHI GAMMA DELTA WAS  
FOUNDED. THE BUILDING WAS RAZED IN 1916



ANNUAL CIRCULAR OF THE DELTA ASSOCIATION

March, 1860

Alpha Chapter at Canonsburg, Pa.	Now numbers thirteen members, of whom five have been initiated since last report. Four graduates. Regular meetings held once in two weeks, attended with literary exercises. Officers, S. W. Miller (II), R. T. Miller (E), T. N. Sickels (I).
Beta Chapter at Washington, Pa.	Twelve members. Fourteen initiations. Three graduates. Three removals. Three deaths. Twenty meetings. Condition "flourishing" and prospects "fair." Officers, Wm. S. Eagleson (II), James Lafferty (E), J. W. Allen (I).
Delta Chapter at Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Ten members. Eleven initiations. No graduates. Two removals. One death. Sixty-two meetings. Condition "prosperous" and symptoms favorable. Officers, T. S. Burnett (II), F. M. Windes (E), John W. Mallory (I).
Epsilon Chapter at Chapel Hill, N. C.	Re-established November, 1859. Six initiations. No graduates. Nine meetings. Seventeen sister (?) fraternities. Nevertheless flourishing like a green bay tree. Officers, L. R. Bell (II), J. A. Cameron (E), T. J. Hadley (I).
Kappa Chapter at Independence, Tex.	Six members. Five initiations. Three graduates. One removal. Fourteen meetings. Good men are scarce at this college, <i>therefore</i> Deltas are scarce. Officers, P. Harris (II), H. F. Pahl (E), M. M. Vander Hurst (I).
Lambda Chapter at Greencastle, Ind.	This Chapter has sent in no report. As far as we can learn it is in a very flourishing condition. Officer, John W. Heath (I).



Mu Chapter at Marion, Ala.	Ten members. Three initiations. Four graduates. One death. Meetings held weekly. Faculty down on them, but prospects brightening. Officers, J. T. Caine (II), J. F. Burns (E), T. B. Cox (I). [Note in 1861 catalogue Burns is given as J. H.]
Nu Chapter at Russellville, Ky.	Six members. Five initiations. No graduates. Five removals. Twenty-five meetings. "Prospects good." Officers, L. Waggener (II), N. B. Anderson (E), J. B. Williams (I).
Xi Chapter at Gettysburg, Pa.	Thirteen members. Six initiations. Three graduates. Three removals. "We can say, with truth equal to our gratification, that we are prospering." Officers, Theo. Heilig (II), W. D. Gotwald (E), M. H. Richards (I).
Omicron Chapter at U. of Virginia	Five members. Six initiations. Four removals. Twenty-one meetings. Danger of this chapter becoming extinct, but later reports more favorable. Officers, M. D. Sterrett (II), E. C. Rowe, (E), John T. Jones (I).

By 1862, chapters had been established in the following places:

Beta	Washington College	Washington, Pa.
Gamma	Nashville University	Nashville, Tenn.
Delta	Union University	Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Epsilon	University of North Carolina	Chapel Hill, N. C.
Zeta	Washington College	Marysville, Tenn.
Eta	Marietta College	Marietta, O.
Theta	University of Alabama	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Iota	Centre College	Danville, Ky.
Kappa	Baylor University	Independence, Tex.
Lambda	Indiana Asbury University	Greencastle, Ind.



WINDOW SILL IN McCARTY'S ROOM, NOW IN THE FRATERNITY'S  
ARCHIVES



Mu	Howard College	Marion, Ala.
Nu	Bethel College	Russellville, Ky.
Xi	Pennsylvania College	Gettysburg, Pa.
Omicron	University of Virginia	Charlottesville, Va.
Pi	Allegheny College	Meadville, Pa.
Rho	University of Kentucky	Harrodsburg, Ky.

So, less than a score of years after the six had signed the original constitution, the society and the noble principles for which it stood had spread to these sixteen seats of learning.

A rare piece of Phi Gamma Delta jewelry came into being in this same year of 1862. It is a key very similar in shape to the key of Phi Beta Kappa. On one side at the top is a star, underneath which appear the letters Phi Gamma Delta, and two hands clasped on a book. On the reverse side is the name "A. H. Brown," also a monogram "A. H. B.," and "Jefferson, 1862." This key is now in the possession of a nephew of A. H. Brown, Rev. Merle H. Anderson, D.D., Washington and Jefferson College, '93. We are informed by the owner of another of these keys, Dr. T. D. Davis, of Pittsburgh, "The class of 1862 of Jefferson College had those keys made. My roommate, S. S. Gilson, obtained one from another source. He had a round plate of gold placed over the numerals 1862 and had engraved on it 'Wash. & Jeff. Col., Class '66A.'" The fraternity minutes of 1860 to 1865 record no information in regard to these keys, and while Alpha chapter in 1862 was the grand chapter of the fraternity, it is probable that the keys were made and worn as the result of private enterprise rather than as the official act of the governing body.

For those of us who attach sentiment to everything pertaining to the lives of those who founded our society,

none of the Minutes since '48 holds greater interest than that of August 5, 1862:

Rev. Wilson of Beaver, the first II of the fraternity, delivered an interesting address to the chapter, giving a brief history of the founders of the fraternity with an account of some of its first proceedings. On motion the chapter returned its warmest thanks to Brother Wilson for his very welcome address.

The prefix, "Rev." was of course an error of the scribe.

I came upon the original manuscript of this address while rummaging among some old papers in Wilson's law office at Beaver, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1909. Incredible as it seems, after the lapse of so many years, we are in possession of a vivid pen picture of each of the founders by one of them. The address is here given in full:

Often, very often, within the past month, has the question presented itself, with an almost painful interest, what shall I say to those whom I have promised to address? Shall I imitate the example of that large class of anniversary orators who turn to the half forgotten pages of classic lore, and cull from thence an offering of rare but borrowed beauties. Or shall I wander into the mazy labyrinths of metaphysical research, and prepare for my hearers a learned essay which neither they nor I shall understand? Or, like still another class, shall I select for discussion here one of those great questions which stir the hearts and arouse the passions of men, and thus give you a foretaste of that angry strife in which some of you are too soon to mingle.

To all these questions my heart responded no. I felt that it was not to such an entertainment I had been invited. I knew, for I helped to set it up, that an altar had been erected here to friendship, to fraternal love; and I





MANTEL FROM McCARTY'S ROOM, FORT ARMSTRONG, NOW IN  
LIBRARY OF LAMBDA DEUTERON, DENISON  
McCarty's picture is over the mantel





felt that if I brought a gift fit to be laid upon it, it must be an offering from the heart. But what? Ah, that was a question most difficult to answer. I knew that in the fount of feeling there were treasures innumerable that had been gathered here, but I could not foresee the depths to which its waters would be stirred. I knew that in the vast storehouse of memory and the affections were treasured images of the friends of other days, but I could not tell with what amazing distinctness they would appear before my touched vision in revisiting the spot where were performed those mystic rites which transmuted friends to brothers. I knew there were a thousand chords binding my heart to this altar, but I could not tell which might vibrate with the most power when I should approach it. Now, however, the mystery is solved. Among the many conflicting emotions which the exercises of this evening have excited, there are a few that are too deep for utterance. Among the many pleasing recollections that have been awakened, there are a few of surpassing interest. Among the many loved forms which seem to rise up before me, and take their places on the tablets of quickened memory, there are a few that stand out in amazing prominence.

Involuntarily my mind wanders back to a little chamber not far from this, in which were assembled six earnest youths whose kindred aspirations and well-tryed friendship for each other had bound them together as with hooks of steel. Although more than fourteen years have passed since their final separation, so vivid is my recollection of the form and features of each member of that group, that if I were a painter, I could delineate them with a truthfulness that would almost make the canvas speak. First and most prominent in the little circle is the manly form of John T. McCarty. His appearance indicates his strength of purpose, his power of endurance, his iron will. A truer friend, a more fearless enemy never lived. If he loved you there was no honorable sacrifice he would not make to serve you; if he hated you, you knew full well

that it was no stab in the dark you had to guard against. Acts of meanness he scorned; and those who were guilty of them he regarded with ineffable contempt. Intellectually he was distinguished by the same manly vigor which characterized his physical organization. His reasoning and perceptive powers were clear and strong; he was a vigorous writer; a ready, earnest and forcible speaker. Socially he was the life of the circle in which he moved. If you felt lonely and depressed, his was just the room you wanted to visit. His hearty welcome made you feel that you grasped the hand of a brother. His lively sallies of wit, his joyous peals of laughter, his bluff Western manner, were a sovereign remedy for the "blues."

It must be admitted that he was a little reckless, that he had perhaps hardly enough of regard for public opinion. What the impulses of his heart prompted, he would do, no matter what others thought. An incident illustrative of this and other points in his character, just now occurs to me. During our time here the country was engaged in a war with Mexico. You who are familiar with the history of that contest know that at one time the newspapers contained reports reflecting on the courage of the Indiana volunteers. In a word it was charged that at the battle of Buena Vista they gave way unaccountably. Very soon after the report of this engagement reached old Jefferson the boarders at "Fort" Armstrong were assembled in the hall awaiting the music of our smiling hostess' second bell. Of course the recent war news was the leading topic of conversation. Various opinions were expressed as to the conduct of the Indianians. At length a huge Kentuckian in the crowd, who stood nearly six feet two inches in his stockings, remarked with a kind of triumphant glance at McCarty, that the Hoosiers ran because they wanted pluck. "Mac's" eye flashed instantly. Two or three rapid strides brought him right in front of his assailant. Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed: "The men whom you are slandering are my neighbors. I know them and I know the charge of cowardice, I care

you will strive to obey our Constitution,  
Comply with our laws, customs and  
regulations; and to the utmost extent  
of your ability endeavor to promote  
the interest, welfare and harmony of  
the order and all its members?

A. 1 '1

Sec 1 This Constitution shall be altered or  
amended only by a vote of two thirds  
of all the Chapters of the Order - the  
Grand Chapter at Jefferson College  
Danonsburgh. Va. having in all  
cases the Veto power.

Signed John T. McCarty	1
James C. Elliott	2
W. Webster Croft	3
E. Blythe	4
Sam B. Wilson	5
A. Fletcher	6
J. B. Pennington	7

FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION



not by whom made, is a base falsehood. If you or any one else doubt the courage of the men of my state, let him try me." Had it not been for the prompt and forcible interference of the by-standers, the impetuous Hoosier and the tall Kentuckian, who had up to that moment been on friendly terms, would have been engaged in a fierce and perhaps deadly conflict. McCarty must have known too that however it might result, the Faculty would probably give him leave of absence. Yet, so generous were his impulses, that he was ready to risk all to vindicate those whose honor was dear to him and whom he believed to be unjustly assailed. You will not wonder that while such a man had hosts of friends who would rally round him and stand by him under all circumstances, he had also bitter enemies. Men of his stamp always have.

Another marked feature in his character was his ambition — not that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself" — but a laudable desire for eminence, and a fixed unwavering purpose to attain it. Nature had fitted him for a leader, and he knew it. In pursuance of his well arranged plans he hastened to the shores of the Pacific, a field just suited to his adventurous nature. There he was pursuing with marked success a career which he fondly hoped would lead to honor and renown. But soon, alas, too soon for the realization of his dreams, the cold hand of death was interposed between him and the gilded letters which seemed in the dim distance to glitter in the inscription of his renown. I trust that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The tall, slender young man who occupies the next place in the circle, and whose dark lustrous eye is in strange contrast with the pallor of his cheek, is Webster Crofts. If you had known him as I did you would not have loved him less. To a stranger his apparently reserved and distant manner was not attractive, but as your intercourse with him became more frequent, or you learned by slow degrees to appreciate his sterling qualities of head and heart, as you found with what implicit confidence

you could rely upon his honor, with what absolute certainty you could depend on his kind offices, he could not fail to command your respect, and win your highest regard. In our contests with the opposing party in the other hall he always acted an important part. He had the earnestness and power of McCarty, but he had more coolness and discretion. Every word told. McCarty's blows were delivered with the crushing weight of the sledge-hammer; Crofts' were the keen thrust of the polished blade. They never failed to make his opponent smart. But the chief excellency of his character was his unbending integrity; his high sense of honor; his manly courage; his unswerving fidelity in the discharge of all his duties. Had his life been spared, I feel assured he would have been an ornament to the institution whose foundations he helped to lay.

Sitting a little apart from his companions is one whose modest mien and rare intellectual beauty are sure to arrest the attention of the beholder. That is Ellis B. Gregg. One earnest glance satisfies you as to his character. A kinder, truer heart than his never throbbed in the bosom of any human being. If you were prostrated by disease, his was the hand you desired to smooth your pillow. Moving around your bed-side with the grace and gentleness of a woman, anticipating every want, and supplying it with a kindness that won your heart, you would regard him almost as an angel of mercy sent to minister to you in your hour of suffering. He belonged to a class of whom the world has but few, who do every thing for their friends and seem to expect nothing for themselves. His intellectual qualities were scarcely less commendable, but such was his retiring modesty that only the few who knew him well appreciated him as he deserved. Owing to his extreme diffidence, he was not a ready or fluent speaker, but when he chose to make an effort, his written productions exhibited a rare beauty and smoothness combined with a nervous power not often excelled. In one respect he was peculiarly gifted, and that was the unerring skill



- |    |                                |    |
|----|--------------------------------|----|
| 8  | James W. Logan                 | 2  |
| 9  | J. P. Gilchrist                | 3  |
| 10 | Geo. W. Mathers                | 4  |
| 11 | A. C. Jenkins                  |    |
| 12 | J. D. A. Jones                 | 5  |
| 13 | J. W. B. Crows                 | 6  |
| 14 | J. Woodrow                     | 7  |
| 15 | J. B. Wilson                   | 8  |
| 16 | John M. Barnett <sup>ett</sup> | 9  |
| 17 | Cyrus L. Pershing              |    |
| 18 | Ben. H. Ray                    | 10 |
| 19 | David Hall                     | 11 |
| 20 | <del>REDACTED</del>            | 12 |
| 21 | Saml. Hark                     | 13 |
| 22 | W. G. Krapp                    | 14 |
| 23 | <del>REDACTED</del>            | 15 |
| 23 | Israel L. Pershing             | 15 |
| 24 | Simon Mercer                   | 16 |
| 25 | Robt. S. Kennedy               | 17 |
| 26 | C. H. Findley                  | 18 |
| 27 | W. H. Goodwillie               | 19 |





with which he read the characters of those around him. I have never before or since met with a man who had so thorough a knowledge of human nature. What others required months to learn, and that by close observation and keen scrutiny, he seemed to know by intuition. If a new member was about to be proposed, Gregg was always consulted, and his brief and apparently indirect replies were yet so full of meaning that they generally settled the question forever. He went early to his rest. I have no doubt that when the summons came he obeyed it

"As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him  
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

These are our honored dead. "*Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter*" might well be inscribed upon the tomb of each. If we who survive them ever make a pilgrimage it should be to their graves. If we ever plant flowers of affection to be watered by the tears of remembrance, it should be on the sod that covers their heads.

Of the living it is hardly proper that I should speak; but there are two of them, Elliott and Fletcher, in regard to whom I know you will pardon me for saying a word. The former was the most thorough and accurate scholar in his class. Whatever he deemed worth knowing, he considered worth knowing well. He had a supreme contempt of that class of "college bred youths" who talk learnedly of the higher mathematics, and yet have not the knowledge of arithmetic required in the most ordinary business transactions of life; who take every occasion to display their little smattering of Latin and Greek, and are yet shamefully ignorant of the construction of their mother tongue. While pursuing successfully all the regular studies of his class, he made himself master of languages and sciences not embraced in the College courses. He was elected to represent his Society as essayist in the Contest of 1848. The contestants of that year, however, were not permitted to win or lose honor, owing to the fact that the other Society declined to meet us after the performances were prepared. But a gentle-

man of very high literary attainments to whom Elliott's essay was submitted pronounced it the most faultless production he had ever seen, coming from the pen of so young a man. As a friend he was genial, kind and generous. As a man, he was upright, just and honorable. If he had a fault, it was his want of charity for the boasts of those who made loud professions and the extreme bitterness with which he hated hypocrites.

Fletcher was not a member of our class, and I was therefore not so intimately acquainted with him as with the others of whom I have spoken. I know, however, that he was one of the very best debaters in the Society to which he belonged. No one I think ever denied that he was a young man of more than ordinary ability. The high degree of confidence which his associates reposed in him is shown by the fact that he was unanimously chosen as the presiding officer of this Chapter at a time when the utmost skill and prudence were required in the management of its affairs.

Of the last and humblest of the group, I have only to say he stands before you.

These are they who laid the foundation on which you and your predecessors have reared a superstructure of surpassing beauty and magnificence. Its base is now almost co-extensive with the Union; its pinnacle pierces the clouds of heaven. Its deep and firm foundations, its stately columns, its lofty dome, the chaste beauty of its adornments are the wonder and admiration of all who have been permitted to behold them. If we who have conceived the design are entitled to credit, the master-workmen who executed it are deserving of all praise. Such of these as I had the pleasure of knowing and associating with here, are men whom I shall always delight to honor. The generous Penington, the gifted brothers Pershing, the eloquent Hall, the scholarly Woodrow, the genial Findley, and last but not least, the fallen patriot, the loved and deeply lamented Minis, whose remains I followed to the grave but a few weeks ago with feelings

28	Geo. M. C. Kennedy	20
29	David Minis	1
30	W. L. Wilson	2
31	John Spence	3
32	Chas. W. Barber	4
33	R. N. Dick	5
34	W. E. McLaren	6.
35	C. S. Rice	7.
36	Eugenius W. Wilson	8
37.	J. M. Gallagher	9.
38	James Mathers	10
39	C. G. Braddock	11
40	B. W. Playford	12
41	A. B. Ferguson	13.
42	James C. Robinson	14.
43	W. W. Milge	153
44	W. Mitchell	164
45	C. S. Rousebush	175
46	W. B. Keeling	186
47	J. A. Duff	197
	J. S. Sarnius	20

FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION



of such utter loneliness and desolation as I never experienced before; these, all these, and many others whom I might name hold no second place in my affections. Did time permit I could not refrain from telling you of their virtues.

Brethren, I have already detained you longer than I intended. If what I have said is destitute of that display of learning usually expected of anniversary addresses, it has at least the merit of having welled right up from the fount of feeling. I am one of those who believe that no prepared words are suited to express the genuine emotions of the heart.

In conclusion allow me to say to you to whose keeping this our temple of science and friendship has this evening been committed, you cannot perform a nobler work than to beautify and adorn it. Guard well its portals. Permit none to enter who will disturb its peace or mar its harmony. So may God deal with you as you are faithful to your trust.

## CHAPTER II

JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY

**A**DVENTURER, idealist, *entrepreneur*, "Mac" led the founders and the early initiates as Achilles led the Greeks, not by virtue of delegated power, for Wilson was the first chosen president, but by the preëminence of his personality, — by what we cannot express better than by the classic word magnanimity.

His father, Abner R., was a Scotchman, the son of a Presbyterian preacher who settled in Franklin County, Indiana, in 1803. By the time John was ready for college he was a man of wealth engaged in numerous enterprises such as merchandising, pork-packing, farming on a large scale, dealing in real estate, operating a canal boat line, managing stage lines between Cincinnati and Indianapolis, and operating land offices in the latter city and in Brookville. In 1838 he represented his county in the Indiana legislature, and he served several times as Grand Master of the state Masonic Lodge.

His mother's family, the Templetons, came from County Antrim, Ireland, and settled first in Laurens County, South Carolina, whence they journeyed overland to the Great West in 1802. At New Haven, in the new-made state of Ohio, Jane Templeton was born. Her mother, a Caldwell, was a first cousin of John Caldwell Calhoun.

In 1821 Abner McCarty and Jane Templeton were married in New Haven, and started westward to



Personal.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

France, April 10, 1918.

Mr. William F. Chamberlin,  
Hartford Club,  
Hartford, Connecticut.

My dear Mr. Chamberlin:

I am in receipt of your letter of March 11th, and wish to assure you that you need no other credential than your friendship for the Secretary of War.

It is interesting to learn something of the early life of those two brothers. Judge Cyrus L. Pershing and Dr. I. C. Pershing were full cousins of my father. Cyrus L. Pershing has a son, Dr. Howell T. Pershing, Metropolitan Building, Denver, Colorado, from whom any further information can be obtained with reference to his father and uncle.

Sincerely yours,

*John J. Pershing*



Brookville, Indiana, where they made their home. In November, 1912, Dr. Wilson, C. H. Bosler, Denison '90, and I journeyed eighty miles westward from the Buckeye to the Hoosier state to visit the old homestead of the McCartys. We found it intact and were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Mary M. Galion, McCarty's sister, who made us richer by the present of a new daguerreotype of McCarty and his wife taken in California just after their honeymoon. The house as it stands today is not greatly altered from the days of McCarty's boyhood.

At Brookville John Templeton McCarty was born August 28, 1828. He attended the public schools of his native town, studied Greek and Latin with a local clergyman, and entered Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, in the spring of 1845, "aged seventeen years," as the old register records. He seems to have pursued a "Partial Course" only at Miami. At Jefferson, where he matriculated in May, 1847, he determined to establish a new organization, whose emblem now is proudly borne by college men in every state of the Union.

The student McCarty is described by a classmate with whom I have had a number of conversations, the Rev. William Y. Brown, D.D., of Philadelphia, as a young man of unusually fine physique, open-hearted, generous, genial, sociable, and very popular, — one who mingled freely with all the students, and who was loved by all.

Dr. Goodwillie speaks of him as a fine student and a brilliant speaker, and records that Franklin Hall was always crowded when it was known that McCarty was on the program. He remembers in particular a de-

scription of Hell in Pollock's *Course of Time* which "Mac" once declaimed in Franklin Hall.

Of his room in "Fort" Armstrong, the scene of the first and many subsequent meetings, I have already told you at length. Here he studied and planned and dreamed of those "flattering prospects of future fame," which he made an unconditional basis of the selection of the brotherhood.

A bit of unassuming simplicity is reflected in the following brief account which the young man sent home to the *Brookville American* in September, 1847:

CANONSBURG, PA.

MR. EDITOR — We live in a quiet and retired village, situated in a small valley, surrounded by high hills, from whose summits you can behold, far in the dim distance, the lofty Allegheny Mountains, whose towering heights almost pierce the azure sky. The peace and quietude of our town was broken this morning by the appearance of the delegation from Washington, Pa., who were on the road to meet George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States. They here received a small acquisition to their number, and proceeded on their way. It was not long ere they returned with the Vice-President, whom we gave three loud and prolonged cheers. The procession halted, dismounted and repaired to the college chapel, where Mr. Dallas was again received with great applause. Mr. Brown, D.D., LL.D., in behalf of the faculty and students of Jefferson College, addressed Mr. Dallas in a brief and appropriate speech, expressing our thanks for honoring us with his presence, and related to him the origin of our college, its progress, and relation to Princeton College, his Alma Mater. After which Mr. Dallas addressed the young men of the institution. His address was very appropriate, couched in beautiful and chaste language, spoken in an eloquent and forcible manner. He contended that the prosperity of our country rested upon

being absent. Logan was chosen to fill his place. Mrs ~~Logan~~ & Gunn having been proposed, and their merits discussed, were elected members.

Mrs Duncan & Atkinson were proposed for consideration.

On motion Chap. Adjourned.

A. Fletcher. II

J. P. Gilchrist. I

Δ Hall Saturday Ev. Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1848  
Chapter Convened. Mr. ~~Logan~~ having been previously elected, was initiated into the Mysteries of our Association

On Motion Chapter Adjourned.

A. Fletcher. II

J. P. Gilchrist. I



three main pillars, viz: Intelligence, Industry and Virtue. Intelligence, the most important, from which would follow Industry, and, possessing these two, Virtue must be the consequent. He portrayed to the young men their present situation and glorious opportunities in comparison to many of our fellow mortals; he urged them to remember that "knowledge is power," and pointed out the important duties which must soon devolve upon them, and how necessary it was for them to be competent to discharge those duties with honor to themselves, their friends and the land that gave them birth. He advised them to gaze out upon the broad, dark bosom of the shadowy Future, to scrutinize the great drama of life upon which some of them must soon enter to mingle with the cold and deceitful, in the busy scenes of the world, and to be prepared to act well their part, and in every department of life to acquit themselves manfully. He urged them not only to acquire a knowledge of ancient and modern lore, but especially to love their country more than all else besides; he made many pathetic appeals in behalf of love of country. Mr. Dallas is the finest looking man that it has ever been my fortune to meet. He does not possess that proud, haughty mien which characterizes many men who hold office; his countenance is noble, frank and dignified, and his whole appearance is comely and prepossessing. Notwithstanding I do not agree with him in politics I must confess I believe him to be a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and a Christian. JOHN T.

The commencement program at Jefferson, 1848, bears McCarty's name opposite the title "Progress of Free Principles." Immediately after graduation he returned to his Indiana home, and commenced the study of law.

About this time the intense gold excitement of California was abroad, and it was not long before it laid hold on the adventurous young dreamer. In the winter of 1848-49, he organized a company of lads in his native

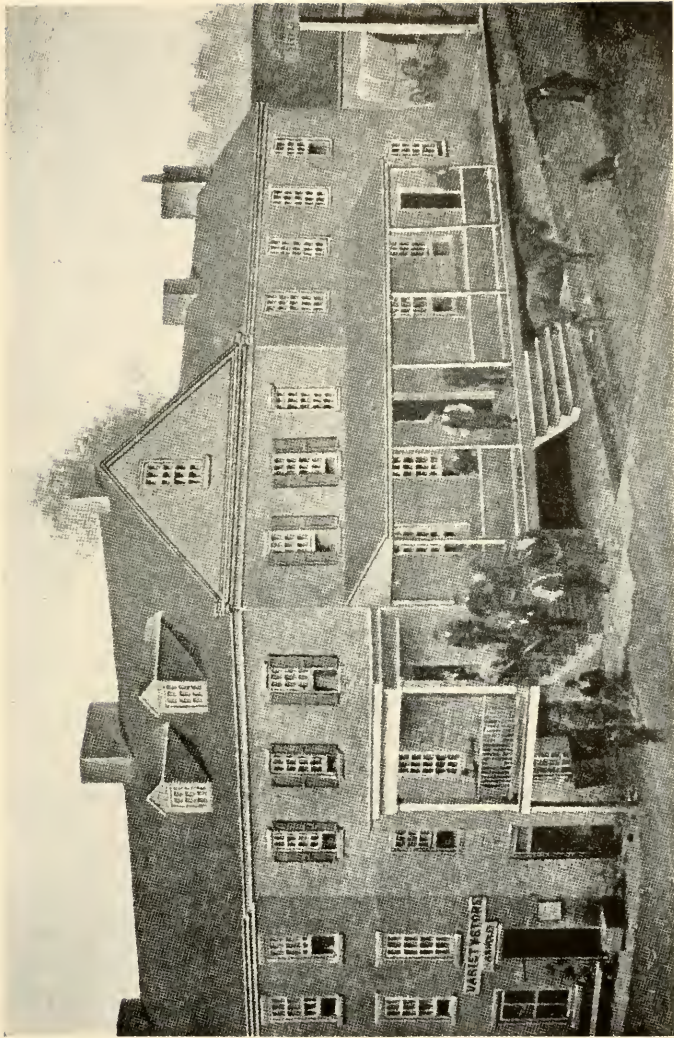


town, who styled themselves the Brookville-California Company, and set out across the plains in search of their fortunes. The diary-journal of the little company, for the most part in the chirography of its accepted captain, I discovered in the family homestead at Brookville.

Pasted on the fly-leaf of this old journal was the lithograph of the old Jefferson College buildings, produced in Chapter V of Part I. In turning over the page, a corner of the lithograph was loosened, and there on the back of the picture were the minutes of the meeting held May 15, 1848. A facsimile is here given. The original minute book of the fraternity contains no notes between the days of May 12, 1848, and June 6, 1848. The meeting of May 12, 1848, records the election of T. W. B. Crews, but there is no record of his initiation. The memorandum found in the old journal gives the missing information. It seems strange that after a lapse of sixty years the missing information and original record were found in the old journal. It is probable that Fletcher, the secretary, was not present on May 15th, and that Elliott, who wrote the minutes, gave them to McCarty to give to his roommate, Fletcher, to transcribe in the minute book. McCarty forgot; the record remained in his pocket finally to find its place in the journal of the Brookville-California Company, to cross the plains and back again, lost to the fraternity for sixty years and found by mere accident.

John M. Conrad, a fellow member of the company, writes the first record on March 14, 1849, as follows:

Upon Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, were to be seen from different parts assembling at the court-house of Brookville numbers of citizens to witness the presentation of the copy of the Holy Bible on the part of Franklin



THE BRICELAND TAVERN  
This building was razed in 1903



County Bible Society to each member of the Brookville-California Company. The Rev. William Terrell made a presentation address. Captain John T. McCarty responded to Mr. Terrell on the part of the company with a pathos and sublimity worthy the occasion, while his soul was heaving big with emotion. His pathetic remarks proceeding from his fired soul caught the kindred fire in the breast of parting friends.

The journal extends from March 14, 1849, to December 6, 1849, and is embellished with many quotations from the classics, with beautiful descriptions of rivers, mountains, and prairies; of accounts of dealings and troubles with Indian tribes, of buffalo hunts, of night fights with wolves, of starvation and thirst, and privation and death. Some of the little company died of cholera. McCarty himself was exceedingly ill with scurvy. One poor lad of the company, Skinner, died of pure unadulterated homesickness. McCarty writes in the journal of this day as follows:

Friday, November 4, 1849, we went to the wagon in which E. Skinner was lying and found him dying. We stopped the teams and in a few minutes he breathed his last and without a murmur or a sigh. We proceeded to the summit of the hill and selected a very pretty spot between two oaks and interred his mortal remains, there to rest until the resurrection morn, to be called forth by Gabriel's trumpet with assembled millions before the just tribunal of the Judge of the quick and the dead to receive at his hands the reward of his labors. It is a solemn warning to us, his associates, and should teach us to prepare ourselves, for we know not the time when the messenger shall appear unto us.

In the long journey across the plains, McCarty was the leader. It was he who first swam the rivers. It was he who first blazed out the difficult paths. It was he

who killed the first buffalo and dug the first gold. He had all the dealings with the Indians, in one instance overcoming an enraged Redman in single combat. By his charming personality and brilliant attainments he made a name for himself in the first Legislature of California as a competent clerk. Although he was but thirty-two when he died he had risen to the bench and had attained great influence.

The journal contains several interesting references to his college days and his fraternity. On March 30, 1849, McCarty writes on board the Sacramento on the Missouri river:

Early in the evening we passed Glasgow, a small village, the residence of a particular friend of mine, T. W. B. Crews, a brother Phi Gamma Delta, who is now at Jefferson College, Pa.

Crews is the name on the memorandum which was found pasted on the first page of McCarty's journal.

On April 13 McCarty again writes in his journal of meeting three former college chums of Miami University who were in another company, likewise engaged in going to the far west.

April 14 he refers to being a Mason and describes an evening spent in a Masonic hall in St. Joseph. April 29 he writes of receiving a letter from and replying to Fletcher: "My old room-mate at Jefferson College." Fletcher was probably a room-mate of McCarty just after the society was organized. April 29 McCarty also records writing to Edmiston, the first member of the Washington College chapter. May 4, 1849, he records that he wrote to Gregg. May 21 he refers to Elliott. July 7, 1849, McCarty and companions came upon another camp. He had here an unusual experi-





PHI GAMMA DELTA KEY, FRONT AND REVERSE





ence, of which he writes: "I met Bolivar G. Krepps, a brother Phi Gamma Delta, whom I had never seen before. The meeting was purely accidental, and perhaps so much the more happy. We drank to each other's health, to each other's success, and the prosperity of the 'Delta Association.' We conversed for four hours upon college associates and college days. We partook of a glorious dinner." What a striking coincidence was the meeting of these two brothers in the trackless west! Under the ever reaching sky, with uncovered heads, they stood on the bank of the river Sweet Water and with a draught of the liquor of that limpid stream quaffed a toast "to the prosperity of the 'Delta Association.'" Nowadays one is likely to meet a brother in any community, but in the young days it was rare indeed to clasp the hand of a stranger-brother in such an out of the way place. Alas, poor Krepps! His was not to be gold or fame. The minutes of the Alpha chapter, dated May 27, 1850, record the appointment of "Crews as chairman of a committee to draft resolutions in reference to the decease of our late brother, B. G. Krepps." The record of July 4, 1849, is written by McCarty and illustrates his patriotism:

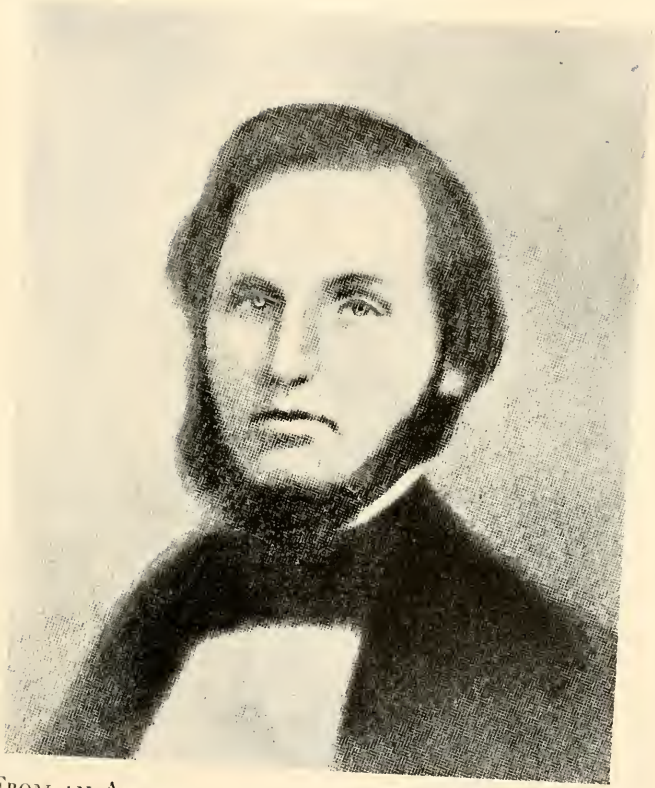
Before the dawn of day this morning, might have been heard the shouts of many merry hearts and the loud reports of the many guns that were being fired from the different camps that were near our own in the valley of the beautiful stream Sweet Water. Why was it that to-day so many immigrants were resting, that their loud and prolonged shouts are heard more than upon other days? Why is it that to-day in the states the Star Spangled Banner, the emblem of American liberty, floats from so many points, that the farmer has laid aside his accustomed labor, that the lawyer and doctor have left their posts, the me-

chanics their shops, why everybody their accustomed associations and gone to some point or place to a festival? It is because it is a day of American jubilee, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence, a day held sacred in commemoration of the day in which our independence was declared, a day upon which the fathers of the revolution, tired of oppression, threw off the galling yoke and resolved to be free. The results and fruits of that revolution we are familiar with, and never shall their heroic deeds and brave achievements be forgotten by their descendants. Every American loves to go back in imagination and travel the bloody paths that our fathers trod, to visit the battlefields where their heart's best blood was freely shed for the liberties and privileges that we now enjoy. We spent the forenoon in thinking of bygone days and contrasting our present situation with what it was one year ago. Our cook prepared a sumptuous repast, of which we all partook, after which wine was passed around and some toasts drank and guns fired. Thus we spent the Fourth of July, 1849, a day long to be remembered by us all. Although few in number we had a pleasant time of it. The evening was passed in pleasant conversation, after which we retired, being desirous of an early morning.

On October 24, 1849, McCarty first commenced mining, and writes that he worked hard all day and made about \$10. He says: "This was the first day's work of my life, and I did tolerably well. The lads were discouraged, however, and after the day was over they laid out all they made for flour at \$40 per hundred and musty at that."

The journal of the Brookville-California Company is a most interesting tale of western adventure, a pen picture of a "forty-niner."

The mines in California were reached in the middle of November. The general separation of the company



FROM AN AMBROTYPE OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY  
1853



occurred about November 20, 1849. McCarty left the company, went to San Jose, the seat of the new government, and obtained employment as the first clerk in the first California legislature. His previous law study, his college education, and his splendid appearance and winning personality without doubt availed him much in obtaining this employment.

When the first flush of the search for the pot of gold ended, McCarty turned again to the law, and in February, 1850, located at Marysville, California, where he was twice elected county recorder with judicial authority as judge of the police court.

Meanwhile at home an editorial of the *Brookville American*, February 8, 1850, contained the following account of the absent one:

On our first page will be found a letter to the editor of the *American* from J. T. McCarty, Esq., giving a graphic and interesting sketch of his journeyings to California, and his first impressions of the golden regions. This is the first and only letter that has been received from him since he crossed the mountains. His family and numerous friends had long been anxiously looking for some word from him. His health, welfare and advancing prosperity are watched with the most intense anxiety by his doting friends. John T. McCarty is a young man of mind, of enterprise and of laudable ambition.

John T. McCarty has received a good collegiate education; by application he was soon admitted to the bar, and then he leaves his home to seek his fortune on the shores of the Pacific. His father wealthy — so much as to be perfectly independent in worldly goods of both friends and enemies — with but few children to inherit his estate, it requires no ordinary decision for his son to tear away from a home so attracting and friends so devoted, to gain a name and fame by his own talents and energies.

One morning in the same month the *Daily Appeal* of Marysville published the following notice:

RECORDER'S COURT-POLICE, ETC.—This Court was very thinly attended yesterday morning. Not a solitary case upon the docket. No D.D.'s—no "disorderlys"—or other misdemeanors were reported. This speaks well for our city government. It shows one of two things, viz: first, either all the vagabonds and scoundrels have left the city, or, second, they fear his honor, Recorder McCarty. It gives us pleasure to bear witness to the faithful manner in which Recorder McCarty discharges his duties. He is prompt in his decisions, and metes out equal and exact justice unto all. He possesses a fine discriminating mind, and consequently discriminates in his punishments. Marysville never had a better Recorder, and perhaps never will have.

Two years later, while Master of Ceremonies at a Masonic ball and banquet in Marysville, McCarty met Mary E. Pierson, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a Marysville minister. She assumed forthwith an important place in his life, and when in 1853 she was sent to boarding school in Morristown, New Jersey, McCarty followed to claim her. When he arrived, the school was in the midst of festivities, its fair charges disguised in the time-honored costumes of a masquerade. He found Miss Pierson in the garb of the Indian princess Pocahontas, and promptly claimed the prerogative of Captain John Smith.

It was on the way across the isthmus on his trip to New York by water that McCarty contracted the "Panama" fever, which undermined his health and ended his career six years later.

McCarty and his bride were married by the Rev. James C. Edwards at Morris Female Institute on the





JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, 1856  
From a daguerreotype which belonged  
to his mother





17th of August, 1854. The two, attended by a maid and a valet, made a tour of all the large Eastern cities and resorts before returning by river, canal, and stage to Brookville. From McCarty's old home they went by canal to Cincinnati, thence by rivers to New Orleans, and finally by way of the isthmus to San Francisco. They set up housekeeping in the house which he had built for her in Marysville, where they entertained handsomely and had "all that could make a happy home." Mrs. McCarty, who still lives, gives this description:

My lover had sunny brown hair and beautiful blue eyes. He stood six feet in socks, and was finely built. He was always draped in the best money could buy and good taste dictate. He always carried a cane and wore a silk hat. He was very strong. He sometimes wore a very heavy curly beard.

In April, 1857, their only child, Molly, was born. She was married when quite young to Mr. Tinker, a close friend of General U. S. Grant. In a few years she was left a widow with a little daughter and then entered upon the career of an actress, using the name of Mae Evelynne.

At the home of McCarty's granddaughter, Mrs. Charles J. Sindelar, in Chicago, I have seen the bracelets and the brocaded white silk embroidered in silver in which Mary Pierson was married to John T. McCarty.

Up to 1860 McCarty had been a man of wealth, but through the rascality of a man whose bond he signed, he found himself suddenly much reduced in means. On the advice of friends he resolved to recuperate his fortunes in the mines of Nevada, and sold all his real prop-

erty preparatory to moving. During the week before the time set for their departure the family stayed at the Merchants' Hotel in Marysville, where on the morning of the 4th of February, he was taken suddenly ill and was assisted from the breakfast table to his room. Just before noon he took the hands of his girl wife, held them to his heart, whispered, "It's all right," and his soul took its flight.

Three of the young members of the Brookville-California Company left a written record to the effect that "we well remember the cheerful countenance of our friend when he expressed a fixed determination to 'live and die in California.'"

His wish, expressed in the days of youth and vigor, was fulfilled and he was buried in his adopted home amid great pomp and deep sorrow. The manuscript of Rev. Mr. Taylor's sermon given at the service was in the old McCarty home in a Japanese cabinet which McCarty had once brought to his mother from San Francisco. The text is:

*"Therefore, be ye also ready for in such an hour  
as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."*

Hidden within the folds of the manuscript was found an old ambrotype enclosed in a gold locket of Japanese workmanship, beautifully inlaid with a lotus flower design in colors, and this has been presented to the archives by Mrs. Jennie M. Yaryan, of Richmond, Indiana, a younger sister of McCarty.

Friends and admirers in the Masonic order, among the Knights Templars—fifty of whom rode on black horses from San Francisco to precede the funeral procession—and in the Bar Association, promulgated resolutions of condolence, tendering their deceased



HOME OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY,  
BROOKVILLE, INDIANA



member heartfelt recognition of the good name and fame he had earned in his short career among them.

In December, 1906, I commenced a correspondence with Edward B. Stanwood, Secretary of Corinthian Lodge No. 9, F. and A. M., at Marysville, California, relative to the grave of John T. McCarty. Mr. Stanwood replied in January, 1907, as follows:

I have delayed answering that I might find out if possible something about the condition of John T. McCarty's grave. This was a difficult matter as there are no cemetery records here extending so far back as 1860. Some semi-official records kept by a former city sexton were carried off by him years ago as his private property, and much confusion has been the result. Yesterday, however, I came across an old lady who has lived here about fifty years and who knew Mr. McCarty in his lifetime, and she gave me directions to find his grave, which is in the Marysville city cemetery. As she told me, there was no stone of any kind at the grave. A fence of wooden posts and wrought iron chains surrounding the lot, twenty feet by twenty feet, was in a very much tumbled-down condition. Originally there had been a wooden stake at the grave, bearing the number, but this long ago disappeared.

Upon receipt of this information steps were immediately taken to have the lot put in order; a white Italian marble stone was purchased in Dayton and shipped to Mr. Stanwood, who had it placed in position, where it now marks McCarty's grave with an inscription from the pen of Newton D. Baker, Johns Hopkins, '92:

## JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY

Born in Brookville, Indiana, August 28, 1828

Died in Marysville, California, February 4, 1860

This Memorial was erected  
to his memory  
by the College Fraternity of  
Phi Gamma Delta  
of which he was the founder  
and the influence of which,  
magnified beyond his fondest hopes,  
lives to ennoble his memory.

And so the body of the leader of our founders lies mouldering in its grave, while his soul goes marching on.

A glance at the following correspondence with Elliott will serve to bear out Wilson's statement that "Socially 'Mac' was the life of the circle in which he moved."

## LETTERS OF JOHN T. McCARTY

DELTA HALL No. 1, May 20, 1848.

Mr. James Elliott, Jr., Mount Pleasant, Ohio:

BROTHER JAMES — Your communication relative to the pins came duly to hand. I was glad to learn that the initials and date were correct, but from what you say I fear they are too light to look well. Four of us (viz., the seniors) intended sending for ours on yesterday, but Miller did not go. We will send soon. The Deltas convened last night at 10 o'clock at Delta Hall No. 1, and decided that we should all speak on commencement but Pennington, and also passed a motion prohibiting us from wearing our pins until Saturday before commencement. They think the interests of the order demand it. If so I am content, although I should like to wear mine all the time. So Jim, if you are wearing yours, you had better leave it off when you return to this place. All is peace and harmony in the brotherhood. All right, last night we



Ashe Hall, Oct 2, Monday Evg - May 18th, 1860  
The action was at the appointed time & place - Mr J. W. B. Cooper  
had been previously elected, was introduced to the meeting by the  
agent to meet at Ashe Hall 1860, W. B. Cooper  
J. Elliott Secretary

MISSING MINUTE FOUND IN McCARTY'S JOURNAL



elected all our ticket for Essayists, viz: Pershing, Elliott, Logan and Hall — three cheers — result of union. Try and return soon. I have at last chosen a subject, viz.: "Progress of Free Principles in Europe." Excuse this sheet. Accept regards of all the Deltas and write to me immediately or "*eo instanti*" — Blackstone.

Write, write.

JOHN T. McCARTY.

CANONSBURG, PA., May 29, 1848.

Esteemed Friend:

BROTHER DELTA — A few days have elapsed since your favor was received, and be assured it was perused with no ordinary degree of pleasure, being the first I ever received from you, the first from a Delta; of course I was rejoiced, happy and content; I presented your compliments to all the chapter and they send theirs in return with many good wishes for your future welfare. But hold — Penington and myself, Logan and McKinney (Beta), went to Pittsburgh last week to hear Forrest. Soon after our arrival the immortal three hastened to Wilson's shop and procured our pins; better pleased than I expected to be — I also got Jenkins' and Gilchrist's. Logan did not intend to get his, but he swore he must have it forever by him; even so, although there was one Beta in the crowd.

Penington and I wore our pins — we could not keep from it. Mc. wondered at it somewhat, and we gave him no satisfaction. We heard Forrest two evenings — in Metemora and Sackade. The latter is the best thing I have ever witnessed. Since my return I wore my pin out in the country, and whom do you suppose I met there? Why Jacob Winters and W. A. Rankin. Being only with them a short time, I can not say whether they discovered it or not. One of the ladies admired it very much — said it was beautiful, and asked the nature of it. I replied that that was a mystery. She then supposed that it was a Beta pin. This I boldly denied, but told her that she would see more of them on commencement. I received a letter from Crofts a few days ago — he is about to raise a High

School in New Lisbon. God grant that he may succeed. May he attain the high eminence that his talents merit. He has a soul, and I trust that he will not have to deal with such mean, deceitful men as the Faculty of J. College. He says he will be here at commencement, but will not take a diploma. I have finished my speech. It is about 12 minutes long. I read it to the Dr. to-day; he made no corrections except recommended a change of words in one or two instances. I am not certain that I will adopt them. He asked me if you were going to speak. I told him you were ready and would speak. He seemed pleased and said he would rather excuse others than you. Cox, Duncan, Milligan, and perhaps Robinson are excused. Sam B. has finished his speech and is now out in the country rustivating, but will return in a day or two; his subject, "Immortality of Man."

I hope you will be back on Saturday at farthest, so you and Sam B., Gallatin and myself can go to the woods and practice our speeches. There was nothing of importance done in Society at the last meeting.

The Deltas are flourishing. Nothing done of late.

Thy well wisher

To James Elliott, Jr.

JNO. T. McCARTY.

BROOKVILLE, IND., June 2, 1848.

Esteemed Friend:

BROTHER JAMES — Your truly welcome and interesting communication came to hand this morning, and I hasten to respond. Yes, James, 'tis strange that we can not — nay, would not if we could — forget the past; there is to me at least a melancholy sweetness in the recollections of days that are past and gone. I love to think of the happy hours of bygone days, of the glorious scenes in which I was a participant with many endeared friends from whom I am now separated — perhaps forever. "While these sober, mellow days are passing by me with a melancholy smile, I love to retrace my footsteps along the pathway of life, and call up in long review the happy

Saturday July 9<sup>th</sup> 49  
We had 16 or 18 miles to shake to  
day without Crates or traps - and  
at the dawn of day we were on  
the marsh - Hudson, singly, singly  
and others went in advance of the  
Leams - and made the river by  
11 o'clock - Then I stopped at a camp  
and had the extreme pleasure of meeting  
a brother Pole, Gamma. Delta - Krepps  
of Braunsill Runawayhouse - and then  
I had never met, just known him  
by reputation - The meeting was very  
accidental - and perhaps so much the  
more happy - he soon became acquainted  
and drank back others health, and  
swept and the prosperity of the Delta  
association, He commenced for four  
hours upon dinner matters - our  
former associates - College days &c.  
and Hudson & myself partook of  
a glorious dinner with Krepps and  
Co - Soon our Leams came and  
we had other good evening - and once  
again on the river bank and took  
our cattle to the Bluffs.

FACSIMILE OF PAGE IN McCARTY'S JOURNAL.  
MEETING WITH KREPPS



scenes that have flitted from my vision like the gay but withered leaves of the departed summer." It is indeed hard to part from those we love, with but little prospect of meeting again. Such were my sad thoughts on the morn I bid you adieu, and so with other Deltas — those who shall ever be dear to me — with whom the most pleasant hours of my eventful life have been passed. But my college days are now over; but never can I forget the happy hours, glorious scenes, eventful excursions and daring deeds of my college life. No, all these will be fresh in my memory in after years — yea, even till I totter upon the verge of the grave. I have now entered upon the great battlefield of life — launched my barque upon the troubled ocean, and whether I will be able to guide it safely over the boisterous billows has yet to be decided. I trust — yea, I know I have the good wishes of many kindred spirits, and shall ever have the ardent prayers of all the Deltas. With some such well wishers I enter the great stage of action. That you and all of our order may glide smoothly down the stream of life and finally weigh anchor in the harbor of safety, prosperity, happiness and glory, is the heartfelt wish of your humble correspondent. *Perseverentia vincit omnia* should be borne in mind upon all occasions, especially in times of trouble and disappointment. But why thus fill up this sheet? I will now give you a hasty history of myself. After we left Wheeling nothing of interest occurred till we reached the residence of Gallatin Jenkins. I shook him warmly by the hand and expressed many wishes for his future glory, and then said, *Vale, vale utrumque vale*. We reached Cincinnati on Sabbath morning. I then bid Crews farewell and wended my way to the hotel, but ere I reached it I met a young gentleman from the state of Brookville, who informed me that there were three young ladies from said state in the city anxiously awaiting my arrival. I dressed up and hastened to them, and found them beautiful and smiling, and rejoicing to see their once gallant. On that night I saw the lady to whom I first made love; she also



appeared happy, and met me again. Such being my situation, I could not — did not leave the city until Wednesday. I had all kinds of amusement in the city. Met several old Oxford students, who gazed in wonder at my Delta pin — and well they might, for so pretty a thing they never before beheld. When I reached home I found my father a warm Taylor man. We had a Taylor meeting here on Saturday night past; some pretty speeches. I am to make a Taylor speech on next Saturday in this place. I should not do this but my father is so warm a Taylor man that I can not well decline. I don't think I shall write my speech — take notes and speak extemporaneously. I commenced reading law on yesterday, and intend to be admitted in one year or die a-trying. I wrote to Fletcher on yesterday. I have not received a letter from him. Excuse this miserable letter, and accept the regards of

Write *instantly*.

JOHN T. McCARTY

James Elliott.

BROOKVILLE, IND., July 10, 1848.

BROTHER JAMES — I seat myself to indite you a short note on business. Learning from your last letter that you had not succeeded in getting a school, and our county seminary being vacant at present, I inquired a few days ago of one of the trustees if they had any one in view, and he told me they had not. On yesterday I had a long talk with one of the trustees, and told him that I knew of a young man very much qualified for the situation, and who more than probably would be pleased to procure said seminary. After thus conversing, I agreed to write to you *instantly*, so as to learn whether you had obtained a school, and, if not, whether you were desirous of getting in "Hoosierdom." If you want the school, and will come with sufficient recommendations (which you can do without any trouble, as I told the trustee), I think I can obtain the situation for you without any difficulty. The school was worth to the last principal between 5 and \$600.00 a year; whether it would be worth that for the



MR. AND MRS. JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY  
From daguerreotype taken in California in 1854



first year now, I can not say, though I presume not. But this much I will insure you, that you will like old Brookville, be esteemed by everybody in all this county, live happy, make enough to pay your board, for clothes, spending money, and the lawyer with whom you will read, etc., etc., and I will also insure you to be admitted to the bar in one year from the coming August. Is this sufficient to induce you to apply for the seminary in old Brookville? And you shall be with a Delta who esteems you from the bottom of his heart. Yea, James, we will room together, etc., and go and see the women just whenever you say so; I am always ready. Please write to me on the day you receive this whether you have yet got a school, and whether you wish the one here. I want you to come, and be assured you shall receive a hearty welcome from all my friends, male and female. By the time I receive your answer to this I can be certain whether I can obtain the situation. I am determined to be admitted next February. I have already made two Taylor speeches, one in this place and one in the adjoining county. How I did, of course I can not say, only that I have received many compliments from old and young. My prospects for the future are highly flattering. I trust it may ever be so. I received only a few minutes since a letter from our friend Dan Crofts. He seems in fine spirits — but is opposed, alas, to Taylor. Write to him and urge him to go for Taylor; for my part, I am really sanguine of his election, and I expect to win some money on it. I did not intend to write more than ten lines when I began, but, writing to you, I know not when to stop. I wrote you only a few days since, which letter I supposed you have already received. Write *eo instanti*, and accept the regards and well wishes of your sincere friend,

James Elliott, Jr.

JOHN T. McCARTY.

Write soon.

BROOKVILLE, IND., July 19, 1848.

BROTHER JAMES — Upon yesterday I received two communications from you, to which I now hasten to reply.

But in the first place, permit me to express to you my sincere pleasure in learning the fact that you were soon to cast your barque upon the political ocean, and that too, upon a safe and tried vessel. I trust ere this you have made one or two Taylor speeches, and such as have done you much credit, though I have no fears on this point. Since I wrote you last I have been enjoying myself most gloriously — read all the day and visit the women at night. So far I have progressed in studies far beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I am now confident that I can be admitted on next February, if I have my health. I received upon Monday last a letter from little Crews; he had reached home in safety after a long, tedious journey. He seemed happy, and intends to return to old Jefferson. I wrote to him and urged to return, and to sustain the reputation he now has at this place. He is a boy of much promise, and I feel deeply interested in his welfare. I also received a letter from our beloved old Dan Crofts, which was perused with no ordinary pleasure. He is one whom I always loved for his good qualities, and have ever been an admirer of his talents. I can never forgive the faculty of Jefferson College for their base injustice to him. But he can get through this world without their aid or even a diploma. I lately heard from my old roommate Fletcher, who had the blues the worst way when he wrote me. I trust he has said begone, dull care, and will be content and happy during this vacation, and will next season accomplish wonders for the Deltas. He has the abilities, if he will only keep in good spirits. Oh! the happy days that I have spent at old Jefferson. I was rejoiced to hear that old Sam B. was soon to be “a limb of the law.” Tell him in your next letter to write to me as he promised. Has he forgotten old John T. McCarty of Indiana, or why does he not write? I wrote to Gregg and Ray, but have not as yet received an answer. I intend writing in a few days to Gilchrist of Butler county, and old Edmiston of Washington College. As to old Taylor’s prospects, I, for one, feel confident of his election. I also



JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY, WIFE AND CHILD  
Taken just previous to his death in 1860





feel confident that old Indiana will be right this time and no mistake. The Taylor fever is very high here, and so many Democrats intend to vote for the man who never surrendered. But, to be candid, I fear Ohio will go for Cass, on account of your large Abolition vote, though I sincerely hope for better things. If there is an exertion made, Ohio must be right, as the people are generally white in that state; here we have to contend with some 10,000 Dutch, but, thank God, some of them have at last got their eyes open and are shouting for Taylor and Fillmore. But should we lose Ohio, I still think Taylor will be elected, as he must get New York and S. Carolina. But why it is that so many of the volunteers who have just returned are against him I can not for the life of me see. I was of the impression that he was the idol of the soldiers. But I trust all will be right. I went upon yesterday in the country to see the president of the board of trustees of our seminary, and told him that I had heard from you, and all was right as to your coming if you could obtain the situation. He has called a meeting of the board on Saturday next, at which time I have now no doubt but that James Elliott of Ohio will be chosen. If so, I will write to you immediately — that is, on next Monday. I would advise you to write to each one of the professors of Jefferson College and request them to send you written testimonials immediately, which they will of course do. I think perhaps it would be best to have some recommendations from home or from teachers in that vicinity. In haste I am thy sincere friend,

JOHN T. McCARTY.

James Elliott.

I will write you on Monday to let you know the result of the meeting of the board of trustees. I think I would write immediately to the faculty of Jefferson, so that if you get the seminary of this place you can come on *eo instanti*.

JOHN T. McCARTY.

My compliments to all Deltas to whom you write, and request them to write to me.

JOHN T.

BROOKVILLE, IND., July 24, '48.

ESTEEMED FRIEND — In my last letter to you I promised to write you again on to-day. I have now seized my "gray-goose quill" for that purpose. The trustees of our seminary met on Saturday last, and you were chosen principal of the said seminary. Inclosed you will find a letter from them (I tore off all but the writing), which will tell you of their proceedings. One of the trustees upon this morning told me to say to you that did not the seminary flourish as they anticipated, that they would make a small appropriation to you. I am of the impression that you can have a good school. If, however, you should not be satisfied, you need not stay forever. I think it would be better for you to hasten on here as soon as possible. If you have not got your recommendations from Canonsburg, you can have them forwarded to you here. As you will have to be here several days before you take up school, time enough to publish your notices, I would take boat to Cincinnati and stop at the United States Hotel. The stage office for this place is there, and it is the best hotel in the city. If the stage is not coming to Brookville on the day you get to the city, you can come up in an omnibus. There is a stage one day and an omnibus the next. Write me immediately upon what day you will leave home, etc., etc. When you land at old Brook, stop at the Brookville Hotel, and there you will find old John T. McCarty. I wish you could be here on to-morrow evening, as we are to have a very large party at Bunk-comb Castle, alias my father's residence. We will have great and rich time, I suppose. I have been offered a fine situation as a partner in the law business as soon as I can be admitted, though I don't think I will accept it, wishing to go south. The seminary of Franklin county is now at your service. Will you accept it or not? I hope you will. I would advise you to bring all your books along — French and all — as I think you can raise a select French class this winter. I shall look for you in about 10 or 12 days from this time. I am still flourishing finely and



JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY ABOUT 1860



reading very hard. Write *eo instanti* — if not sooner — and believe me thy friend and well-wisher,

JOHN T. McCARTY.

James Elliott, Jr.

P. S. — If you can get here by the 8th of August, we can go to Oxford [Miami University] to commencement with our Delta pins, as it is only 15 miles from this place.

JOHN T. M.

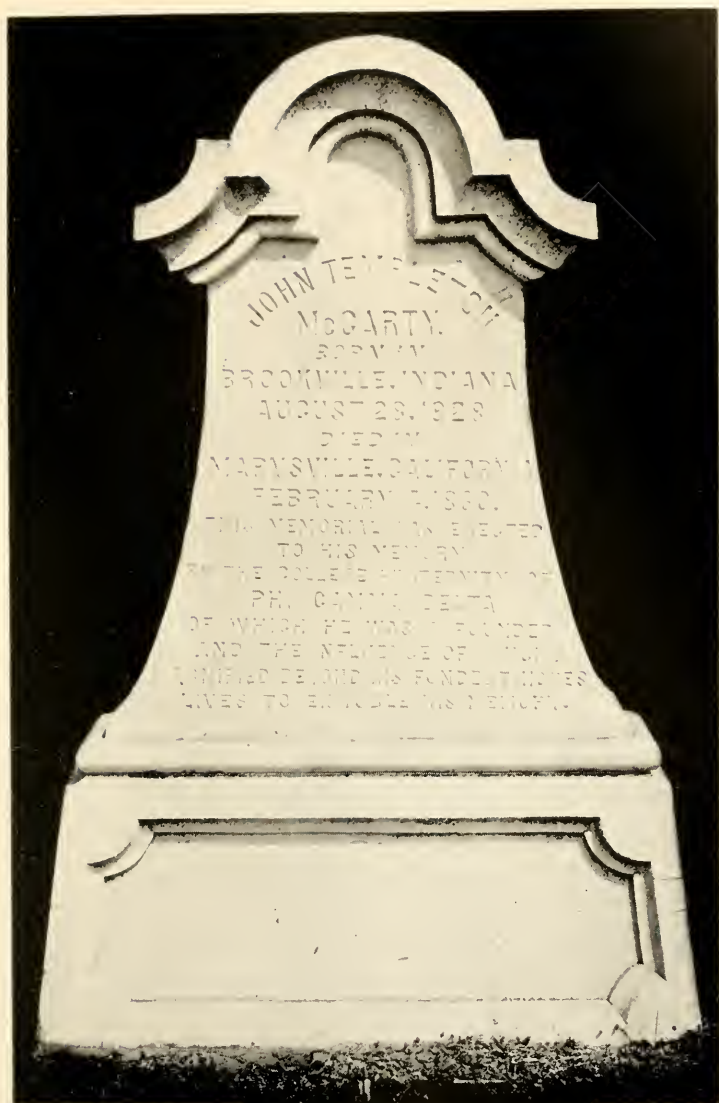
BROOKVILLE, IND., October 18, 1848.

ESTEEMED FRIEND — I owe you many apologies for not answering sooner your last welcome and interesting epistle. I might write a list of excuses that would fill this sheet, and yet all be good and true ones, but I will not bore you with enumerations, but I will merely state one excuse or reason why I have neglected you so long, and it is simply this: My father has been sick ever since your letter came to hand, and I have had to spend most of my time at home. He is now better, and I think will doubtless recover, though I was fearful for some days that he would not. So for the last four weeks I have done but little with my studies, as I have not read one hundred pages in all that time. My whole heart and soul are in the presidential election. We have just received glorious news from the state elections of Pennsylvania and Ohio. I trust it is true, as I believe much depends on the way Ohio goes in November. I am still sanguine of Taylor's success, having confidence in the Whigs of your state. About three weeks ago I accompanied Judge Watson to Mercersville, on the Ohio line, at which place we made speeches, and it so happened that we had three young ladies there from Oxford, old friends of mine, brought there by McKeely, whom you know. After I had spoken I took my seat in the carriage and drove the girls to Brook; two of them returned next day; one (my favorite) remained and sent for her clothes. I paid some considerable attention to her whilst here. "Oh, what a pure and sacred thing is beauty." Last week I took her home, and also took her to Hamilton to the Whig barbeque, which

was a grand affair. Ex. Gov. Metcalf of Ky. made the first speech, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana the second, and here let me say that this same Cale Smith has few superior stump orators in the union. He makes an able speech. Then came Col. Delans of Ohio, tolerable only. After him Moosehead of Ky. And still they came — on came the great, great, great Sam Corwin, the unequalled orator of the world. His whole manner, building of thoughts and expressions, grace and power of gesticulation surpassed anything that I have ever heard. Twelve thousand people sat enraptured at his thrilling eloquence for more than two hours, and then proceeded to their respective homes well pleased with Whiggery, Corwin, etc. This was the first political meeting I ever attended. I forbear description, as I could not do it justice. I still make a speech occasionally; have now some appointments. I hope you are serving your county. Dan Crofts is now for Taylor. He once said he could not go him, as he was not a genuine Whig.

I was glad to learn that you had some good situations in view. I hope you have succeeded in obtaining the one you desired, for if there is any one in this world that I could desire to see prosper, it is James Elliott of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. I have not yet determined where I will settle. Perhaps at Connersville with Mr. Burrows, who is now prosecutor of Lafayette Co. and is, I believe, the most talented young man I ever knew. He offers me full partnership — even half he makes from the prosecutorship, which amount would be about \$200.00 a year. The latter, of course, I would not accept. But it seems to me I would rather go South or farther West. There are many inquiries made here concerning you by the ladies and others. Kate sends her regards and well wishes. I have broken all ties asunder in this quarter. I only call about once in two weeks. She asks me many questions about staying away so long, etc., and doubtless thinks strange of my course. I received a letter a few days ago from old Ray, who says things are flourishing in old Jefferson. Of





TOMBSTONE OF JOHN TEMPLETON McCARTY





course, you have heard of the triumph of the Deltas at Washington College. So far our expectations are more than realized. Merit is sometimes rewarded. I think I shall visit old Jefferson next year, or rather this college year. I still have a student's heart and some of a student's ways. Write me a long letter *eo instanti*. Tell me all the news. Old Dan Jones sends his compliments. I received the *School Master among the Hoosiers*, for which you have my thanks. I feared I should see it no more forever. I have been attending court part of this week at Connersville, and was at a ball at Cambridge College. The good people get a hard yarn on me occasionally, but they affect me not.

God bless you. Thy friend,

JOHN T. McCARTY.

James Elliott.

Write soon. Write, write.

BROOKVILLE, IND., Jan. 28, 1849.

BROTHER JAMES — Your last and welcome epistle came to hand last week, and afforded me the extreme pleasure which your communications are ever wont to create. I judge from the tenor of your letter that you are in fine spirits and comfortably situated. I believe you have never told me how you were now spending your time. Please inform me in your next. I suppose you had great times during "holidays." Here all was dull and quiet. No parties, no balls, no nothing. I spent both Christmas and New Year's in my studious office. I am just in the receipt of a letter from Brother Fletcher, who relates the adventures of his vacation (which are rich), informs me of the dismissal of some Jefferson B-legs, and of the death of H. Clay Leeamon. "Surely in life we are in the midst of death." He was a very healthy young man. I fear many of us will be cut down by the "King of Terror," by the dread pestilence, the cholera that is now in our country and has already consigned to their tombs many of our citizens. I regret its advent into this country. Since my last letter to you many changes and won-

ders have occurred to your humble servant. Oh, James, could I only see you and tell you some of my delicious adventures and excursions. I also have been a close and diligent student in the meantime, and on to-morrow night a week will be an "Attorney and Counselor at Law." Ye gods, what an honor! Perhaps I am first of my class to be admitted. But I have just thought of something rich, which I believe happened since I wrote to you last. One Saturday evening I attended a temperance meeting at the court house, where addresses were delivered by Messrs. Watson and Sullenberger. After the speeches, to my surprise and utter astonishment, Geo. Holland and John T. McCarty were chosen to deliver addresses two weeks from that night, which we did before a very large congregation. My speech was over an hour in length and the finest effort of my life. The reason I was surprised at their choosing me was simply because I was not a member of any temperance order. I have been often earnestly solicited by many to join the "Sons," and this I would do if they had a decent division here, but it is composed of Langurs, Troglodytes and Assignates.

Dan D. Jones was married some eight weeks ago to a lady in Harrison, and has not been in Brookville since he was married. He even did not invite me (or any Brookvillians) to his wedding. I have got gloriously out of all my love affairs; have been in several since you were here. You say the gold fever is raging in your section of country. So it is, I fear, all over the North. I received a letter not long since from Brother Edmiston, who gave me a pressing invitation to join a select company in Columbus, Ohio. I wrote him immediately that I would not go, that I thought I would not fancy an adventure, but time elapsed, every report was encouraging, and on last Monday, strange as it may seem, I determined to go and seek my fortune in California. I intend raising a small company, to be united with a few more whom John Ryman (a lawyer whom you will recall) of Lawrenceburgh will raise. Ryman and myself have entered into an

Oetha Hall - No. 1 - Nov 20<sup>th</sup> 1848  
Brother James

Your communication in relation  
to the Pius came duly to hand - I was glad  
to learn that the initials & date were correct  
but from what you say I fear they are not  
right to look well - I have of - viz the Seniors  
intended sending for one of yesterday but  
Miller did not go - He will come soon -  
The Fellow Committee met tonight at 10 o'clock  
at Oetha Hall No 1 - and decided that we  
should all speak on Commencement the 29<sup>th</sup>  
and also passed a motion prohibiting us  
from proving our Pius until Saturday before  
Commencement - They think the interest of  
the order demands it - if so I am content  
although I should like to hear Pius  
all the time - I am if you are pressing yours  
you had better leave it off when you return  
to this place - All is peace & harmony in the  
Brotherhood - All right last night we  
elected all our ticket for Exaggers - viz - Persian  
Elliott - Legare & Tack - Thank chers - results  
of union - Try & return soon - I have at last  
chosen a subject - viz Progress of Free Principles in Europe  
Excuse this letter - I expect the copy of all the letters  
and circle to come immediately or so instantly directed  
James Elliott Jr. Wrote. Wills - John L. McCarty -

FACSIMILE LETTER OF MCCARTY TO ELLIOTT TWENTY DAYS  
AFTER THE FOUNDING



agreement that if we can not make money digging gold we will go to practicing law as soon as they organize, which will be in a few months. Ryman intends to apply to Taylor to be appointed District Judge of California. If he succeeds I may get some appointment, if I am desirous and can not make a fortune in gold digging. We will leave here in March and go through by land. We intend to join some large company in going from Independence, Missouri, through the entire route, so there will be no danger of Indians. What say you, James, to go along? Glorious adventure, perhaps make fortune in a short time; cost about \$300.00; about \$150.00 to take us there, but we must have some after we get there. I shall take from \$500.00 to \$1,000.00. Write immediately.

Success to you in all your undertakings. Thy brother,  
JOHN T. McCARTY.

James Elliott.

Write *eo instanti*.

What were the Deltas about when they let that d—d Arnold beat James Logan? It seems to me, had we been there, it would have been otherwise. JOHN T.

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI, April 19, 1849.

FRIEND JAMES — Some weeks since I have been a victim of the gold fever, a disease which has been contagious — a dreadful malady, and which is reported by many as fatal. I immediately began to raise a company in old Brookville, and in the short space of two weeks succeeded, and was elected captain. I then applied for license to plead law, and passed a creditable examination, not missing a single question. Then went to Cincinnati, spent one week, spent \$50.00, had a glorious time, all kinds of amusement, returned, commenced taking leave of Brookville, and such times! oh! heavens, I will never relate unless we meet again. The time of our departure drew nigh, tears began to flow, and everywhere might be seen long and sad faces. The Franklin Co. Bible Society asked permission to present us each a copy of the Holy Scrip-

tures. We consented. On the day set for our departure we convened at the court house to receive the gifts. The house was crowded and windows filled, and still not near all in the house. The scene was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Potter, and then the Rev. Mr. Fernell presented us each a Bible and made quite a speech with presentation. When he resumed his seat I, by request of the company, responded with all pathos and feeling in my power. It was the greatest effort of my life, and when I took my seat I can safely say that there were 100 women and men in tears. I never saw half so many tears shed on any occasion. We bid old friends adieu and proceeded to the canal, accompanied by hundreds. No boats had come, and none came till twelve o'clock at night. The Bible Association was at two P. M. The evening was spent in the most dramatic and romantic manner, with scenes of tragic and pathetic mingling together. While Luna was wending her wanton pathway through the expansive realms of space, and her silver rays darting through the clouds, there might have been seen those whose hearts were knit together, palpitating in unison, with fond embrace, mingling sigh and sigh. And trickling tear commingled with its fellow tear flow in unison down the ruddy cheeks and drop to moisten the hallowed ground on which they stood. The boat to bear us from our friends and home has arrived, the signal for departure is given — with friends dear, friends who took the parting hard, and bid the heartfelt farewell. The boat is on her wending way. The parting scenes over, the distant heavens gather black with clouds, and on her surface is seen to play the zigzag lightning, while earth reverberated with the thunder of the gathering storm. Contrasted with this was grouped together on the deck of the boat the votaries of Bacchus paying tribute to their favorite god, while the rain poured down on their consecrated heads. Many went to Cincinnati with us. You know some of the Brookville California Company beside myself, to wit: Henry Berry, senior editor of the Fr. Democrat, Moses



A. Berry, Levi Woods, John Concord, John Kimble. I am looking for Brother Edmiston of Washington College, or who graduated at this place, every day to join us, and then accompany us to the land of Ophir, of gold and untold wealth. There are now about three thousand rendezvoused at this place, anxiously awaiting for grass so that we can start across the plains. I left home on the 14th of March. We remained in Cincinnati five days; had a pleasant trip to St. Louis, then remained four days, procuring our provisions and other necessary equipments, and then started up the Mississippi, and soon found ourselves plowing the waves of the great Missouri. We passed some sublime and beautiful scenery, which I have not time to describe. I am keeping a journal, have some 40 or 50 pages already written. The town of St. Joseph has about two thousand inhabitants, and has only been laid out 5 years; is surrounded by a most splendid country, and is now fourth best town in the state of Missouri, and in a few years will be second to none, save St. Louis. I saw Bill Boker in the latter place. He looks very natural, and told me he was going to California. I intend to try digging gold for one year or more, then if I like the country I intend to settle in San Francisco — a place destined to be one of the greatest cities of the American continent. Come to San Francisco and settle. I have one request to make of you, as one of my old and tried friends, which is to write me frequently during the coming summer direct to San Francisco. I will reach California about September next. I shall write as often as within my power. Thy friend,

JOHN T. McCARTY.

James Elliott.

Write, write. *Perge!*

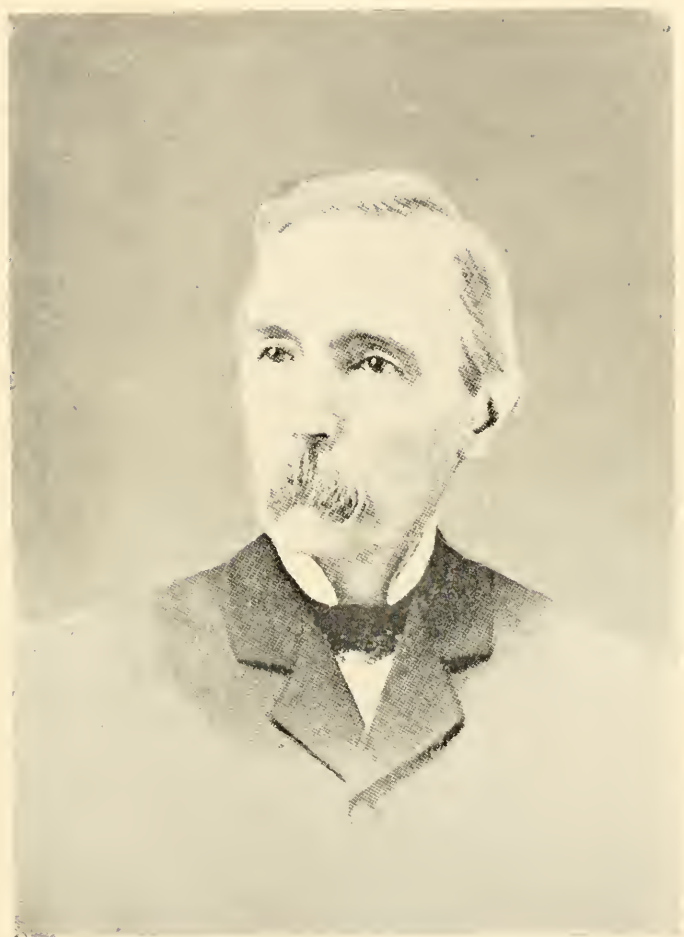
## CHAPTER III

### SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

**A** GENEALOGY of our first president is given in a biography published in 1888 in the *History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania*:

Samuel Beatty Wilson in his ancestry unites the blood of the sturdy Scotch race and that of the Knickerbockers. In the early part of the 18th Century, his great-grandfather, Samuel Wilson, who was of Scotch descent, married Mary Van Wier, a Hollander by birth. They owned and occupied a farm on Marsh Creek, near Gettysburg, Penn. They had two sons, Samuel and Marmaduke, the latter of whom married Susan Beatty in the year 1744. He remained on the homestead until the death of his parents, who were buried in the cemetery at Gettysburg. He then removed to Westmoreland County. One of his sons, Patrick, who was born in York (now Adams) County in 1772, went to Mercer (now Lawrence) County in 1801, and engaged for a time in mercantile pursuits. In 1804 he married Rebecca, one of the eight daughters of William Morehead, and in 1811 he purchased and removed to a farm (still in the possession of his descendants) about six miles north of New Castle, Penn., where he continued to reside until the time of his death in 1866. On this farm his son Samuel Beatty Wilson was born, February 20, 1824.

From his only living sister, Mrs. Sarah Harper, of Frankfort, Kentucky, I learned that "as a boy he was of quiet, reticent, studious disposition, and as a young man his physique, always slender, seemed to indicate physical delicacy; yet he was unusually hearty, healthy,



SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

From a steel engraving published in History of Beaver  
County, Pennsylvania, in 1888



and robust until quite late in life. He had great love for his mother and seemed fully to appreciate her special efforts to secure for him the education and advancement in life he was ambitious to attain. She was very fond of flowers, and he cherished and cared for those that were her favorites as long as he lived."

The common schools of his native county and a neighboring academy were the scene of his boyhood schooling. In those days there were few facilities for higher education in the country districts of Western Pennsylvania, and Wilson's preparation for college was accordingly made without the aid of a teacher. By close application and persistent study he mastered by the time he reached early manhood the usual requirements for college entrance and became a member of the famous class of '48 at Jefferson.

During his college course he was noted for his quick grasp of difficult subjects, for his keen wit, and for his brilliant intellectual attainments, ranking among the highest in both class room and literary society. The subject of his commencement oration was "The Immortality of Man."

He bore, both in college and later, the reputation of a master of sarcasm. Dr. Goodwillie writes:

The best mind of all the founders was that of Sam B. Wilson, but hard study was too much for his frail constitution; his voice was feeble, but he was a thorough master of the English language. I have not forgotten his bold and withering attacks in the Franklin Literary Society on the enemies of our order, not often, but most effective, and enforcing silence on their part for months to come. His sarcasm was as hot as fire, and no one cared to be in its way. He was tall, light complexion, stooped, and gave evidence of weakness in his figure. As I look

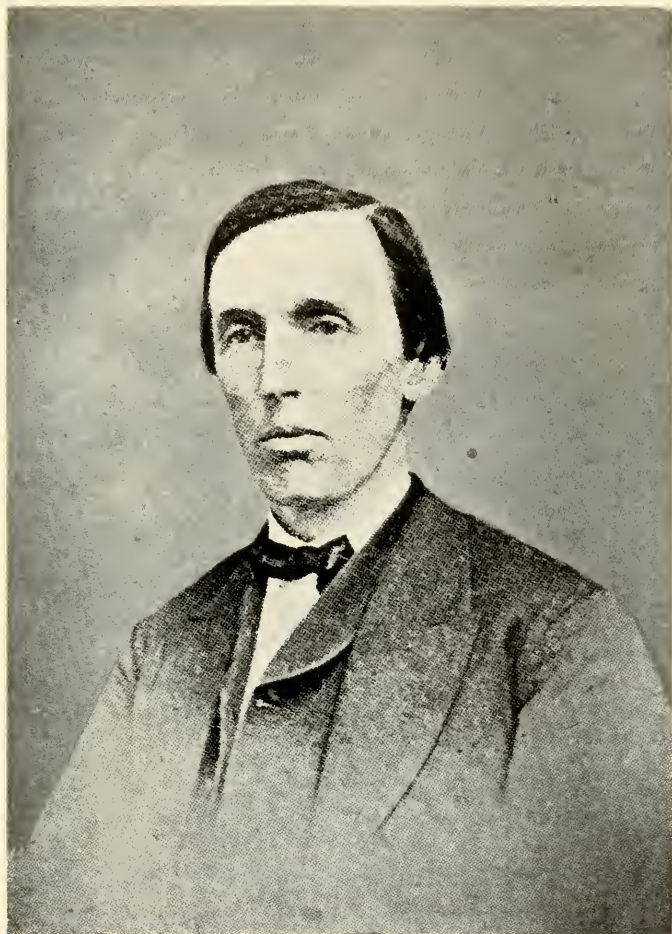
back to his college life he is to me the making of the ideal lawyer. M. S. Quay, my classmate, was tricky and shrewd, but no match for S. B. Wilson in debate, who was always clear and convincing. He was my friend, poor fellow, and I have always lamented the great waste of precious material there was in his early death.

Dr. David Hall, Jefferson '50, remembered one contest in which Wilson was opposed to a dashing young fellow who made a very showy, superficial speech. In reply Wilson quoted Horace: *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

It was Wilson, the classical scholar, who gave Phi Gamma Delta her trinity of principles, and who wrote the Constitution of the fraternity whose lode-star was to be the highest niche in the temple of fame. His active interest in the welfare of the society outlasted his undergraduate years. He was present at the meeting of November 3, 1849. His name appears as chairman of a Committee on Revision of Constitution at the General Convention, held at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, April 16, 17, 1862. The minutes of Old Jefferson chapter show that on February 25, 1862, it was moved and seconded that Brother S. B. Wilson be requested to address the chapter at the next commencement. The sequel of this motion was the delivery of that "brief history of the founders of the fraternity" which is quoted in full in Chapter One, Part Two, of this volume.

After graduation he held the position of principal in the Darlington, Pennsylvania, Academy for a year during which he showed marked ability as an instructor. However, his mind was set on the study of law. While a student at Canonsburg, he heard Jeremiah S. Black,





*Sam B. Wilson*

1848





then President Judge of the 16th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, eight years afterward Attorney General in President Buchanan's cabinet, and later Secretary of State, deliver a brilliant lecture which so impressed him that he, with Cyrus L. Pershing, Jefferson '48, concluded to pursue his law studies after graduation in the office of this able lawyer. Accordingly in 1849 he went to Somerset and enrolled as a student with Judge Black, in whom he found a warm friend and counselor and a stimulating master.

In November, 1850, Wilson was admitted to the bar, and located at Beaver, Pennsylvania, where he lived in the practice of his profession during his entire subsequent career. On April 12, 1854, he married Miss Elizabeth Robinson, daughter of George Robinson, a young lady of unusual culture and refinement, and one who was not only competent to take charge of his home but able to assist him in his professional duties. Four children were born of this marriage: Sarah, Anna, Mary, and George, who was for many years an honored and respected member of the Beaver bar.

On May 7, 1908, I visited Beaver, and found the old law office. The plate on the door still bore the name of S. B. Wilson. The Wilson mansion, once the home of Matthew Stanley Quay, is one door east of the old office. I visited the Wilson library and found there a most splendid collection of literature, perhaps the best private library in Beaver County. Among these books were many of the text books used in Jefferson College. For the fraternity archives I was given a volume, *Demosthenis Orationes, Tomus II*, on the title-page of which is the signature of S. B. Wilson.

Beaver Lodge of St. James, No. 547, Free and Ac-

cepted Masons, Beaver, Pennsylvania, was founded by Samuel B. Wilson in 1869, and he was the first Worshipful Master of the lodge. He held that honored position from 1869 to 1874; and again in the years 1876 and 1877. He was very active in the lodge, up to the time of his death. The cabinet pictures of the nine founders of the lodge—his own in the center—are grouped together and framed in a handsome walnut and gilt frame, and hung in the center of one of the side walls of the lodge. Samuel B. Wilson advanced the money, \$1,500 in all approximately, to the lodge for its furnishings and equipment at its founding.

In politics, Wilson was a Jeffersonian Democrat and unswerving in his loyalty to his party. Living in a county in which his party was largely in the minority, he was never elected to any office, nor would he ever permit his name to be used as a candidate for any office. More than once, Matthew Stanley Quay, his next-door neighbor and friend, who was always in the thickest of the fray in state and national contests, suggested his entrance into the political arena, but he persistently refused to have his name mentioned in connection with any office either elective or by appointment. In maintaining his convictions he contended always for what he thought was right, and no opponent, however able, failed to recognize his power when debating with him on public questions. In his own town and county many of his warmest personal friends did not indorse his political views, but they gave him their confidence and friendship, for they found in him a spirit of fairness and honor which they respected and admired.

Many a boy he helped to an honorable calling. He once fancied a young Irish lad from the country in



HOME OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON



Lawrence County, who came under his observation. The boy's father was a track walker for the railroad nearby, and the boy was absolutely without education. But Sam B. saw that he had the making of a man in him, and he took him into his office as a law student, teaching him all the fundamentals and Latin itself in preparation for the law. He did it because he believed that the boy would persevere and succeed. That boy was John J. Wickham, who afterwards became a judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, serving on that bench from its creation in 1895 till his untimely death in office in 1898.

Wilson was always called "The Preceptor" by E. B. Daugherty, himself for many years one of the leading members of the Beaver bar. Among his other students who took a leading place in the practice of their profession were Frank Wilson, John M. Buchanan, and A. P. Marshall. The recent president judge of the Thirty-sixth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, Richard S. Holt, is another student who distinguished himself both as a lawyer and jurist. Before being elected to that position, Judge Holt, in partnership with Mr. Wilson's son George, occupied the office of the former preceptor and used his well-stocked library; the firm succeeded largely to his business.

So successful was Mr. Wilson in training students for the bar that after his death, when the question of placing an inscription upon his beautiful monument in the Beaver cemetery was considered, the following appropriate words were selected: *Advocatus prudens et juris doctus praeceptor.*

A half century ago it was the practice for a student to "read" law in a lawyer's office. Then the state uni-

versities had not been established, and the law school was unknown. Then Blackstone was the leading text-book in the lawyer's office. There were fewer books, and not so many details to be mastered, and the student devoted his time mainly to fundamental principles and to precedents which had been established.

In addition to being a student of the law during his entire career, he was also a student in other departments of literature. He was especially fond of the classics. His Greek and Latin text-books held a conspicuous place in his library, and he was constantly looking up passages in the writings of some Greek or Latin author. To him the Greek Testament was an inspiration. He loved to compare the English translation with the original, and often remarked upon the beauty of the thought in the original.

He recognized the influences and obligations of the Christian life and held that the truest faith was that which culminated in a life of service, with every duty faithfully performed and with integrity and honesty forming the basis of both creed and character.

Although he was a deacon in the Presbyterian church, his close friends were gathered from all denominations. The Methodist minister of Beaver, Rabbi Maker of the Jewish synagogue in Pittsburgh, and one of the Fathers in the Catholic church were frequent visitors at his home. These friendships were priceless to him.

While not outwardly demonstrative he loved the beauties of nature, a fine bit of poetry, a speech well delivered, a picture well-painted; especially did he love the music and sentiment of his own home. A good illustration of his love for the artistic was shown in the erec-





LAW OFFICE OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON, 1850



tion of the beautiful and costly monument to the memory of Lewis Taylor which stands in the Beaver cemetery nearly adjoining his own. Lewis Taylor had been an old-time friend, a successful lawyer and a man of wealth. In the adjustment of his estate it was provided that a monument should be erected to his memory to cost ten thousand dollars. The selection and erection of this monument were left entirely in the hands of S. B. Wilson. Plans and specifications were discussed, figures and inscriptions were studied with a carefulness hardly expected of a busy lawyer. The result of his labors was the erection of a splendid memorial on one side of which is inscribed: *Quis jure peritior*, and on the other: *Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam rectique cultus pectora roborant*.

Sam B.'s sense of humor should be mentioned. His oldest brother, William, was very bright, but had little education. He moved to California, and late in life became absorbed in religion and politics. His letters to Sam B. contained nothing else. Finally he remonstrated, and wrote his brother, saying, "William, I graduated from religion and politics long ago. Please write me of yourself and your family when next you address me."

His son, George, once said: "Every meal was a grammar class with father. He enjoyed being caught up in a grammatical error by us boys, as much as it pleased him to catch us therein, and the meal always ended in a laugh or some subtler humor."

His power of concentration was great. When the open door of his office gave too much draught, he would rise and close it without ceasing his train of thought, and apparently not knowing what he was

doing. Many other things he did likewise, without seemingly being interrupted from his duty.

For forty years Wilson was actively engaged in the practice of his profession, of which he was a master. Throughout his entire career he practiced law that justice might be done, rather than that his side might win. His case was presented in concise expressive language, at times with keen sarcasm. His words came freely as from a reservoir well stored with facts and law, and his opponent was always sure of a fair and open controversy.

His honesty and integrity were never questioned. During his long practice he was engaged in most of the important cases which were tried in his own county, and he also took a leading part in many important cases in adjoining counties. In some of these cases feeling ran high, much wealth was at stake, and legal blows came fast and hard, but, strong intellectually, he was always found fighting at his post, and he was always loyal to the cause which he espoused. He seldom relied upon the inspiration of the moment for meeting unexpected difficulties, but so far as possible these difficulties were anticipated.

He hated sham of every kind; he loved the truth; he neglected no trust; he betrayed no confidence. In the treatment of the weak and distressed he was as gentle and sympathetic as a woman; in his denunciation of wrong and oppression words never failed him. At such times gentleness and strength seemed to be intimately blended in his nature.

He talked in a quiet way. His voice was seldom loud or oppressive, but always clear and convincing. When roused in a marked degree, he never ranted, but

he had a gift of oratory in a high degree. He could speak so thrillingly that in important cases people would flock to the court house to hear him. Two of his daughters, Anna and Mary, inherited his oratorical gifts, and have often thrilled their audiences in recitations and plays and in reading papers on various public and private occasions.

Judge Andrew A. Adams, Washington and Jefferson '84, furnishes us with a pen picture of Wilson in his fifties:

From 1881 to 1884 I was a student at Washington and Jefferson College and spent a number of my short vacations at the home of my grandfather in the beautiful borough of Beaver, which was also the home of S. B. Wilson. As a member of Alpha Chapter, I was anxious to meet and know this founder, and this was not difficult as the Wilson family and my own were old residents of the town and close friends. I do not know what honorary titles and distinctions Samuel B. Wilson possessed, but whatever they were, his friends and fellow citizens made no use of them, for he was universally known as "Sam B."

He was distinctly the great man of Beaver county, not even excepting M. S. Quay, who was just then coming to occupy a large place in the public eye. Wilson was a Democrat, and the politics of a Pennsylvania Democrat was then, as now, an absolute specific against the germ of public office holding. And yet he was generally recognized as being a man of such high character, commanding personality and profound learning in the law, that the highest honor his commonwealth might have conferred upon him would have been worn as a garment made to measure.

It was my privilege as a boy to have a number of visits with him in the privacy of his law office. The first visit was attended with some fear and trembling, which was not easily dispelled, for Wilson was not an approachable man, as the term is generally understood. He was tall, angular, slightly lame and slightly stooped. Measured by

the ordinary and usual standards, he was not a handsome man, and yet after a quarter of a century, the clear, distinct impression remains with me, that of a strong, dominating, compelling personality.

Wilson was abundantly blessed with nose and mouth, and as a college student, I could easily imagine that he had just stepped out of the Roman Forum after an encounter with Cicero. The ascetic cast, however, was relieved by his eye, which combined the seemingly antagonistic elements of severity and gentleness. It was a great eye in its potential. It could break down and utterly put to rout the dishonest witness on cross examination, and by its quizzical kindliness, could make me, a boy of eighteen comparatively comfortable in its presence. I distinctly recall that when he turned that measuring, sizing-up, laughing eye on me, my impression was that I was either taking him back to the days of his own youth, or was reminding him of something funny. Possibly he was wondering how I ever broke out of Indiana.

On these visits, the fraternity was the burden of our talk, because it was the only thing we had in common, my grandfather's health being happily so good that it needed no discussion. He expressed the deepest interest in the welfare of the chapter and the fraternity in general. I remember on one occasion, he gave me a sum of money for some pressing chapter need. It was one of the cardinal principles of Alpha in the early eighties, that it is more blessed to receive than to give, a principle which I am now pleased to note, has been consistently preserved across the intervening years, in all its original purity.

At the time I knew him, he was probably under sixty years of age, although he appeared older, due to ill health. His home was the most beautiful in a town of beautiful homes and from which radiated much of the social life of the place. He had two or three daughters and one son, who was about my own age and was one of my friends.

S. B. Wilson was essentially a lawyer. He looked the part. He was deliberate in his movements, was low spok-





MONUMENT AT GRAVE OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON





en; but there were times in the practice of his profession when he had the swiftness and the grace of the eagle. The records of the courts of Western Pennsylvania will disclose by the results in celebrated cases, the complete mastery of the subject in hand, the power of the logic and the charm of the oratory of this man, which easily put him in the front rank with the great lawyers and advocates of his state.

While the Wilsons traced their genealogy to the Dutch in the Van Wier family, yet they were most democratic in their relations to their fellow men. Once during a trial in which Sam B. was acting as counsel, his opponent in his address to the jury referred to him as coming from "one of the first families of the land," with the intention thus to prejudice indirectly the jury-men against Wilson and his side of the case.

When it came the turn of Sam B. to address the jury, he promptly replied that it was true that he came from a noted family, but there were no such things as first families in America. One ought to be proud of his ancestors, but he was in no way responsible for them, and in the final analysis a man was what he made himself, and not what his ancestors were.

One of his pupils, afterward Judge Wickham, paid him the following tribute:

As I look back to the date of my admission to the bar, I see that the pathway, wherein I have walked for nearly a score of years, is marked by the tombstone of professional brethren, all of whom I well knew and some of whom I loved.

Than Samuel Beatty Wilson, perhaps no man has held a place at the Beaver County bar who possessed in combination, in a more marked degree, classical culture, legal learning, keen intellectual discernment, strong individuality and guiding common sense.

His legal papers were remarkable for their technical precision and their terse and forcible composition. They can, as a rule, be safely adopted as models by our young practitioners. He knew how to use the right word in the right place, to clearly and fully express his meaning and to avoid saying more. His arguments before courts and juries were eloquent, persuasive and often characterized by wit and happy methods of illustration.

For at least a year before Mr. Wilson's death it was apparent to us that, although his mind retained its old time vigor, his physical powers were surely and steadily failing. Patiently and heroically he fought against the inevitable. But the time came when the wasted and delicate frame could no longer endure the conflict, when the vital forces gently surrendered and "the wheels of a weary life at last stood still."

We shall look and see no more the once familiar face, now hidden beneath the mold. We shall listen in vain for the well remembered voice that death has forever silenced.

Teacher, friend and brother, *ave atque vale!*

Samuel B. Wilson died January 17, 1889, creating a "void in this community, and throughout the county, not easily, if ever filled."

The following excerpts are taken from the addresses given at a meeting of the Beaver Bar Association on Monday, February 4, 1889:

A. P. MARSHALL: He whose death we meet to commemorate, and whose removal from us we regret and deplore, was, to many of us, much more than an associate and friend. To many of the members of this bar he was the father of their legal childhood, and the guide to their youthful feet in the paths of legendary lore.

In him was a fountain of legal principles and maxims at which no student might not drink deep draughts if he would but put the cup to his lips.

In the trial of causes, free from chicanery, he stood without a peer at the bar; cool, calculating and deliberate

he tore the mask of perfidy with a ruthless hand, but touched with tenderness the garb of the truthful witness.

No man knew better how to be clear, or how to be obscure. When he desired to be understood he made his meaning plain. When he did not wish to be explicit, he, like Pitt, had the power of saying nothing in language and style, which left the impression he had said a great deal.

He suffered defeat with the equanimity of a martyr, and concealed any gratification he may have had at the downfall of his enemy.

He did not seek friendship, but when it was acquired it remained lasting and firm. He was never known to discard a friend for the sake of policy, nor flatter an enemy for the purpose of revenge nor was his friendship ever employed for private ends to himself, but always to advance the interest he sought to benefit. Mr. Wilson's friendship was not of that facile, ever-changing mould, adapting itself to any and every individual, conquering them by addressing their vanity. Friendship to him was an affection founded upon an acquaintance which ripened into confidence.

"True friendship is everlasting."

*Atque vita mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita.*

J. H. HARRAH: Mr. Wilson was known in the profession here as "the preceptor" and "the father of the bar."

He always manifested a high regard and deep interest in the success and welfare of his students, who comprise, perhaps, the majority of the present practicing members of the bar, including our esteemed President Judge; he was always ready to counsel and aid them in the difficulties and discouragements encountered by them in their chosen profession, and in his sore bereavement, when his beloved daughter died, crushed with sorrow and overwhelmed with grief, he directed that his students should bear all that was earthly of his child to her last resting place.

Early in his professional career, Mr. Wilson was tendered an honorable and remunerative public position. Al-

though in the line of his profession, he declined it, preferring as a private citizen to either succeed or fail by his own personal effort in his chosen profession, the dignity of which, with clean hands and spotless professional integrity, he ever afterwards scrupulously maintained.

It was the privilege of the speaker later in the life of Mr. Wilson, to receive a telegraphic dispatch of the following import:

"Will Mr. Wilson accept the appointment of the Presidential Judgeship of Beaver county, if tendered? See him. Answer."

I found him in his office and handed him the dispatch; he read it, meditated a moment and returned it to me with direction to answer it in the negative, and that matter was never adverted to afterwards by either of us.

His death was seemingly premature. In the prime of his intellectual greatness, in the midst of his usefulness, in the zenith of his professional fame, he was stricken down as one out of due season.

D. S. NAUGLE: He was not satisfied with that superficial knowledge of his profession which characterizes so many practitioners, but endeavored to acquire, and did acquire, that enlarged and extensive and thorough knowledge thereof which is necessary to the great lawyer.

Above all, then, he possessed another quality equally necessary to success, that of honor; S. B. Wilson was a man of honor; he never used his profession to betray justice. He never sacrificed his manhood for personal gain. This can truly be said of him, and the best evidence of the truth thereof is the respect in which he was held by the citizens of his county and the members of the bar.

Resolutions adopted by the Grand Chapter on the decease of Wilson were engraved on four sheets of vellum and sent to the family and to the various chapters of Phi Gamma Delta:



SIDE VIEW SHOWING ADDED INSCRIPTION, "ONE OF THE  
FOUNDERS AND THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF  
PHI GAMMA DELTA"





IN MEMORIAM  
SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON  
ALPHA CHAPTER  
PHI GAMMA DELTA  
Init. May 1st, 1848  
Obit. January 17th, 1889

THE GRAND CHAPTER  
having learned with great sorrow of the  
DEATH  
of  
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS  
of the  
FRATERNITY  
and of  
ALPHA CHAPTER  
SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

RESOLVED: That we recognize in the decease of the author of our first constitution, the first presiding officer of the fraternity, and of the Grand Chapter, a signal loss to the Brotherhood, to the Grand Chapter, and to his chapter.

Full of years, and full of earthly honours as he was, with the love, respect and esteem of all, we yet feel that no loss is greater than ours to whom he has given so much and on whose lives his thoughts and character have so deeply impressed themselves.

FURTHER RESOLVED: That all badges and insignia of the fraternity be draped in mourning for the period of sixty days, and that these resolutions be properly engrossed and copies forwarded to each of the chapters and to the family of our deceased brother.

PURDY VAN VLIET  
FRANK KECK  
E. B. HECKEL,

Committee of the  
Grand Chapter.

On the back of the last page there is an emblematic design of a white star surrounded by five other stars. In the middle of the large star is a crown. Above this crown is the Greek letter Delta. Underneath the design is the inscription, *Nunc Ad Astra*.

On my first visit to Beaver, May 7, 1908, I found on the grave of our founder a laurel wreath tied with a purple ribbon which had been placed there on "Founders' Day" by Karl Overholt, Wooster '97, of the Pittsburgh Graduate Chapter.

Samuel B. Wilson is buried in Beaver cemetery, which he himself was instrumental in establishing. The family lot, 18 feet by 25 feet, is near the center of the cemetery. At the head of the grave stands a handsome monument consisting of a base of two steps, upon which is a pedestal, tapering slightly to an ornamental top which in turn supports a cap, surmounted by a beautifully chiselled statue representing Justice in flowing robes, with pen in her right hand and manuscript in her left hand.

The inscriptions on this monument are most simple, all in keeping with the life of him to whose memory it is erected. On the second step of the base the name S. B. Wilson is sculptured in raised and polished Roman letters. Above on the front face of the pedestal the fitting words, *Advocatus Prudens et Juris Doctus Praeceptor*, are inscribed in smaller raised Roman letters.

On the right face of the pedestal are cut in the unpolished granite the following:

SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

Born February 20, 1824

Died January 17, 1889

To which we obtained permission to add:

One of the Founders and  
The First President  
of  
Phi Gamma Delta

At the foot of the grave is an unpolished red granite marker, two feet long, one foot wide and ten inches high above ground, on the top of which is this inscription:

S. BEATTY WILSON

Born February 20, 1824

Died January 17, 1889

Having had a foretaste of Wilson's literary style in the address upon the founders published in Chapter I of the second part of this volume, we cannot but be disappointed at the scant heritage of letters which time has spared to us.

#### LETTERS OF SAMUEL BEATTY WILSON

NEW CASTLE, 8TH JULY, '48

James Elliott, Esq.,

Mount Pleasant, Ohio

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: Your kind letter of the 27th of June did not reach this place until the 3d inst., at which time I was just leaving town, and did not return until today. At the earliest possible moment, therefore, I hasten to reply. But what think you was the object of the expedition in which I have spent the week? Oh, you could not guess. Let your imagination, fertile as I know it is, roam o'er "all creation" and you can't come within a mile of the mark. Why, I've been attending the marriage of one of the senior class of '48, and "nothing shorter." And who think you of all the 54 is so d----d a fool as to slip his head into the noose thus early? Don't you give it up? Then I must inform you that it was W. Y.

Brown — "nobody else!" That he should invite *me* to his wedding was passing strange, but that he should assign me the place of grooms-man was strange beyond comprehension! Yet so it was. I had the honor (? ?) of standing up with him during the ceremony, and the pleasure of kissing the bride after it was over. May the Lord forgive the man who is such a d----d ass as to get married before he has studied his profession. Don't you say Amen? But of this enough.

After all, Elliott, it is impossible to leave old Jefferson without feelings of regret. And above all the thought that one is never to return gives rise to emotions of unaffected sorrow. I know not how it is with others, but as for myself I must admit that feelings of sadness came over me which it was impossible to express. It is true that this saddening remembrance of "joys that are past" is connected chiefly with our peerless association and its much loved members. Apart from it and them, this painful separation would be robbed of many a pang. But *they* are ever present — the happy meeting, the joyous smile of welcome, the warm grasp of the hand, the free and unrestrained intercourse of kindred souls, around all of these are clustered a thousand tender associations, a thousand fond but now melancholy recollections, for they are gone forever! But let us "look not mournfully into the past; for it comes not back again."

At the house of my childhood too, I found but little to change the current of these sad thoughts. Nearly every one of my old favorites at school has made his pillow in the dust, one of them, a generous hearted girl, once the most joyous laughing creature that ever the sun shone upon, was just dying when I returned. No wonder then that my old haunts seemed lonely and deserted. Scenes which men once loved with all the intensity of the heart's first passion—spots which in the sunny hours of childhood seemed all joyous, bright and beautiful, appeared now to whisper mournfully "thou art alone!" At such moments, oh! how painfully, how impressively do we feel that all is

Blair Pa June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1852

Mrs. Elliott -

In a long time here I have trying to find out your whereabouts, but never succeed until last week when I met with our friend Corn. here I was about to meet you, and would have gone to your place without fail but the Pittsburghers who went down on the boat with us alleged that the Shintonsville Masons were coming up to Millville on the evening - the evening of the 23<sup>rd</sup> and consequently if I went on to your place I would have to stay until the next evening - that of the 24<sup>th</sup> - too late for the procession. When the boat came up from your place on the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> I looked very earnestly for you, so I stayed to greet you not only as a brother Delta but a brother Mason.

I have not time now to write any thing for Corn. - in a hurry, and those of your persons are working in my office to have business attended to. I can only say that you must write me a long letter, and I shall then try - not only try but will write you along in return.

To Mr. Elliott Yours fraternally Saml B. Wilson

FACSIMILE OF WILSON'S HANDWRITING  
Letter to James Elliott, June 28, 1852



changed, whilst our own hearts tell us that we are the same. But

*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus  
Post jucundam juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.*

Besides yourself, I have not heard from any of our fraternity — God bless it! — except Fletcher and Pennington. As heretofore, the success of Deltaism and of Deltas is still nearest their hearts. Pennington, like you, has resolved to go South. That was my determination also, but I have now almost abandoned the idea. I have the offer of an academy in this state at a salary of \$400 per year. This is not very high wages it is true, but I have a very good chance of studying law. With regard to the pupils it is just the kind of thing that I want to teach, for I will have to review the whole of my college course particularly in the languages. The building too is much better than academy buildings usually are. They formerly gave a much higher salary than they do at present, but the state appropriation has been discontinued to it and all similar institutions in Pennsylvania. I might go on to study a profession without teaching, but I am resolved to make myself a scholar — I mean in the classics and that can only be done by teaching.

I hope you will succeed well in the South. Indeed I have not the slightest fear but what you will wherever you may go. For the sake of our sworn brotherhood do not fail to let me hear from you soon. Remember to give my love to all Deltas with whom you may have intercourse. *Perge!*

Yours as ever

SAM. B. WILSON.

SOMERSET, PA., NOVEMBER 18, 1849

James Elliott, Esq.,

Charles County, Pomonkey, Md.

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: On taking up my pen



to renew our correspondence, the first idea that presents itself is this — Why is it that so long a time has been permitted to elapse before answering your heart-stirring letter of April last? Is it because I wished to take up the sword of vengeance against you for your long silence during the last winter? No! If any feelings of unkindness even had existed, they would have been entirely dissipated on the perusal of your letter. Is it because the ties which bound me to you in the days when we “took sweet counsel together” are less strong than they were then? No! No! The fire which was then kindled upon the heart’s altar is still burning with undiminished lustre, and so it must continue to do —

*“Till life’s latest ray*

*In the dark hour of death shall have faded away.”*

Then what has occasioned this remissness in duty? The answer is ready: The annals of the past is the book of Fate — the scroll of Destiny in part unfolded — on that whatever “is writ, is writ,” and if we would we could not have changed a single letter. Strange doctrine, you will say? Well, it is no more strange than true.

I have been in this place about two weeks. The business I am engaged in is the study of law, under the direction of Judge Black, who is the most distinguished jurist in this section of the state. In all probability he will be the next governor of the old Keystone. Cy. Pershing, our good brother Delta, is in the same office. We are plodding on together. Jim Logan will join us next week. There will be a trio of us in company — a consummation which, one year ago, I could scarcely have dreamed of.

On my way here I spent a couple of days at Jefferson College. Our chapter there is in as flourishing a condition as even the founders of the Association could wish it to be. The contestors are all Deltas, elected too by sweeping majorities. The election for essayist came off whilst I was there. It was Delta Goodwillie against Beta Wilson. His Betaship got but three or four votes. Goodwillie’s essay was a most beautiful thing. Talking

about beauty, I may as well say here that Hall's address on the introduction of new members into our fraternity is one of the prettiest pieces of composition I ever heard. Pershing, Hall and Goodwillie are certainly a strong team.

During my brief stay at Canonsburg, I devoted my time principally to learning the history of our association, so as to find out if possible, precisely what it needs in order to perfect the system, and establish it on a basis which will render it permanent and enduring. It was not to be expected, of course, that persons totally inexperienced could make a work of that kind perfect in so short a time as was allotted to us.

I think the greatest defect consists in permitting new members to become Deltas in full at a single leap. There must be something kept back — something which will operate as a powerful motive in inducing those initiated to be true to their vows. And how can this be done — Why by establishing a degree — that is, by introducing an article into the constitution debarring all members from being confirmed — from receiving a pin, who are not true to the association in every respect up to the night before commencement. The fidelity and worthiness of each member can be determined by a vote of the whole chapter. Then let some old member be recalled on the day preceding, each committee to deliver the pins, together with a charge to those who shall have been voted worthy to receive them. Our constitution when perfected should be beautifully printed. It will not do to permit it to remain upon loose leaves, liable, like the response of the Sibyl, to be scattered by every passing breath of wind. There should also be another book printed containing all the forms to be used by the officers and agents of the association under every variety of circumstances. The very existence of this book should be kept a secret from all but the officers. And in order to effect this, the II should be furnished with a box consisting of two apartments, the one as a receptacle for the constitution and pins, the other, opening by a secret spring, could be appropriated to

this book of forms and secret instructions. These crude suggestions I throw out merely as a starting point for the discussions which I hope will immediately commence among the founders of the order.

But how are these reforms to be brought about? Why the plan I would suggest is this: to hold a meeting of the Original Six, or as many of them as can meet, at such a time as we may agree upon, say next spring or summer. And inasmuch as nothing can be done, in the way of printing for instance, without the aid of money, the chapter is about to commence the collection of funds by taxing the present members, and writing to the old ones for assistance. By the way, the grand object to which this fund is first to be appropriated is to be kept a profound secret from all but the founders, Hall and Crews alone excepted. It was with them that Gregg and I conferred in relation to these improvements, and they concurred in the opinion that the matter should by no means be intrusted to the whole fraternity, at least for the present. They propose also that when a sufficient amount of money is collected to purchase a quantity of pins, in accordance with the general plan, that these pins be sold to members at \$4 or \$5 apiece. In this way a fund will at length accumulate, which can be lent out for the benefit of such worthy members as are great in soul, but struggling in difficulty for want of means. The idea strikes me as being a truly great one and worthy of our earnest consideration.

Now my dear Elliott, what think you of the plan proposed? Shall we not meet and place the immortality of our offspring upon a basis which will render it alike impregnable to the attacks of foes and false friends? Is not the object worthy of sacrifice? Sacrifice did I say? Can that be deemed a sacrifice which will bring again into close communion that little band of tried souls, whose friendship, originating in perfect sympathy of feeling, and confirmed by the self-imposed oath which proclaimed them brothers, is destined to cease only with the last pulsations of their hearts?

I intend to write this evening to Crofts and Fletcher. Gregg and I consulted whilst at Canonsburg. As for our never-to-be-forgotten friend McCarty, I suppose he is beyond our reach. I hope that the views of each one of us will immediately be communicated to all the rest; so that, as soon as possible, things may be put in a proper train for successful accomplishment. In this matter, you and I are especially interested as our Sunday labors of old will testify. I shall expect to hear from you without delay. Give me a full history of yourself since you last wrote. *Perge!*

Yours as ever,

S. B. WILSON.

SOMERSET, PA., JANUARY 12, 1850.

James Elliott, Esq.,

Charles Co., Pomonkey, Md.

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: Your kind letter of December should have received earlier attention, but I have been waiting for advices from Canonsburg. I learned today that our successors have commenced in good earnest to raise the fund spoken of. A committee has likewise been appointed on the constitution. I believe the plan is that this committee is to be guided by the instructions of the founders. Of course, the best way of putting our suggestions into proper forms is to adhere to the original plan of holding a meeting. I think that this can easily be effected, at least as far as four of us are concerned. If you can ascertain precisely the time which you will start West, and conclude to take this route which is as cheap and as direct as any other, the thing can be accomplished at but small cost — none to you and me, and but a single day's ride to Gregg and Crofts. Of course you pass through Cumberland. Then by taking the Pittsburgh and Cumberland pike you can reach this place in about ten hours, I have been informed that the fare through from Cumberland to Pittsburgh is just the same as from Cumberland to Washington, Pa., on the National Road. Now Somerset is but a day's ride from Washington; so

that Gregg and Crofts, I doubt not, can easily be prevailed on to meet you here. But whether that is effected or not, I want you by all means to come this way. I have a great many things to say to you independent of our consultation with regard to the Delta Society. Somehow or other I have an ardent and irrepressible desire once more to grasp the hand of that generous brother whose friendship always seemed to be characterized by a disinterestedness above all others.

By the way, have you yet determined upon a location? If you have not, I have something to say to you about that. You once gave me a slight hint in relation to the incidents of your trip to Indiana. Ever since, I have had a strong curiosity to know the particulars of the whole affair. In fact, numberless topics of conversation relative not only to the past, but the present and the future, present themselves, to which the pen is totally inadequate. I trust and pray, therefore, that the fond hope I have permitted myself to indulge in relation to meeting and holding sweet communion with you as in the days of old, may not be disappointed.

I was grieved to hear that you had been doomed to grapple with that (to a student) the worst of all monsters in the shape of disease, the ague. Its effects in prostrating his mental energies are always felt for months — sometimes even for years. I hope, however, that your contemplated change of location, when effected, will speedily restore you to perfect health and vigor.

Our order seems destined to as wide an extension as we anticipated for it. The Jefferson chapter lately received a petition in due form from the University of Tennessee for the establishment of a chapter there. I believe the request has been complied with. May we not therefore hope that the day is not far distant when we can say in the language of our great master Coke, *Si dignitatum spectes, est honoratissima; si jurisdictio num, est capacissima*. True, we cannot say, *Est vetustissima*, but what matters that? Age of itself simply adds neither dignity nor honor.

Do you know anything of Penington's whereabouts? I believe our fellows have all lost sight of him. For my part I have a curiosity to learn where he is and what he is about. And McCarty, too? It seems no one has heard of him since his departure from "Fort" Armstrong. I suppose, however, he is delving in some gold mine in the valley of the Sacramento. It is to be feared that he is so deeply imbued with the *auri sacra fames* that wealth will be his "lodestar" instead of the "highest niche in the temple of fame." It seems that the skies over the head of our friend Crofts are rather bright. Well, I am heartily glad to hear it! At college he was unquestionably a wronged and injured man — injured I mean by that d—d partial faculty. I hope, therefore, that the day will come when he will stand so far above them that they can't see him with a telescope. I forgot to tell you in my last, that during the short time I spent at Canonsburg on my way here, I treated old Harry with silent contempt. I am happy to say that I would much sooner have spoken to a good honest dog than to him.

But whilst I have room, let me again urge you to make this your route home; and let me know immediately about the time at which you will probably leave Maryland. I will then communicate with Crofts and Gregg.

Pershing and Logan send you their regards, and earnestly join with me in the request that you will spend a short time with us on your way home. *Perge!*

Yours as ever,

SAM B. WILSON.

P. S. — Write as soon as possible.

SOMERSET, PA., FEBRUARY 4, 1850.

James Elliott, Esq.,  
Pomonkey, Md.

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: Your favor of the 27th ultimo has just reached me. I need scarcely say that the prospect of meeting you ere long gives rise to feelings of no ordinary satisfaction. I am unable to say now whether Crofts and Gregg will agree to come or not; but I presume



that as far as the labor we have to do is concerned, it will make no material difference, as it is of that kind that must necessarily be done by one or two. If you can make your arrangements to leave Washington City on the 16th, you will reach this in time to have the company of Logan to Pittsburgh, as he is going on to the contest which takes place on the 26th. He will have to leave this as early as the 22d. This arrangement, however, would leave you much less time for your visit in Somerset than I would like. It would be well to bear in mind in making your calculations that the coach leaves Cumberland for this place on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. I have not time to say more before the closing of the mail.

*Perge!*

Yours as ever,

SAM B. WILSON.

BEAVER, PA., JUNE 28, 1852.

James Elliott, Esq.,  
Attorney at Law,  
Steubenville, Ohio

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: For a long time have I been trying to find out your whereabouts, but never succeeded until last week when I met with our friend Conn. When I was about to visit you, and would have gone to your place without fail, the Pittsburghers who went down on the boat with us, alleged that the Steubenville Masons were coming up to Wellsville in the evening — the evening of the 25th, and consequently if I went on to your place I would have to stay until the next evening, that of the 24th, too late for the procession. When the boat came up from your place on the morning of the 24th, I looked very earnestly for you, for I longed to greet you not only as a brother Delta, but a brother Mason.

I have not time now to write anything for Conn is in a hurry and three or four persons are waiting in my office to have business attended to. I can only say that you must write me a long letter, and I shall then try, not only try but will write you a long one in return. *Perge!*

Yours fraternally,

SAM B. WILSON.



BEAVER, JULY 22, 1852.

James Elliott, Esq.,  
Attorney at Law  
Steubenville, Ohio

BROTHER OF THE MYSTIC TIE: Your kind letter of the 4th, which served to awaken a host of pleasing recollections, reached me in due time; and my failure to answer it at an earlier day has resulted from circumstances that I could not control. During the first two weeks of the month I was absent most of the time from home; and immediately after my return I had to put on the harness for what in Pennsylvania parlance we call "the adjourned Court"—a Court held quarterly for the argument of cases stated, and the regular sittings of the Common Pleas, Quarter Sessions, Oyer and Terminer, and Orphans' Court. When that rose I found myself on the sick list, where I have been enrolled until today. Now, however, I may say "Richard's himself again"—that is, to use an expression we were wont to use at college, I am again in the enjoyment of my "health, stomach and heels."

Now that I am restored to the blessings of health, or rather, that they are restored to me, I hasten to perform the duty I owe an old and tried friend—one with the memory of whom is connected many of the brightest spots in that period which every graduate must regard as the sunniest in his existence. Aye, those college days are happy days indeed—happy in the present, happy in the false estimate we put upon the future—false because to our imaginations the world is painted in colors far too bright. And, oh, how many a heart burning results afterwards from this false estimate? How many a pang does it cost us to exchange our ideals for the real, to descend from that world which imagination had pictured to life as it is? These disappointments, this giving up of cherished dreams, are not the least severe of the student's struggles when first brought in contact with the world.

I am pleased indeed to hear that your success in your profession is now a fixed fact. That such would be the

case I always felt assured. For a long time I had entirely lost sight of you. Many a time and oft I inquired of those I thought most likely to know, but could gain no definite information. Some two months since I searched "*Livingston's Law Register*," the edition of '52, from "kiver to kiver," but could not find your whereabouts. And had it not been for the accidental disclosure of our friend Conn we might still have remained in ignorance for a length of time to come.

I opened an office here about eighteen months ago. I had made my arrangements to go to Wisconsin; and set out for that state the next day after I was admitted to the bar. When I reached Pittsburgh, however, I found it impossible, owing to the lateness of the season, to get a ticket that would secure a passage further than Detroit. The idea of being "storm stayed" at that place for the winter was by no means pleasing and I, therefore, concluded to "tie up" somewhere in old Pennsylvania not caring much where. This was the first place that I could reach after leaving Pittsburgh, and I stopped. I was aware that nearly every young lawyer who had attempted "to tread the wine press alone" here, including Chief Justice Gibson, had been starved out; still I determined to risk it. I have not progressed as fast as I might have done in some other places, but my practice is steadily increasing, and much faster than I anticipated.

I wonder what has become of Penington. He alone of all our old chums I have never heard of since we left college, except perhaps a letter written by him immediately after he reached home. Our beloved Association is still flourishing, several new chapters have been established at different institutions. Remember me to our friend Isaac. Write soon, I shall always be pleased to hear from you. As ever, *Perge!*

SAM B. WILSON.

## CHAPTER IV

JAMES ELLIOTT

**I**N THE northern part of England, in the vicinity of New Castle and Gateshead, John George Lambton, Lord Durham, lived from 1792 to 1840. He was the same Lord Durham who, in 1833, was ambassador from Great Britain to Russia, and in 1838 was sent as governor-general to Canada to quell a rebellion. In an attempt to accomplish his mission Lord Durham exceeded the powers conferred on him, and, incensed at a vote of disapproval, he returned to England without being recalled or given the royal consent. He belonged to the foreign orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander, St. Anne, the White Eagle of Russia, Leopold of Belgium, and the Saviour of Greece. On the vast estates of this lord of many orders dwelt one James Elliott, a saddler by trade and famous throughout all England for his models. He was "saddler to His Majesty, King George the Third." Today an English rider, in speaking of his pigskin saddle, boasts if he possesses an "Elliott" in precisely the same manner that a virtuoso is proud in the possession of a Stradivarius. In the year 1818 Lord Durham had a controversy with some bankers in London. In this controversy James Elliott gave testimony in favor of the bankers, with the result that Lord Durham issued an ukase, which in effect boycotted the saddle business of the tenant. This incensed Elliott and was the cause of his emigration to

America. Upon his arrival, James Elliott enlisted in the United States Army and was stationed at Fort Pitt, in the capacity of chief saddler. In Pittsburgh he met and married Miss Mayhew, a school teacher from Bangor, Maine. Eleven children were the result of this union. James Elliott, Jr., who became one of the "Immortal Six," founders of the fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta, was born on December 6, 1824, in Lawrenceville, a suburb of Pittsburg. Soon after the birth of this child the family removed to Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Here the lad James grew to youth, prepared for college at Mt. Pleasant in a private school of George K. Jenkins, entering Jefferson College in 1844.

The Jefferson student, Elliott, is remembered by the Rev. William Y. Brown, D.D., of Philadelphia, a member of the class of '48, who writes:

One of my most distinct recollections of James Elliott is his benign, genial, affable expression of countenance and his courteous demeanor. He was a young man of good physique, which added to his inborn sense of dignity and repose. He was a gentleman of the old school. He was a good student, stood well in the class for scholarship, and was popular among all the students of the college.

Another pen-picture is supplied by the Rev. D. H. Goodwillie:

Of course, I have my recollection of James Elliott as a student and member of Phi Gamma Delta, though it is much dimmed with years. He was a fine, upright fellow, whom every one liked. He was spare in flesh, rather tall, studious in his habits, perhaps the best student of all the founders of the fraternity, except S. B. Wilson, strictly temperate and gave strict attention to his own business. He was different from McCarty, who was always in evi-

dence on all occasions. Greek letter societies were unpopular at Jefferson in those days, and it was rarely the case that a man such as Elliott appeared in public at his true measure of a man. I knew little of Elliott except as I met him among ourselves. I think I am correct in saying he was one you could implicitly trust — a true man.

During his college course Elliott must have possessed the pen of a ready writer. His name is frequently found on the programs of the Franklin Society, and his prolific versatility seems to have been banked upon without shame by his fraternity brothers. This is evident from the Elliott letters, which have been the source of so much pleasure in depicting the student life of the first brothers. These are some of the demands made upon "Jim":

T. W. B. Crews writes from Jefferson College, October 28, 1848, as follows:

I have a composition to write for next Friday a week.

It is on the *Colloquy of the Stars*. I am tired of sober-sided essays, and wish to immortalize myself by branching out, so if you can understand my intention, give me a touch on it between now and then, and oblige,

Your friend

THOMAS W. B. CREWS

Crews writes again from Jefferson College, August 6, 1848, as follows:

Now that I have given you all the news, I must get you to write me a short piece for an album. The album belongs to Miss Whitten, of Washington City. She intends going away to-morrow and will not return for a week. She gave me her album to write in, but actually I cannot, even if I had time, write a piece that I would be willing to give for that purpose. You would very much oblige me if you will consent to do this. Write prose or poetry if you like. I do not care about

it being very long. Jim, if I ever asked you earnestly for a favor I do it now, and I beg of you to put off that false modesty of "I am not able to comply with your request." Please write it so as to get it here by Friday or Saturday, and I shall be very much obliged.

Your devoted friend

THOMAS W. B. CREWS

Crews again writes from Jefferson College on February 11, 1849, as follows:

Jim, I do not wish to bore you, and especially about a thing which you might have some delicacy in complying with, but I am sincere and really wish you to do this much for me. I have chosen for my subject, "The Star Spangled Banner." I selected this because it was a national subject and one very easy to treat. You can set down and write it in a few hours, for I only want it some ten or twelve minutes long. Jim, I do not care how you treat it, so you make it as eloquent as possible. I would like to have it completed by the 20th or 25th.

Your devoted friend,

THOMAS W. B. CREWS

Benjamin F. Ray writes from Canonsburg, under date of January 6, 1849, as follows:

I have got into rather a tight place, which I want to get out of, and I know of no one who is more able or willing than I trust you will be to help me. Our class commences speaking orations before public assemblies, and I can truly say that I never despaired as much of doing myself credit. Now, to be brief, I want help and I will not be refused. I know if you were here you would tell me that I was able to write it for myself, and I would fain believe that you told me the truth, but whether it is because I never could write or because I cannot write as well now as I could or because I have not yet as much confidence in my own ability now as I had, I cannot tell, but I just feel that I never would get a senior oration of any kind unless I obtained some assistance. I do not wish to flatter you, by



any means, but you will not feel yourself at all flattered when I say that I have entire confidence in your ability to render me assistance, and for this reason I am free to ask your aid. And I conjure you by all the ties that bind us together not to refuse me. I shall not take any excuse whatever, for in an hour or two you could do me a favor for which I will be under everlasting obligations to you. I do not ask you to write me a labored performance, but just such a one as you can scratch down in a very short time. If you wish it, it shall be entirely confidential; in fact, it will be to my interest to have the matter kept a secret, but if you prefer it the members of the chapter shall know it. You cannot think my request unreasonable, for two of our performers on exhibition (Gilchrist and Logan) have both received assistance from our brother, Sam B. Wilson, and certainly it is not unreasonable for me, who am not on exhibition, to ask assistance from a brother. As for the subject, I will allow you to select one for yourself. I have written some on the "Mystery of Death," and had intended to ask you to write me a short oration on that subject, but you can use your pleasure about it. If you should make any choice I should prefer that you should write on that subject. But let the subject be what it may, I want you to write me an oration about ten minutes' long, and send it to me against this day two weeks farthest. If you have on hand any old oration which you never delivered here it will answer every purpose. I am under the impression that the senior orations will be a great bore this year, for, in the first place, they will not be as good as they were last year, and, in the next place, I am afraid that we will have no music when we deliver them. And I pray God that the faculty may be bored out and stop them before my turn comes. We are just now at the commencement of another session and I begin to feel as if my college course would soon be run.

Confidently expecting to receive some pleasing intelligence from you as soon as you can make it practicable, I  
subscribe myself,

Yours as ever,

B. F. RAY.



Benjamin F. Ray writes from Canonsburg, under date of January 25, 1849:

As regards the speech which you sent me, I would say that you gave me ample satisfaction, and I cannot find language to express my obligations. I have transcribed it and will speak it with slight alterations.

Yours as ever,

B. F. RAY.

James Logan writes from Canonsburg, under date of February 11, 1849, as follows:

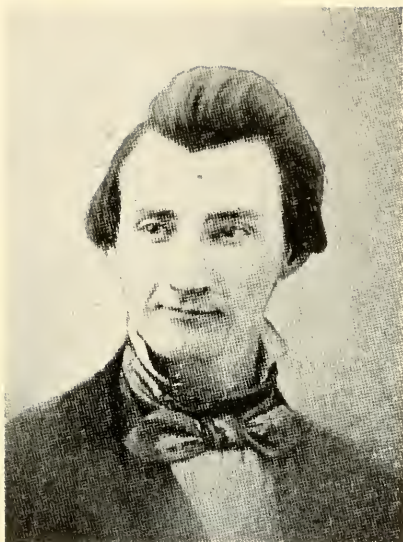
The installation is to come off the evening of the last Thursday of March, the 28th, I think. Your presence is much desired. My subject is "Pride of Ancestry — Its Influence." Would I be too bold if I should ask you to frame me one or two sentences for it. It is now about eighteen minutes' long. Give me two or three more minutes, and you would oblige me more than if you send me five dollars.

Yours in the bonds,

JIM LOGAN.

It is evident that at this time plagiarism was not regarded as a crime and that at least Crews, Ray, and Logan had no compunction of conscience in drawing upon the ability of their brother, James Elliott.

It is not known whether the language of the Constitution is that of Wilson or of Elliott. The two were appointed a committee to write it at the preliminary meeting of the "Delta Association." It is probable that their joint labors on the Constitution were in his mind when under date of November 18, 1849, Wilson wrote from Somerset, Pennsylvania, to Elliott: "In this matter [plans for the proposed meeting of the Six in order to extend the fraternity and to adopt certain forms for the installation of officers and chapters] you and I are



James Elliott

1848



especially interested, as our Sunday labors of old will testify."

In the minutes of June 6, 1848, James Elliott and Naaman Fletcher are recorded as having been appointed to draft a form for a charter for the Washington College chapter.

It is probable that Elliott was very active in the production of the first pins and possibly was the first one of the Six to see the design completely worked out. This is indicated by a letter which McCarty wrote to Elliott on May 20, 1848:

Your communication relative to the pins came duly to hand. I was glad to learn that the initials and date were correct, but from what you say I fear that they are too light to look well.

It is possible that Elliott was the first one of the Six to wear a pin, for McCarty continues:

The Deltas convened last night at ten o'clock at Delta Hall No. 1 and passed a motion prohibiting us from wearing our pins until the Saturday before commencement so Jim, if you are wearing yours, you had better leave it off when you return to this place.

The original fraternity pin of James Elliott (described in the first Chapter in Part II) has been given to me by his son, Frank Elliott, for the archives.

Elliott was one of the commencement orators of the class of '48. The exercises were held on June 14, 1848, in Providence Hall. His subject was "Napoleon's Prophecy." The oration must have been one of merit. It at least appealed to one of the audience, for among the Elliott letters was found the following commendation:

NEW ATHENS, OHIO, OCTOBER 28, '48.

Mr. James Elliott:

SIR—I am a stranger to you, but I have a small request which I hope your kindness will lead you to grant to me. Will you please send me a copy of your able address on the day of your commencement at Jefferson? I was pleased with it and will be much pleased to have a copy of it. Will you grant it? If you can, please send it by mail at my expense the first opportunity. I would also be pleased to have a catalogue of Jefferson College. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, with great esteem,

Yours,

A. B. LANGLEY.

Among memorabilia turned over to me by Mr. Frank Elliott for the fraternity archives was a record book of his father's. On the first fly-leaf of this book is written "Book of Miscellanies, Mathematical, Chemical, Philosophical and Literary," the signature of "James Elliott," and the verselet:

*As runs the glass  
Man's life doth pass.*

The book tells us something more of the student life of Elliott and contains notes as the title page indicates. There are written in the book three essays or orations, one an analysis of Byron's *Tragedy of Cain*, another on the words of Horace, *Nil Mortalibus Arduum Est*, and one on *Eloquence*. The mathematical problems given in the book are copied with unusual neatness. There are also short essays written in French and Latin, and various quotations in Greek. A part of the essay on *Eloquence* will serve to illustrate Elliott's style when a student:

Of the many sublime and interesting subjects which have arrested the attention of mankind through all ages; and which in the present age of progression and improve-

ments, offer themselves to poets, philosophers, and orators as themes for contemplation, eloquence presents itself as one of major interest and importance. It is rendered doubly interesting not only on account of its co-existence with the principal part of the free commonwealth of ancient and modern times, but of its intimate connection with the destinies of those nations by whom it was cultivated. When I speak of its importance, I allude not to its power of giving to the names of the virtuous an immortality of honor and glory, and to those of the vicious one of infamy, shame and disgrace; of its influence over the destinies of individuals, and the pleasure experienced in listening to the enrapturing strains of an eloquent speaker; but more especially of the influence which it exerts over the political existence of nations. The fabric of true eloquence has not for its foundation, falsehood; it delights not in deceit and cunning; seeks not to ensnare its adversaries by fallacies, effects not its ends by base and dishonorable means; but is based on truth; delights in an open, candid, manly and logical bearing; cherishes towards its adversaries a spirit of generosity and mercy, when they are due them; displays itself in a manner full of simplicity and beauty, and godlike actions; effects its designs either by slow but sure footsteps, or takes captive the will by storm, and is guided by reason and the dictates and emotions of the heart. It addresses the understanding and appeals to the feelings and passions, and thus unlocks the prisoned gates of the prejudiced mind, and leads a willing captive the elysian soul. All else is false eloquence which,

*Like the prismatic glass,*

*Its gaudy colors spreads on every place.*

But where, tell me, is this sublime and disinterested eloquence to be found, which overcomes all intervening by its resistless blaze? Where shall we go to find the individual whose heart is proof against the skillfully directed attacks of true eloquence? When the lawyer pleads in defense of injured innocence, and advocates the cause of

destitute and unhappy widows and orphans without any hope of reward or private emolument, he must be eloquent. When the truly pious and devout minister of the gospel publishes from the sacred desk the doctrines of salvation, and warns sinners to flee from the wrath to come and the judgment of a just God, he must be eloquent. When the patriot statesman defends the liberties of his fellow citizens, and maintains their rights and privileges against the encroachments of daring despots at the sacrifice of his own ease, comfort, wealth and happiness, and even at the peril of his life, he must be eloquent.

In vain do we search for the individual who is invincible by it, save him whose heart is adamant. The tyrant sits insecure on his throne, and trembles for his safety; though he be richer by far than Croesus and have kingdoms at his will, when the power of true eloquence is directed against his unjust pretensions and usurpations. But the mere mention of eloquence reminds us of the eras in the history of old Greece and Rome, when those mighty commonwealths emerged from the darkness and ignorance in which their neighbors were involved; and spread the light of civilization of the world, which, by its benign influence, wrought such changes on society as their historians and poets might well be proud to boast of; when oratory was cultivated and shown in the splendor of its pristine purity; when Grecian strove to excel Grecian, and Roman vied with rival Roman in the strength and beauty, in the simplicity and sublimity, in the blaze and charms of his eloquence; whose action was graceful, prepossessing and bewitching, and who seemed to have the passions and feelings of others in his power; so much so, indeed, that he actually appeared like one inspired; of a Cicero, whose eloquence was copious, smooth, magnificent, and enrapturing; "Of the Grecian carrying the citadel by storm; and the Roman taking it after a regular and most beautifully conducted siege;" of a Peter and a Paul enlisted in the cause of heaven, pleading for Christianity, and holding immense multitudes in suspense; and



even making judges tremble on their thrones, and persuading them to be Christians; of a Pitt, a Fox, a Sheridan, and a Curran in the assembly and at the bar; of a Bourdaloue, a Massilon, a Bridame, and a Whitfield in the pulpit; and of a number of orators of our own day who have distinguished themselves in the assembly, at the bar, and in the pulpit.

I cannot pass over further consideration of the subject without briefly noticing a few examples recorded in sacred writ, of more than mortal eloquence. Who can but admire the eloquence of Joshua, when he commanded the two great luminaries of the heavens to stop in their apparent revolutions: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." What can exceed the sublimity of expression and grandeur of the Psalmist's description of the interpretations of Divine Providence in behalf of the sufferer: "Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken; because he was wroth; there went up a snake out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub; and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; he made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of skies."

What can surpass the force and beauty of the eloquence of the prediction of the Prophet Isaiah concerning the destruction of Babylon: "It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell thence, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their desolate palaces; and her time is near to come, and her days shall not be prolonged." How beautiful! How

grand in expression! and at the same time how eloquent! the prophecy of Micah, relative to the establishment and prosperity of Messiah's kingdom; its peaceful character, and everlasting duration: "And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Who can surpass the oratorical glow and lofty language of the prophet Habakkuk, when he describes the majesty and might displayed by the Almighty in conducting the Israelites to the land of promise?: "Before him went the pestilence and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder the nations and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting."

The dissertation seems to end abruptly. The peroration, if there were one, was evidently not copied into the record book by Elliott, or it might never have been written, and the oration might have been closed extempore. The essay is addressed to "Gentlemen of the Franklin Literary Society."

There are also in the record book some shorthand notes. The system was evidently that of Pitman, for in one place the Lord's prayer is easily deciphered. The matter of the shorthand notes was referred to Frank Elliott, who reports that among the certificates and diplomas of his father was a certificate from Boston, dated in 1846, which states that James Elliott had become proficient in the Pitman System, and having completed the course is entitled to teach the Pitman System. Correspondence schools, therefore, seem not to have been an invention of these latter days. Shorthand, at least, seems to have been taught by correspondence seventy-five years ago.

After graduation, James Elliott taught school in Virginia and Indiana. Our first brothers seemed loyally desirous of assisting each other. An effort of McCarty in Elliott's behalf bore the following fruit:

BROOKVILLE, July 22, 1848

James Elliott, Jr., Esq.:

DEAR SIR — We have been informed by young Mr. John T. McCarty of this place, who is or was a school associate of yours, that you are a graduate of the Canonsburg College and that you would take charge of our County Seminary in Brookville, Franklin county, Indiana. If so, the undersigned trustees take the responsibility to say to you that it is our wish that you would come on immediately and commence the school. We would also say that you will have to rely upon the tuition fee or subscription to the school. We think that the school can be made respectable and that it will give a teacher a fair compensation. Mr. McCarty, with whom you are acquainted, has said something to you on the subject.

Yours respectfully,

ENOCH McCARTY,

A. BLAINE,

Seminary Trustees.

Enoch McCarty was an uncle of John Templeton McCarty.

Crofts, as is indicated in his letters of '49 and '50, was keenly interested in getting Elliott to enter newspaper work in New Lisbon, to abandon the career of a teacher and to continue the study of law with him. Crofts writes, under date of January 23, 1850:

I would recommend to you to study law exclusively. Bid adieu to the life of a pedagogue. Swear you never were one. Persevere in the study of law, labor long and hard at the law and the law alone, and you will arrive at eminence in that honorable, noble and dignified profession.

You must, you can succeed; you have perseverance and talents of a high order; make a strike. There is no such word as fail. In the language of old Dan Webster there is plenty of room in the profession above, but below it is crowded like hell. You have talents and other qualities which would place you in the profession above.

In a letter of Crofts to Elliott, under date of June 24, 1850, it would appear that Elliott had entered newspaper work in Wellsville, Ohio, as Crofts writes:

It gives me pleasure to hear of your enterprise, and I hope you will succeed. I will not be able to do anything in the way of subscribers until you publish a number. Put my name to the list as a subscriber.

On August 26, 1850, Crofts wrote to Elliott urging him to come to New Lisbon and enter into partnership with him in purchasing and editing the *Palladium*. This enterprise was never carried into effect, as Crofts wrote to Elliott a short time thereafter:

Consumption with its deadly fangs, has seized upon me.

After experiences as a schoolmaster, in Brookville, Indiana, and Pomonkey, Maryland, Elliott located in Steubenville, read law with the Honorable Roderick S. Moodey, was admitted to the bar in January, 1852, and went into partnership with his preceptor. On a visit to Steubenville, I noticed on an old house the following placard: "Edwin M. Stanton, Attorney-General, Secretary of War, Justice of the Supreme Court, born here 19th of December, 1814. Erected by the school children of Jefferson County, A.D. 1897." The question arose, whether James Elliott was personally acquainted with Edwin M. Stanton. Upon investigation of the court records I found that Elliott's first case was with

Handwritten shorthand notes, likely representing the Lord's Prayer, written in a cursive style.

THE LORD'S PRAYER  
Shorthand notes of Elliott



Stanton as opposing counsel. The case was won by Elliott. Two or three years after his admittance to the bar he was elected clerk of the court, in which office he served three terms.

During the Civil War he enlisted in the Federal army and was stationed at Fort Delaware as adjutant of the 157th Regiment O.V.I., in charge of confederate prisoners, among them being J. William Flinn, of the University of Mississippi chapter.

In his reminiscences, given to me by President James D. Moffat, of Washington-Jefferson College, a number of incidents were referred to where members of Phi Gamma Delta, of the Union army and of the Confederate army, met each other on the battle fields and in the prisons of the Civil War. Incidents of this kind can, of course, be multiplied. While James Elliott was guarding Confederate prisoners, his very close friend and brother in Phi Gamma Delta, Tom Crews, was himself a Federal prisoner at Arrow Rock, Missouri. In his *Index Rerum*, T. W. B. Crews, at the close of the war, wrote as follows:

It is due to the officers and soldiers of the U. S. army to record the fact that in all my intercourse with them I have been treated with courtesy and respect. Though I was an officer in the rebel service and did all I could for the cause, impelled by a sense of justice, by conscience and the dictates of self preservation, I never allowed myself to condescend to any meanness toward those who opposed me. I never despoiled union men of their property or allowed them to be disturbed in their ordinary avocations. I refused to permit it when I had command or could exercise authority. The consequence is that I am not a subject for their resentment, and, so far as they could, they have exerted themselves for my protection.



It would be interesting indeed if the correspondence between James Elliott and Tom Crews following this period of the history of the country had been preserved.

At the close of the war, his health impaired, Elliott moved, for a short time, to Topeka, Kansas. After a few years of country life, he returned to Steubenville and resumed the practice of his profession. He was elected mayor in 1873, not by the people, but by the city council, as his predecessor had been impeached and removed from office. This was a period when a prohibition movement had swept through that portion of the country. Elliott's administration was active in enforcing the law and bringing about a change in the repeal of ordinances regarding the sale of liquor. With the assistance of the council, Elliott enforced the law with an iron hand, terrorizing all the rough element. He dealt with prize-fighting in the same manner, and imposed the severest possible sentences on all sorts of ruffians who disregarded the law. Having served one term as mayor he was reelected. He took no interest in the campaign, saying: "If the people want me they will elect me. If they don't, they won't." During his term as a public officer he received all sorts of threats, "to burn his house," "to rob him of his property," "kill him," or "do him bodily harm." These threats came from the element he had cowed. At the close of his second term as mayor he was offered the nomination for congress from his district, which would have meant practically an election. On account of failing health, however, he refused the nomination, and formed a law partnership with W. A. Walden.

James Elliott was an enthusiastic Mason during his younger days, and, at one time, was junior grand war-

den of the Ohio Grand Lodge. Letters of S. B. Wilson refer to the ties of friendship as those Masonic and of the "Delta Association."

On December 8, 1853, James Elliott married Miss Rachel Crane, of Wellsville, Ohio, who died in the summer of 1876. There were four children born of this union, Edgar, Sallie, Frank, and Charles. Their family life was very happy, for James Elliott was essentially a home man and extremely fond of his family. One of their regular evening pleasures was reading aloud French literature and the classics.

S. S. Cope, a most prominent business man of the town of Wellsville, Ohio, gives this description of Elliott:

He was a good man, a very good man. He was about five feet ten inches in height, of dark tan complexion, black hair, Roman nose, a piercing eye, erect in carriage, but rather lean. He was somewhat of an Indian in appearance. His weight was about 140 pounds, and was such a man as one would notice and pick out of a crowd of men. His wife, Rachel, was very proud of him and devoted to him in every way.

About the year 1880, James Elliott became much debilitated. The dread disease of tuberculosis had fastened itself upon him. He retired from the law firm of Waldron and Elliott and went to live with his son, Frank, in the city of Chicago, where he died on the 10th day of November, 1883.

On November 16, 1883, a meeting of the bar of Jefferson County, Ohio, was held and a committee appointed, composed of Messrs. W. A. Owesney, Cook, and Reynolds, to draft a preamble and resolutions relative to the death of James Elliott, to be presented to the

court on the first day of the adjourned term. The following were the resolutions adopted:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT TO JAMES ELLIOTT

I. RESOLVED, That with regret we are called upon to record the death of James Elliott, a member of the bar, which occurred at Chicago, Illinois, on the 10th day of November, A.D., 1883.

II. RESOLVED, That we attest the fact, that as a lawyer he excelled in many branches of the profession; as a man he was noted for integrity and for his devotion to his family. His characteristics were marked and sterling.

III. RESOLVED, That the chairman of the meeting present to the family of deceased a copy of these resolutions and that at the present term of this Court of Common Pleas, he also present to this court a copy thereof, with the request that the resolution be spread upon the journal of this court.

W. A. OWESNEY,  
JOHN M. COOK,  
Committee on Resolutions.

At a meeting of the bar on November 16, 1883, a memorial address was made by the Honorable J. A. H. Trainer, which is here given:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR:

Looking over this assembly of the bar of Jefferson county, I realize the mournful truth that one is absent who, on like occasions, heretofore participated with us in our solemn ceremonies. Time, with its many changes, has again visited our ranks and required that one of our number should journey through the impenetrable gloom that separates this from the happier and better world. The summons was served, and on the 11th instant, one of the oldest members of this bar, James Elliott, surrounded by kind and affectionate friends, laid aside his briefs in this earthly court and passed, we trust, into that higher

court where He who presides is the eternal God. He now sleeps the long and last sleep of death, and the gentle breezes of autumn play mournfully over the spot where he is at final rest. Still his name is not forgotten by the members of this bar, for his many virtues live and in freshness bloom in our memory. Worthy actions, virtuous and honorable lives, ever live and are held in kind remembrance by the true lover of the legal profession.

During my residence in this city James Elliott and I were intimate friends. He was one among the number of the eighteen members then at this bar who welcomed me thirty years ago, on my first appearance in this court. Of all these members, three still survive, and but one, my venerable friend, Judge Miller, is now a practitioner in this court. The rest, with the learned Judge Tappen, and the kind-hearted Colonel James Collier, who were then retired members of the profession, have passed in their final briefs.

A personal friendship of thirty years gives me a right to appear in this court as the friend of the deceased on this occasion and perform the duty of a friend to a dead brother, which this melancholy occasion demands. In age the deceased was my senior but for a few months and at this bar about one year. Hence, we commenced our career in this court as young men almost at the same time. Often have we been associated on the same side of cases, and oftener he on one side and I on the other. He was a working member of the profession, diligent, judicious and honest, and it is with pleasure that I bear testimony to his moral worth, virtue and strict integrity. In the journey of life I always found him the honest, truthful and honorable gentleman, pleasant, kind, sympathetic and charitable, ever ready in the grand mission of life to extend aid and relief to those in need and distress. Like many others, in the days of his youth he had mainly to depend on his own industry to gain an education. Study was a delight, and, being a close student, idling away no time, he became learned and a fine scholar. Turning his

attention to the legal profession, he took lessons under the tutorship of my friend, Roderick S. Moodey, one of the finest special pleaders at this bar, a gentleman who despised the code, but loved and relied on Chitty's *Pleadings*.

James Elliott, when admitted to the bar, was well versed in pleadings, and, I may say without disparagement to other members, he took high rank, and in the preparation of pleadings he stood without a superior in this court. Well read in his profession, and well informed in the law, he belonged to that class of members who, though not the most brilliant, are the most useful and meritorious in the profession. He made no pretensions to victory, and presented his cause to the court and jury without any display of forensic eloquence and flights of fancy and imagination. Reason and convincing argument was the line of his speech and, having a knowledge of the facts involved in his cases, he presented the facts and the law in a clear and intelligent and logical manner to the court and jury. He was a thorough business member of the profession, in all its aspects well informed, having a mind rich in stores of legal learning, the reward of patient labor, and patient labor alone, an example which those who seek to raise themselves to great heights of professional eminence would do well to study. He was a model student, and well serves as an example to all young men in their habits of study and application. Philosophic in his temperament and wise in his conduct, governed in all his actions by reason and judgment, strong in legal argument, clear, natural, and logical in the exposition of his subject, urbane in his manners, scrupulously impartial, and attentive to his duties, he was truly a good and careful lawyer.

For three successive terms he was elected by the people of this county to the important position of clerk of this court, and being well qualified for this position, he discharged its duties with fidelity and marked ability. The members of the bar, while he held the position of clerk, were not troubled about preparing journal entries and seeing that the same were properly journalized. This was a

duty that he promptly attended to, and but seldom called the members of the bar to prepare journal entries. The records he made in this court as clerk will bear the closest inspection, and are a monument showing how well and faithfully he discharged that duty. No person who may have occasion to examine the same in search of title to property passed on by the court will find any error therein. The records are complete in all respects, and should be patterned after.

Holding the office of mayor of this city, a position of great trouble and vexation, he discharged its duties with marked ability to the entire satisfaction of the people. On retiring from this office he resumed the practice of his profession, and continued an active practitioner in this court until prostrated by that fell disease which rendered him unable to appear any more in court, and which finally terminated his earthly existence.

In life he discharged all his duties as a good citizen, a good officer, and as a pure, honest and honorable member of the legal profession, and when he lay down to final rest it was with a pure, unsullied and untarnished name and reputation. Peace to his repose.

But it was not in office and at the bar that the deceased alone showed his noble and manly character. At home James Elliott was a kind and affectionate father. His home was a happy one, blessed and loved by a good and cheerful wife, who preceded him to the mansions of the dead. Three sons and one daughter brightened his fireside, the development of whose minds in useful and practical knowledge was a careful and pleasing duty to him. These children are left to mourn his departure from earth, and long will kindred hearts of dear ones silently mourn and miss the kind greetings received from a father in the bygone days. Exemplary in everything that gives joy and decorum to a private family, James Elliott was so attentive to the comfort of his family as not to permit the summer sun and wintry wind to visit them too roughly. His generous fidelity was not alone to his family; he was



warmly attached to his friends, and was a pleasant and agreeable companion. His attachments were strong and ardent; in manner he was frank and agreeable with all persons, and of such a character as to win the esteem of all with whom he came in contact; in conversation, free and affable; punctual in every social and civil duty, he was as true to his friends as he was true to the court.

*Memento mori* is written on everything. Life cannot in this world last forever, and James Elliott will no more appear in this court. His voice has been silenced by death, the court will no longer read his masterly pleadings and fine briefs. The immortal part of our friend and brother has gone home to the kind God who gave it, and his body reposes peacefully in the silent tomb.

The remains of James Elliott were removed from Chicago to Wellsville, Ohio, and placed beside those of his wife. It was to the same town of Wellsville that James Elliott had journeyed not a great many years before to claim as his bride Rachel Crane. The lot on which they are buried is well located in one of the old and more beautiful parts of the Springhill cemetery in Wellsville. From the lot, which is just opposite a bend in the river and on a high hill above the town, the views up and down the Ohio river are most picturesque.

The inscription on his headstone was as follows:

JAMES ELLIOTT

Born

December 6, A. D. 1824

Died

November 10, A. D. 1883

The words, "One of the Founders of Phi Gamma Delta" were carved at the bottom of the stone, with the permission of his son, Frank Elliott. The wife of James Elliott is buried on his left with the inscription





JAMES ELLIOTT  
1873  
Mayor of Steubenville



## RACHEL C. ELLIOTT

Born

December 24, A. D. 1831

Died

August 26, A. D. 1876

At the grave of James Elliott are the insignia of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was the only one of the "Immortal Six" who wore the uniform of a soldier.

It was in the summer of 1908, sixty years after they were written, that Frank Elliott, of Chicago, was persuaded to search for something which might have belonged to his father as a Jefferson student, and made the valued discovery in his garret of the letters which had been written by McCarty, Wilson, Crofts, Gregg, and Fletcher to James Elliott.

The correspondence of the founders was until 1910 incomplete because of the lack of letters written to any of them by James Elliott.

The old law office of Samuel Beatty Wilson, first occupied in 1850, and still intact, seemed to be the one place which promised reward for search. At length, persistence resulted in the discovery of some letters of James Elliott to his old friend and brother, "Sam."

A strange seal was affixed to the letter of April 21, 1849, to Wilson. It was a diamond-shaped "sticker," about the size of the pin of the "Delta Association." Elliott, as was stated, was an expert student of shorthand. There is written on the sticker seal referred to, in shorthand: "A little iniquity may breed great mischief." In the lower left-hand corner of the addressed side of this letter Elliott had written, "*A tuo amico.* J. E."

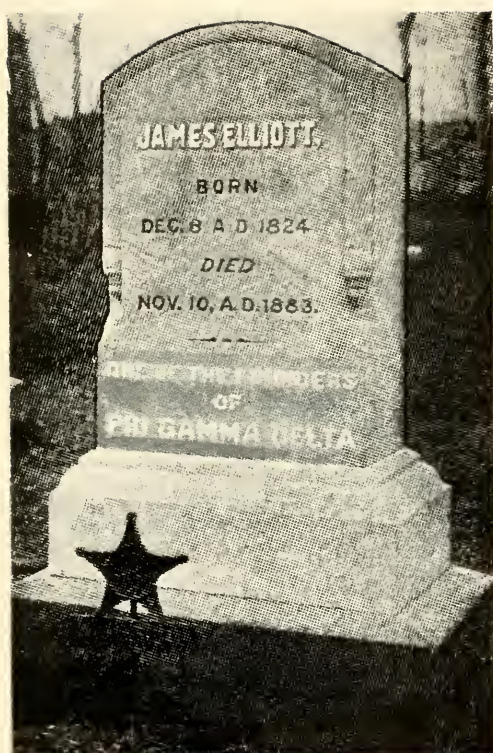
## LETTERS OF JAMES ELLIOTT

MOUNT AVENTINE, APRIL 21, 1849.

Mr. Sam B. Wilson:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND BROTHER DELTA: It is a long, long time since I have had the pleasure of receiving an epistle from you, and whether this has arisen from negligence on my part or not I am not able to say. But in midst of all this forgetfulness or negligence, there is one thing doubly sure — that it has not with me been caused by any falling off from that friendship we swore together — nor by less anxiety and solicitude for the welfare of one for whom I have always had the highest regard and in whose friendship and good counsel I rejoice. If then I have to acknowledge the last receipt, rest assured it was not neglected, but by lapse of time, and through the vexations and cares attending my pathway through life, was forgotten. Not that the scenes so dear to the heart in which we have mingled together cease to be remembered, or the many pleasing associations connected with our college life have lost their charms. No; they are all lodged in the “storehouse of the mind” and there I trust will remain thrice hallowed until we shall have shuffled off this mortal coil. You may, no doubt, think strange, and wonder how in the course of human events it has happened to find me a pedagogue’s resting place here in “Darkiedom” — in old Maryland — on the majestic Potomac.

All this goes to show, Sam, what all experience in life teaches; that “the ways of the world are past finding out.” You have no doubt heard from some of our friends, of my wild-goose chase down in “Hoosierdom.” (And here by the way, when in that lovely region I saw the *Schoolmaster among the Hoosiers*, and committed an act of *petit larceny*, that is, brought it out to Ohio with me, but afterwards sent it by mail to Old “Mac.”) Well, after I had fully satisfied myself with “Hoosierdom” and things therein, I returned to the Buckeye State where most of my time was spent previous to coming here. The principal part



TOMBSTONE OF JAMES ELLIOTT



of it was spent in reading law and it is for the prosecution of that purpose that I am here. It is a source of regret that my past winter was ingloriously spent, waiting on the completion of a building in Wheeling until I became tired, and determined to go to some other region. And now let us say a little of this country and of my school. And first of the country. What a curse is slavery, and what a pity that the soil of our common country should have been marked by the foot-prints of a single slave! It is a great barrier in the way of enterprise and improvement; it is in view of this fact that it should be abominated. As for the slave, as far as mere condition is concerned, judging from what I have seen, it is vastly preferable to that of a majority of the free darkies of the North. In hospitality they know no bounds.

As to my school, it comprises four boys, the eldest about thirteen and is reading Virgil — the youngest, about seven — and is reading and spelling. Six hours and a half per day are spent in teaching, that is, in the schoolroom, nearly two of which I can study. The situation upon the whole is rather pleasant. My pupils are not quite talented enough to render them interesting, which is one objection. The residence is situated on an eminence, commanding a fine view of the river which is not more than two hundred yards distant. It is only 28 miles below the city and twelve below the last abode and resting place of Washington. I shall have a fine opportunity of attending the session of Congress next winter. My salary of course is not large but as my school is small and facilities for study good, it will do very well. I am at no expense whatever. Whenever I wish to go anywhere a horse is at my service. The chief objection to the place is, that it is twenty miles from nowhere. I was forced to send my boots to be repaired to Alexandria, twenty miles! I am furnished with books from General Chapman, Mr. Chapman's brother-in-law, my patron. Our friend McCarty has, I suppose, permitted his better judgment to be lured by the glittering sands of the Sacramento, and has gone



thither in quest of the "Yellow God." Since it is so, may he amass sufficient to amply compensate him for his arduous labors. This is not the highway to eminence \* \* \* purchased by gold is not worth having, and \* \* \* cannot be bought, nor can lasting and ennobling \* \* \*. I have had some pressing solicitations to join in this "Jack O'Lantern hunt," but my second sober thought prevailed, and I am yet in the States.

I received a day or two since a letter from our highly esteemed friend and brother Dan W. Crofts. Repeated smiles came o'er my face in reading of this letter, pervaded by a rich vein of humor. Dan has talents of a very high order, and a soul which cannot but render him an admirable friend and companion. Oh, that I could but assemble around me that band of kindred spirits, which were wont to commune in days gone by! My cup of happiness would run o'er could this but be, or even were it again permitted us *jungere dextras*. Alas! It may not be soon and if ever, oh, what joy to take a friend and brother by the hand. You, Sam, are also a pedagogue, I presume. 'Tis an honest avocation, yet this is cool comfort where wages are small. When I get through my studies, I design going to Iowa, Wisconsin or Minnesota. What think you of it? As for yourself I have but to express my wishes for your welfare and success in life. God speed you on your way and there is nothing to prevent you from attaining that fame for which we are all aspirants. Please write as soon as possible. I must bid you adieu! Farewell!! Farewell!!! *Perge!*

JAMES ELLIOTT.

P.S. My office is, Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.

MOUNT AVENTINE, MD., MARCH 13, 1850

MY DEAR SAM: It is with regret I have to say that it will be impossible for me to fulfill my intentions of visiting Somerset, and must forego, for the present, the many anticipated pleasures of an interview with an old "true and tried friend."

It is my intention to leave here today, but will have to

hasten my way to Ohio as fast as possible, foregoing also the pleasure of tarrying more than a day at Washington City where I would wish to remain several days.

I can only say "the ways of this world are past finding out." I fondly hope the future will yet bring us together, when the remembrances of the past will make visible those feelings of the heart, which pen cannot convey.

If I have for a moment since our *exodus* from *Sylvas Academi*, anticipated the enjoyment of a luxury, it was to be derived from this expected interview with one with whom I have paced so oft the *Groves of Academus*, and felt the soothing, inspiring breath of generous, disinterested friendship. But when we build our castles highest, some unkind breeze — *Ocior Aura* — brings the frail thing to the earth!

At Mr. Chapman's request I wrote a short time since to *Tabula Rasa, Sr.* for a teacher to fill the situation made vacant by my leaving here, and last evening received an answer from that dignified, able and conscientious functionary, closing with *Yours with very great regard*. Bah!

As to the proposed changes in the Delta constitution. I feel perfect confidence in the hands in which the task has, in a great measure, fallen. Deal gently with the young child, for it is yet in the cradle. As to my own prospects, I can say nothing definite. Things look dark and murky as hell. A few days may make important developments. I may continue for a while longer pedagogue — may sit down seclusively to the completion of my law studies — may go to the far west — may do, the Lord knows what.

But I know, Sam, you will say one ought to be fixed in purpose, *tenacem propositi virum*. Well, there I heartily agree with you, but these are only different routes to the same goal. I would that I could go to work and build castles, against which the gates of hell could not prevail. I then, no doubt would build some stately ones, perhaps unearthly, too utopian for any clime but dreamland; yet I would endeavor to use the power with moderation. For

want of books at hand I have suspended my studies for a month, and have been luxuriating in the luminous pages of Macaulay's *England*.

I have just been calling to remembrance some of our wonted feasts of reason, mirth and jollity. But where are the special actors in some of our most happy ones? Where is Quay? A name for mirth, jollity, reason and — I know not what to say. Have you ever heard of him since the re-enacting of Mahomet's flight from Mecca? To me his silence is inexplicable, and rather than impute to him the betrayal of our confidence, I am disposed to believe he has experienced some untoward accident. Cromwellian style, the Lord guard and protect him if he's honest; if not, the Devil take him.

Any tidings from the adventurer at El Dorado? Ah, gold! gold! thou hast brought destruction to thousands and thousands more are in store for thee! Better be poor than run a whoring after thee, for poverty is no disgrace if it is sometimes inconvenient.

I am in anything else than a mood for writing, so I have to beg of you to accept this very feeble apology for a letter, and in return for such as I receive from you especially.

I shall be at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, for a short time, and there I await the pleasure of hearing from you. Give my unbounded regards to your fellow students at law, Messrs. Logan and Pershing. Nothing but uncontrollable circumstances prevents me from executing my projected visit. Adieu for the present!

JAMES ELLIOTT, JR.

S. B. Wilson, Esq.

STEUBENVILLE, O., JULY 6, 1852

S. B. Wilson, Esq.

DEAR SAM: Your most welcome letter by the hand of our friend Conn, has been received, and my first and only impulse was to answer it immediately, but circumstances have absolutely prevented my doing so, unless by a few

hasty lines. Our Court of Common Pleas has been in session for the last two weeks, and I have been so busy that I could not find the requisite time, and as the Glorious Fourth is come, and it is Sunday, and a consequent relaxation from our wonted labors, I cannot spend a portion of it more fitly than by writing to you — one of the companions of my college days — one of whom I feel myself bound by all ties of friendship as well as by the “Mystic tie” of our noble brotherhood.

The last you heard of me, by letter, I think, was just before my departure from Maryland. The summer after my return, I was most effectually bored with the ague. My highest and only ambition was to kill time and I thought myself truly fortunate if I could do so. After I had re-established my health, I came to this city and commenced the completion of my law studies. Last summer I became the Whig candidate for Clerk of the Court in this County, and like the rest of my political friends who aspired for office at that time, I was beaten. The glory of office does not dazzle my eyes nor judgment now. I shall not try it on for some time again and then I shall make a “ten strike.” But now thank God, I am at the bar — having been admitted by Court in Banc at Columbus last December. R. S. Moodey with whom I read here, took me in partnership the 1st of last January; so that I am in business, *cum magno labore*. We were engaged Thursday and Friday in a criminal case — defending a man indicted for robbery. We went into trial under the most adverse circumstances — a bad looking prisoner — with public opinion against his innocence — an aggravated offense, spread over the county through the newspapers — hence a great difficulty in getting an impartial jury. All these facts weighed down on the case like an irremovable incubus. The prisoner was formerly of your State. His sister came on here a couple of weeks since — a very intelligent, pious and estimable looking lady. We had her in court with the prisoner during the whole trial, and thus gave character to it. A desperate

effort was made by the prosecution to convict him. They looked upon it as certain, but after a long and fruitless attempt to agree, the jury was discharged, standing seven for acquittal and five for conviction. Well we try it on again next week; but by "Dagon," he shall not be convicted if it can possibly be prevented. If the prisoner wore a good countenance, as good as his sister, we could easily succeed. Three witnesses swear positively to his identity, or try to. We show that under all circumstances, they are mistaken, that their opportunities were not such as to enable them to swear creditably to the identity — never having seen the man before he was brought before the magistrate.

We also have to defend his brother-in-law for burglary, who will also be tried next week. He is a d—d scoundrel. Various are the experiences as it seems to me, no man knows half the wrongs or half the villainies perpetrated by one-half of mankind upon the other, unless he has such experience.

As to our old friends and true friends at college, I am partially in the dark. Old Dan, to whom God gave one of his best souls, is no more, as you no doubt are aware. I received a letter sometime since from Dan Jones, of Brookville, Ind., stating that old Mac. was flourishing, making money rapidly and engaged in the practice of the law in California and was a Whig candidate for the Legislature at the first election under the constitution. Crews is in Missouri, reading law. The glorious Order is still flourishing according to all accounts. If possible I shall go to Canonsburg next commencement.

Mr. Conn says to me that you are doing well, flourishing, news not more acceptable than in accord with my best and long continued wishes for your welfare. I regret very much indeed that you were not able to come down and spend the evening preceding the 24th June here — for you would have been most welcome then, as ever. You

Of the many sublime and interesting subjects, which have attracted the attention of mankind through all ages, and which in the present age of progression and improvement, offer themselves to Wise Philosophers, and Orators as themes for contemplation, eloquence presents itself as one of major interest and importance. It is rendered doubly interesting not only on account of its coexistence with the principal part of the free commonwealths of ancient and modern times, but of its intimate connection with the destinies of those nations, by whom it was cultivated. When I speak of its importance, I allude not to its power of giving an immortality of honor and glory, and to those of the vicious, one of infamy, shame, and disgrace; of its influence over the destinies of individuals, and the pleasures experienced in listening to the strains of an eloquent speaker, but more especially of the influence, which it exerts over the political existence of Nations. The fabric of true eloquence has not for its foundation, falsehood; it delights not in deceit and cunning; seeks not to ensnare, its adversaries by fallacies, and effects not its ends by base and dishonorable means; but is based on truth; delights in an open, candid, manly, and logical bearing; cherishes its goods its adversaries with a spirit of generosity and mercy, when they are destitute; displays itself in a manner full of simplicity, and beauty, and godlike action; effects its design by slow but sure footsteps, or takes captive the will, by storm, and is guided by reason and the dictated and emotions of the heart. It addresses the understanding and appeals to the feelings and passions, and thus unlocks the prisoned gates of the prejudiced mind, and leads, a willing captive, the enslaved soul. All else is false eloquence which, like the prismatic glass, ~~it~~

It gaudily colors & spreads on every place."

But where, tell me, is this sublime and disinterested eloquence to be found, which overcomes all intervening barriers, by its resolute blaze? Where shall we go to find the Indian

FACSIMILE OF ELLIOTT'S HANDWRITING





will please excuse haste, and write at length, as soon as convenient.

I am yours, Sam, in \* \* \*

JAMES ELLIOTT.

P. S.—I saw Quay in Wellsville very unexpectedly last May. He promised to write soon but I have not as yet heard from him. He said he was going to Rochester soon.—J. E.

STEUBENVILLE, O., AUGUST 15, 1852

DEAR SAM—Your very kind and welcome letter of the 22d July last, was duly received, and of course recalled to memory the pleasing reminiscences of bygone days. I would gladly have answered it long before this time had not the force of circumstances prevented my doing so. In fact for the last two weeks I have been engaged in preparing our business in the "District Court" (a new court with us and next to the highest in the State), and in attendance thereon. And you know that while the cares of the law are pressing one seldom feels in the mood for epistolary writing. But now that we are about through with it, I have determined, "wheder or no," to send you a few lines greeting to perform a duty which I, too, "owe to a true and tried friend," and a duty rendered the more pleasant, because with the name of that friend are associated the recollections of my halcyon days — days that will ever remain in the green spots in the desert of life.

I am much pleased indeed to learn that you are borne onward in that current in the stream of human affairs that leads to the enjoyment of all our dearest efforts in the field of study. But at the same time I am not surprised because I have ever regarded your success in the profession as fixed beyond the hazard of a doubt.

I have been in the practice since the first of January last only, and I cannot flatter myself that success is yet a "fixed fact" by any means. Whether my good fortune shall continue long as in that future which is so fruitful in disappointments, that to trust to it would be most foolish indeed. Like you, I once set my sails for the Northwest,

but unexpected ill health kept me here for a while, and I finally concluded to complete my studies here and go into the practice instanter. The practice in this county is tolerably good — the profession here being as represented by Dan Webster once, “plenty of room above but crowded like hell below.”

A grand convention of our “Association” came off at Pittsburgh on the 5th of this month, of which I suppose you were informed and were present. I have understood that some were desirous of moving the “Grand Chapter” to some college in Virginia as being more central! This surely would be a very great error and I suppose the proposition would not be entertained by our Jefferson brethern for a moment. From all accounts the association seems to be in a flourishing condition, and has now lived long enough to insure a career honorable and gratifying as well to us who were the pioneers in the undertaking as to those who enjoy the inestimable pleasure of meeting around the genial fireside in “midnight conclave.”

Do you ever hear from any of our old friends now? McCarty, Fletcher and others. I have not heard from old Mac, immediately, since he left St. Joseph on his way to California. I received a letter this spring from Dan Jones, of Brookville; “Mac” was then in California, but in what part Dan did not say. As to Penington, I am wholly in the dark. I have not heard of him since we left Canonsburg, except perhaps, a rumor now and then. I presume he is making his mark somewhere. Frank Houston I learn was hung in Sacramento City. You have a circle of “l—g e—rs” about you I suppose (Wilson, J. H. Brown, W. G. and perhaps others) who no doubt contribute to your enjoyment. Browning of the Class of '47, is residing in this place and in the grocery business. Whether there is any natural affinity existing between the paths of Classics and Literature one treads at college, and those dull ones strewn with sugar and molasses, I can't say, but rather suppose it seems not so to a man — in a law office. *De gustibus non disputandum.*

Our district court closes today. We have this morning for argument a *Writ of Error* in a criminal case, an indictment for robbery. Our principal point is, that, under our statutes, there is no constructive taking from the person — that an actual severance must be proven. How it will be decided, I cannot say. Our points are well taken, I believe.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient.

Yours as always

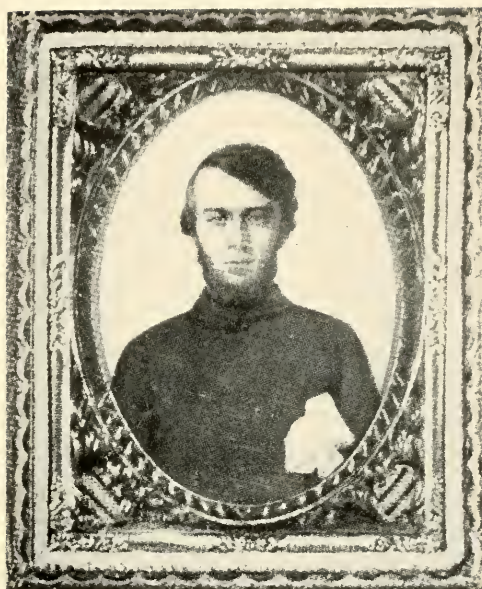
JAS. ELLIOTT.

## CHAPTER V

ELLIS BAILEY GREGG

THE Greggs in America have a distinguished genealogy. It includes the name of "Rob Roy," the celebrated Robert MacGregor Campbell whom Scott has immortalized; and claims as its progenitor none less than Kenneth MacAlpine, king of the Scots and Picts from 843-859. David MacGregor, a direct descendant of Kenneth MacAlpine, was a captain in Cromwell's army, and was sent at the head of twenty thousand Protestants to the North of Ireland where he was killed in the religious war of 1689. A proscript of Queen Mary disbanded the clan and threatened death to any who bore the name, whereupon John, the son of Captain MacGregor, assumed the name of Gregg. Later, this John Gregg, the great-great-grandfather of Ellis Bailey Gregg, fled from persecution to America and settled in Pennsylvania. The family crest and coat of arms shown here, embodies the lion's head with antique crown, and shield with sword and crown crossed by a Scotch fir tree, and above the Gaelic motto *Srioghal Mo Dhream* (My race is royal).

Ellis Bailey Gregg, the fifth in a family of nine children of Aaron and Maria Seaton Gregg, was born in Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, August 17, 1827. His father was a man of some means, proprietor of a general store in Carmichaels to which he transported his merchandise on his own wagons from Philadelphia.



*C. B. Giff*

1848



Ellis was sent to school at Green Academy, Waynesburg, not far from his home, where he came under the influence of an alumnus of Jefferson College, one Joshua Loughran, principal of the Academy, through whose loyalty to his alma mater many of the Green Academy boys entered Jefferson. Among them, Gregg, graduating in the spring of 1846, filled with the determination of preparing for a legal career, matriculated at Jefferson with the famous class of '48.

Though the meagre records at hand reveal almost nothing of Gregg's activity in the "Delta Association," we may trust the word of Bishop McLaren that Gregg was a man of warm and generous nature, very popular and inclined to look on the bright side of things, and that he always spoke with enthusiasm of the happiness with which the little band of '48 sought in silence and secrecy to carry out the principles of the system they had devised.

We are in possession of his Franklin Society diploma, and of the manuscripts of two orations delivered before the gentlemen of that august body, as evidence of his earnest application to his chosen profession of the forum.

Bishop McLaren also tells us that after graduation he loved to linger *inter sylvas academi*, and the records of 1849 mention numerous postgraduate visits to the Grand Chapter.

Gregg's seems to have been a warm-hearted, affectionate nature. A pathetic episode in his life is recorded in B. F. Ray's letter of January 25, 1849, to Elliott:

Gregg has lately met with a sore affliction. He had a little nephew who was left under his especial care by his mother, who died when he was a mere infant. Ellis took



him, reared and educated him, and formed for him a feeling of love such as you know Gregg susceptible of forming. But all the ties of love which he had entwined around him would not protect him from the doors of humanity. Death broke in twain the cords of love.

Another object of his affection was addressed in some lines on "Beauty" discovered among his papers:

Give me the face  
That's warm — that lives — that breathes — made radiant  
By an informing spirit from within.  
Give me the face that varies with the thought  
That answers to the heart, and seems the while  
With such a separate consciousness endued  
That, as we gaze, we can almost believe  
It is itself a heart and of itself  
Doth heave and palpitate. And such is hers.  
One need but look on, to converse with her —  
Oft I, without one thought of weariness  
Have sat and gazed on her for hours. And oft  
As I have listened to her voice and marked  
The beautiful flash of her fine dark eye  
And the eloquent beaming of her face  
And the tremulous glow that, when she spake  
Pervaded her whole being — I have dreamed  
A spirit held communion with me there  
And could have knelt to worship.

The given name only of the maiden to whom the lines on "Beauty" were addressed was written by Gregg. It is passing strange after more than half a century had elapsed, with no other clue than the words "Miss Maggie," that it was at all possible to ascertain the identity of the lady. I found her a widow, living in the twilight alone, except for one or two servants, in a delightful old home in Washington. She remembered Ellis Gregg as a man of ordinary height, with light

hair and blue eyes and very delicate looking, and that he was very gentlemanly in his appearance, very quiet and modest, and of a retiring disposition.

Immediately after graduation, Gregg entered the law office of the Honorable Thomas M. McKenna at Washington, Pennsylvania. The certificate of his admission to attorneyship in November, 1850, signed by McKennan, is now in the fraternity archives. The paper is addressed to the Honorable Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Washington, Pennsylvania, and certifies that Ellis B. Gregg had diligently studied the law for a period of two years since his arrival at twenty-one years of age and that he is a gentleman of integrity and good moral character. To this the committee on examinations, James Watson, William Montgomery, and A. W. Acheson, being unanimously assured of Gregg's qualifications, affixed their signatures February 17, 1851; and finally James Brown, clerk of the courts, over his signature, on February 22d, authorized Ellis B. Gregg to practice law as an attorney in the courts of Washington County.

Immediately after his admission to the bar, Gregg removed to Peoria, Illinois, where he had some distant kin. After spending a short time in acquainting himself with Illinois laws, he began to practice. His professional card — see illustration — is in the archives.

In Peoria he was one of the organizers of Temple Lodge F. and A.M.

One of D. H. Goodwillie's reminiscences is that Gregg "gave signs of poor health while at college and of early decay." Shortly after locating in Peoria, his health failed and he became despondent. He was taken ill in August, 1852, and returned home for a

short rest. The following March he resumed his practice at Peoria, but he was unable to continue it. In October he returned again to his parents and remained with them until a fistula, after an unsuccessful operation, caused his death on December 18, 1854, aged twenty-seven years and four months.

Ellis Bailey Gregg's mother was very fond of flowers. During his illness the son spent much time in the old-fashioned garden, assisting the mother in its care. There is a pathetic and minor tone to the last chord of his life. The grief stricken parents, with a love that would not let him go, buried their boy in the mother's garden beneath the daffodils and the heliotrope and mignonette.

After the father and mother had both passed on, the body of the son was exhumed, and now the three sleep together in the Laurel Point cemetery in Carmichaels.

His grave, for over half a century, has been marked by a plain marble slab with the inscription.

ELLIS B. GREGG  
Born August 17th, 1827  
Died December 18th, 1854  
Age 27 years, 4 months  
1 day

Because of veneration for the age of the stone, the Board of Archons unanimously decided that no other marker should be placed at the grave, and so there has simply been carved after the name the words: "One of the founders of Phi Gamma Delta."

Knowing his fondness for the *Elegy*, and realizing the desperate despondency which possessed his soul during his last days, one standing to-day at the grave of Ellis Bailey Gregg and looking about the country town, feels the lines of Gray strangely significant:



MACGREGOR COAT  
OF ARMS



*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.*

. . . . .

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands, that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.*

*Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his field withstood;  
 Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.*

. . . . .

*No farther seek his merits to disclose  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

The sprightly vivacity of the letters which follow assures us that Gregg's short life was passed under no such clouding handicaps as darkened the brief span of Dan Crofts.

## LETTERS OF ELLIS BAILEY GREGG

CARMICHAELS, PA., JULY 18TH, '48.

BROTHER DELTA:

What are students' promises? Are they not vanity, yea, more than vanity. I expected ere this to have received several epistles, but where are they? Echo answers, where? They are certainly not "with the things that were" nor yet with the things that are, but be with those to come. The remarks apply very well to me, as this is only the second letter I have written since my return from college. I had postponed writing to you till I had almost forgotten that there was such a "piece of humanity" as yourself in God's footstool — No! Heaven forbid

that I should ever forget you, a fellow student — a Franklin, and, above all, a Delta. When shall I forget the many happy social hours we spent together at Old Jefferson? When shall my brother Delta be forgotten? When an angel shall come forth from the throne of God and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand towards Heaven and swear by Heaven's Eternal — Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer! Then and not till then shall I forget them.

Burns says —

*And by those hieroglyphics bright  
Which none but craftsmen ever knew (wear)  
Strong memory on my heart shall write  
Those happy scenes when far away.*

But Jim — you know I always was a d——d poor hand at moral-izing. So let us revert to matter-of-fact. Well! first and foremost to begin with, Mr. William Y. Brown (a young man of superior qualifications) now principal of Beaver Academy, was married on the “glorious Fourth of July” to Miss Mary Ann Stoakes. He had a brother and sister married on the same day (not to each other, of course). “That is what I call hurrying up them cakes.” Brown has, by this time, enjoyed some of the “sunshine of life.”

Old Ben received a letter from Bro. John H. Mathers about ten days since; he was well, and was much surprised that Bro. Penington did not get a “diploma.” Who was not? Your letter to Old Ben came to hand by due course of mail; I was much pleased to hear from you; glad that you are for Old Zack, the people's candidate — “Our cause is our country, our candidate its gallant defender.”

I have received a letter from Old “Mac.” He arrived at Cincinnati on Sunday after we parted. He says that he made a stump speech for Old Rough and Ready since he got home. I was afraid “Mac” would not go for Old Zack because General Taylor did not give them much







credit for bravery at the battle of Buena Vista, which bored "Mac" essentially.

I wrote a long letter to Bro. Crews a few weeks since — look for an answer in a few days — I dunned him for the three bits he got at the Eagle Saloon!!!

I have been around visiting a good deal since I got home, *viz.*: Uniontown, Brownville, Waynesburg, etc, etc. I will go to Uniontown this winter to study law or else to the west on a visit (doubtful). I anticipate a good time at the Washington commencement this fall. I shall be there and then go over to Old Jefferson for a few days. Mr. McDaniel got the nomination for congress in that county, but declined on account of business matters. Mr. Reed is now the candidate. I believe "I have nothing more to add." Old Ben sends his best respects and begs pardon for not answering your letter, as he is now harvesting. Give my respects to G. W. Mitchell; tell him I expect to see him at the Washington Comm. I now suffer to bid you

*Farewell and if forever, then forever*

*Fare ye well.*

I subscribe myself      Yours with respect,

ELLIS B.

Write, by all means, and soon at that.

James Elliott, Jr., Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.

WASHINGTON, PA., October 25, 1849.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I hope, dear sir, that you will excuse the liberty that I have taken in addressing you so soon after seeing you *vis-a-vis*, but being somewhat given to ennui I thought of the idea of whiling away a few moments in writing to you. I find myself in a serious mood, as my former friend B. F. Ray would express it, somewhat "solemncholy." Do not imagine that I have the "blues" and am possessed of what is aptly called the green-eyed monster. No. If I was I could soon find a "balm in Gilead," an antidote could soon be obtained in the — jug, which is a poor man's friend, the mourner's consolation, a "cordial" for our

woes. But as we are daily admonished of the shortness and instability of all things earthly, so to-night I have a monitor before me which speaks the same language (*e. g.*) that all worldly things shall disappear in "smoke" and in the end nothing remain but the "ashes." Young as you are, ere this you have experienced the bitter thoughts (for you, too, have learned that man was made to mourn) which spring up in his soul, when about to be separated forever (for there is no doubt in this case) from a well tried friend, a friend who has always stuck closer to you than a brother and has been, as the Bible expresses it, "Mouth and Wisdom to you," and you know, surely, how this feeling is heightened when about to be parted from the last of the "kind" and there are no more of the "same sort left" to help you on your journey through this land of "asses-milk and wild honey." So I have a dear friend who is rapidly "consuming" and fast approaching its later end, its vitals are being consumed by the pestilence that walketh in darkness. But the "spark" has fled like the giant oak

*That once reared its mighty form*

*Greened in the sun and strengthened in the storm*

disappearing, leaves nothing but the "stump" to tell of the past. So naught else remains of my companion. Now nothing remains for me to do but to write its epitaph *Hic jacet my last segar, Requiescat in pace.*

I have a letter before me from our mutual friend, old Dan Crofts. He is flourishing about O. K. He sends his best to you. I should be pleased to have Jim Logan here this winter. I think that he could read one year at least here and then read under Fletcher afterwards; by that time he could form an opinion of Fletcher's prospects for the future. And while I think of it, do you know where Logan got the chains fixed to his Delta pin? I wish to get mine fixed in the same style. From present appearances it is doubtful whether I can visit Canonsburg until after court — which will be about a month yet — I would like for you to come at the court term and remain several





days. I think it would be profitable to you, or, in other words, "it would pay well." In the meantime, let me hear from you in the shape of a long letter. Give my best to all the Deltas and also to Squire Riddle and McAfee, Prescott and Bob Long. But I must close. Believe me to be yours truly,

ELLIS B. GREGG.

WASHINGTON, PA., JAN'Y 1ST, 1850.

JAMES ELLIOTT, ESQ.:

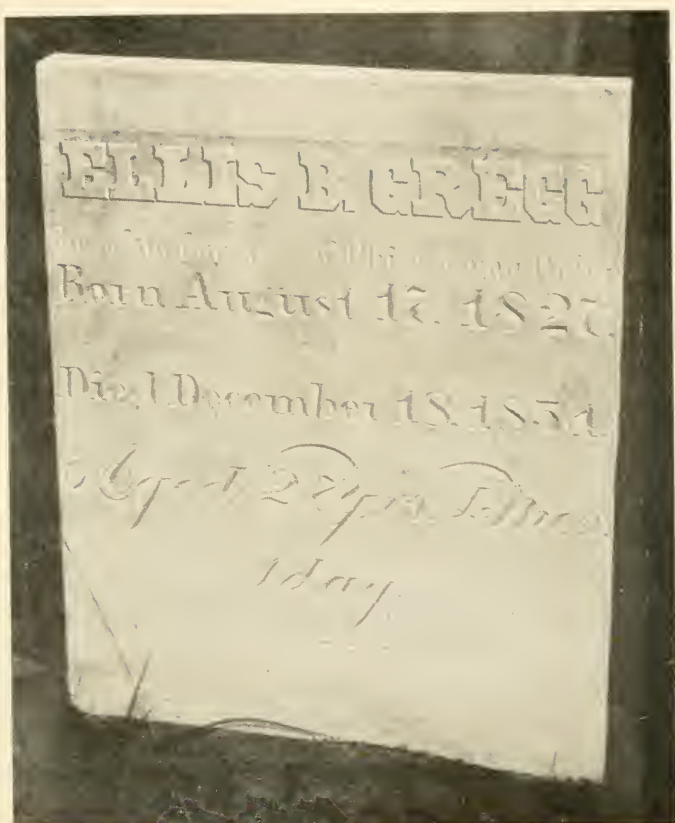
This being a holiday, and, having naught else to put the day in at, I came to the conclusion of dropping you a few lines. Circumstances that have transpired since our separation at Canonsburg had forced me to the determination of never penning another line to you. I refer to your total and uncourteous neglect to answer any of the unworthy communications that I had seen fit to send you. I had, indeed, expected "better things" of you, but now, since "actions speak louder than words," I must confess my own disappointment in the opinion I had formed of you. I will adhere, therefore, to the determination I had formed thus far that I now can only address you as a "Delta" and not as a friend "known and tried." I shall therefore address you as one of the founders of that young but still glorious order.

Not long since I was favored with a visit from Bros. Crews and S. B. Wilson. Upon consultation it was determined upon for the original founders of the order to hold a meeting and to consult upon the future welfare of the order, and also make all alterations, additions, etc., to our constitution that the past has demonstrated necessary. One very important object will be the correcting and printing of our constitution. No doubt but that you can see the propriety of having it printed, and that, too, in a neat and elegant form. I also suggest the propriety of having printed blank charters, power of legate, blank petitions, etc. And then when we wish to establish a chapter at any college, and when we have a wish expressed at any college for a chapter, we can forward a blank peti-



tion to the college; it can then be filled up, five signatures procured, and then forwarded to the grand chapter at Canonsburg; then the charter can be filled up and forwarded to the college with a copy of the printed constitution and the commission or power of legate can then be sent to some old member and authorize him to organize the chapter. Or else the charter, constitution, commission of legate can all be forwarded to the person appointed legate. For my part I prefer the latter plan, for then there will be no danger, as the constitution will be in safe hands, *viz.*: some old member, as they are always appointed legate. Bro. Sam B. Wilson suggests the expediency of having printed also a "book of forms." I heartily favor the proposition. In this book we could have the form of organizing new chapters, installing officers, initiating members, form of chapters, form of minutes, etc. And by furnishing a copy to the II of each chapter there would be more system, form and unity among the several chapters. New chapters and new officers would then feel no embarrassment, no difficulty in the performance of duties, etc.

Bro. Wilson also suggested the necessity of establishing degrees, so that no member could possess a pin until the evening before he graduates, and that then it must be decided by ballot whether he is worthy to become a "Delta" in the full meaning of the term. I think this would have a very beneficial influence in stimulating the members to the fulfilling of their vows and the performing of all their duties. I would humbly suggest the propriety of an article admitting old graduates or alumni of respectable colleges. One reason is that by this we could get in some good members, and, if we should ever think proper, we could invite some of them to come and address us. But the other reason, and I think it a very important one, is this — you are fully aware that the opinion about Canonsburg is the order was founded by McCarty, and that it was founded in 1848, and, of course, they think it is but a temporary and local affair. Well, I think by introduc-



TOMBSTONE OF ELLIS B. GREGG



ing the clause referred to we could dispel the idea — for if Arnold Clark, T. H. Wilson, etc., would happen to see some one at commencement wearing a pin who had graduated ten or fifteen years ago, they would certainly think that they had been mightily *drawn*. About the time and place of our proposed meeting, I have nothing to say, but prefer leaving it to you and others to determine. If you should think fit to answer this, please state time and place that would suit you and give me your opinions fully and unreserved upon all the points touched at, and, in conclusion, I have the pleasure of subscribing myself yours in

Mystic Brotherhood

E. B. GREGG, Washington, Pa.

To James Elliott.

WASHINGTON, PA., JANUARY 1, 1850.

To Thomas W. B. Crews.

DEAR TOM:

When I returned here I found awaiting in the P. O. a letter from our old and mutual friend, "Sam B." Wilson. A great part if not all the letter was taken up with the consideration of those which we three were conversing about when you and "Sam B." were with me. The following is the substance of his letter: "It seems that the Deltas have received a petition requesting a charter for the establishment of a chapter at the University of Tennessee. It is certainly a great pity that our contemplated improvement, particularly the printing of the constitution, could not be effected before complying with petition. But, of course, the thing is impossible." He says that he has received letters from Crofts and Elliott and that both are strongly in favor of the proposed meeting. The time he suggests is about the time that Elliott returns from Maryland next spring. For my own part I think that that time will suit better than any other, so if that time is agreed upon you will at once see the propriety and necessity of at once raising the necessary funds for defraying the expenses of printing, etc. I desire that the matter be first brought

before your chapter rather than here. Do so immediately and inform our  $\Gamma$  by letter and we will bring the matter before this chapter. I hope that you will see the necessity of immediate action as "Sam B." is utterly opposed to me until a sufficient sum is raised for all necessary purposes. "Sam B." also suggests several important additions, etc., but of this hereafter. In great hopes that you will speedily attend to this matter, I remain with respect,

Your brother

GREGG.

Remember me to Spencer.

To T. W. B. Crews, Canonsburg.

WASHINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY 17th, '50.

T. W. B. Crews, Esq.:

DEAR SIR — I crave a thousand pardons for not writing to you much sooner, but, believe me, circumstances beyond my possible control, together with a "want of time" have compelled me to defer, or, I might say, forbid my writing to you sooner. Want of time you may think is a new word in my dictionary. Well, as to that matter, I acknowledge the corn. But the truth of the matter is that we have some meeting, gathering or something of the kind every evening in the week, and as I put in all the time from 8 A.M. till 5 P.M. in the office, attend preaching one night out of the seven, dancing school four nights in a week, institute lecture one night, law lyceum one night, which make, I believe, the seven; and then we have the meetings of the sewing society, missionary society, singing society, social prayer meetings, etc., for variety sake. So, judging from the above programme, you must certainly see that my time is very nearly all taken up, and if I should (as I have in this case) be rather slow in replying to your letters, I hope that you will attribute my apparent neglect to the right cause. In your last letter (enclosing \$15) you intimate that S. T. Campbell has not been initiated into the order yet, but you give no reason why he is not. Was it his fault or the society's wish that he should not be received. In your next be so kind as to give the particulars of the affair and also the present

It

There is nothing so happy to the mind as  
 to reminiscences of bygone days, nothing  
 that tends so much to divert us of  
 selfishness, and harmonize the feelings,  
 And if our life has been chequered  
 And eventful, with what pleasure  
 do we contemplate the little sunny  
 spots that here and there present  
 themselves on the map of our pilgrimage  
 - interspersed as they are, among barren heaths,  
 gloomy forests, bleak & dreary precipices  
 gurgling & quicksands, while the  
 dangers imaginary or real appear mitigated  
 by the lapse of time - And as we  
 recall to our imagination the groundless  
 fears of youth & over-optimism, we smile  
 at our juvenile follies and feel a  
 mental dignity at being enabled to  
 fortify our minds against the indulgence  
 of such apprehensions as were wont to  
 annoy us and throw so much alloy among  
 our pleasures - But there are shades on this  
 map of life that time itself cannot materially  
 alter - They are afflictions that affect the mind  
 - unrequited love, death of relatives, mourning  
 & perfidiousness on friends - These they are  
 Not time, nor change of scene or circumstance  
 can efface them from the memory

that heavy and gross beam made to the land  
 Mountain Chasman, that happy the land  
 of dust - "the young, the aged and the  
 old that he is destined to die and to know  
 of them as we have to that is no longer, from  
 W. A. April 16th





conditions and future prospects of the "Delta Association" at Jefferson College. Since my "last" to you I have received letters from Ray, Sam B. Wilson and Jim Elliott, the one from the latter person is a singular affair; indeed, I hope that I will not forget to show it to you when you come over. The one from Sam B. Wilson was principally concerning the proposed change of the constitution. Old Ben has left Glasgow and is at Hazel Green. This is certainly an age of progress as well as of improvement. Behold, for instance, three "secret societies" at Washington College. Not many developments yet made; at a future period I will give both what I know and what may hereafter be brought to light.

Allow me to say that the Deltas have made a "march" on them — we have now twelve or fifteen first rate fellows. I hope that the committee at Somerset will hurry up the revision so that we can make our arrangements about the establishment of many more divisions, or, as I should say, chapters. I have many questions to ask you. Such as: How is the chapter in Tennessee progressing? Who is the Franklin select? What are our prospects for contest? etc. But postponing any more, as I expect to see you soon for, if I understand you right, you are to come over to court, which commences on to-morrow. I have no doubt but that you will be well paid for your time and money. There will be seven important cases up — one for murder, one for manslaughter, fornication, rape, etc. But expecting to see you soon I will close for the present, but remain as ever, Your sincere friend and brother "Delta,"  
E. B. GREGG.

To T. W. B. Crews, Canonsburg.

N. B.—Give my respects to Bro. Spencer. Please hand the written note to Mr. Patrick. You can read it, and if he don't come you can bring or send the articles.

In Gregg's letter of October 25, 1849, written to Crews, reference is made to the style of having a chain attached to the pin. This chain arrangement can be

seen in the portrait of Crews. It has been only a few years since the use of attaching a chain to the pin was abandoned. The custom up to about 1898 was to have a chain from the pin attached to a stick pin showing the Greek letter or letters of the chapter to which the wearer belonged.

## CHAPTER VI

### DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS

**I**N 1810 John Crofts left his birthplace in Manchester, England, to emigrate to America as a youth of eighteen. Eleven years later he married Jane Stevenson, a girl of Irish parentage from County Antrim—the native place of McCarty's maternal grandparents. Of their ten children, the fourth was named after the greatest statesman of the time, Daniel Webster Crofts. He was born in Columbiana County on December 3, 1828, a date which the Crofts family Bible corroborates.

At this early date Ohio was of the forest primeval, and the daily life of a family of ten children on a frontier claim is quite beyond our comprehension today. Daniel was reared like other backwoods boys; it was early seen that he was not of a rugged constitution, and so it was decided that he should be given an education and not subjected to the outdoor hardships of a farm life. He was sent to a private school kept by a Mr. Holmes in New Lisbon, and then to a high school or academy at West Point, Ohio, where he succeeded in obtaining sufficient preparation to enter the freshman class of Jefferson College in 1844 before he was sixteen years of age. The general catalogue of Jefferson College states that Crofts was a student at the West Point Military Academy, an error, as will be seen by Crofts' letter to Elliott of May 29, 1848.

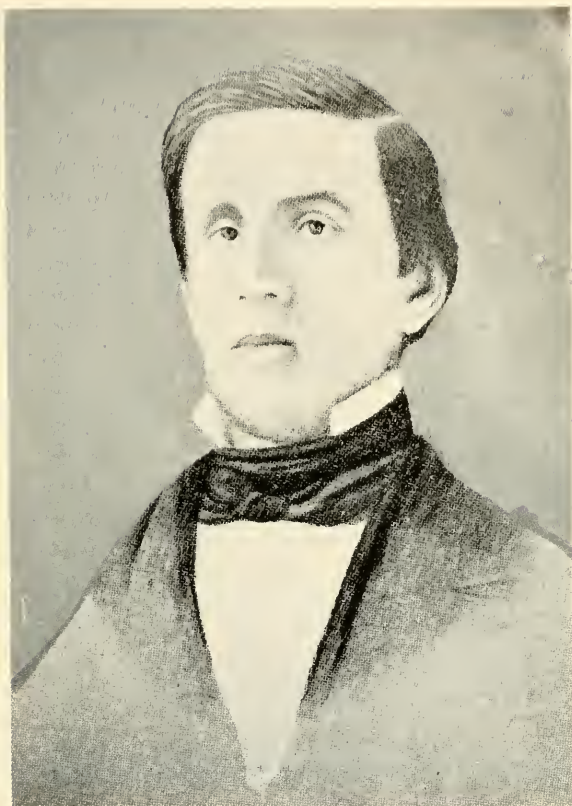
The appearance of Crofts is given by a classmate,

Rev. William Y. Brown, D.D., as tall and slender, with a pale, sallow face. Dr. Brown remembered that he was a good student, kind to his friends, and a good hater of those whom he disliked.

Wallace McCook Cunningham, Roanoke '02, who spent several months in the country around New Lisbon in railroad engineering, has been much interested and very energetic in obtaining all possible information, and gave me in 1908 the following most interesting picture of the community in which Crofts was reared:

I spent four Sundays in the country expressly for the purpose of learning any facts that might aid you, but can give you scarcely anything definite. It is absolutely baffling. The oldest people in the general neighborhood — including a radius of some miles — or in Lisbon can give but little information. They, as a rule, were younger than Crofts, and those in the country saw scarcely anything of him after he entered college, yet the glimpses thus gained were interesting, for, vague as they were, they confirmed the information sent to you in regard to the intellectual ability, high ideals and standards of Bro. Crofts. The only new ones sufficiently definite to quote were those of the Honorable Wilson Smith and his wife, who live within a few miles of the "old Crofts farm." This was a special pleasure to me, as a year ago this winter I was practically a member of their family for several months, while buying right-of-way for the Youngstown and Ohio Railroad, and found them to be of the very highest standards socially and otherwise, people upon whose opinion and judgment I would place absolute reliance. Incidentally, I may add that they are the grandparents of Wilson S. Chamberlain, of our Wooster chapter.

Mr. Smith remembers "Dan" Crofts, as he seems to have been known, as a young man of slender build, medium height or over, excellent features of an intellectual



*Daniel W Crofts*

1848



cast, rather handsome in fact, dignified but affable in manner, of high ideals and unusual ability. He was well thought of, in demand on all social occasions, and regarded as a young man of ability and one certain to make his mark in the world.

I may add that that section of our country was one of the first sections west of the mountains to be settled and that at that time it was rich and populous and had many strong families of fine social qualities, in fact the life was much like plantation life in many sections of the south. Lack of railroad or trolley communication until the present year naturally caused a slow decline so that now the population is actually less than in Dan Crofts's boyhood, the better families pretty well scattered and the finer life of that earlier day almost forgotten. These changes have rendered the task of learning anything of Dan Crofts's life especially difficult.

When he was graduated it was natural that he should be drawn to New Lisbon, only six miles from his home, and then the largest town in this corner of the state. New Lisbon at that time had already passed the period when it was one of the best towns west of Pittsburgh; but still was a place of some importance and contained more young men and boys who were afterwards to attain greater prominence than any other town of like size in America. The life was quiet, of course. There is very little to record in the life of anyone who lived here then, but I find that in the midst of such a goodly company of strong, able young men he shortly became a recognized leader in social and musical circles, and as he was quietly applying himself to the study of law and preparing himself for a future that was not to be his, he was regarded as a young man of marked promise, of fine intellectual ability and high character, and, in short, gave to all the impression that was entirely to his credit as a student, a gentleman, and a member of Phi Gamma Delta.

In addition to the bar examination and other papers, which I trust you received, and the brief testimony of



Mr. Joseph Bennett, of Lisbon, and of the late Kersey Hanna, of Cleveland and Lisbon, agreeing in substance with that of Honorable Wilson Smith, I can give scarcely anything definite. Everything else was like the greater part of the testimony of the country people, merely fragmentary, confirming but not increasing the more definite accounts, except that Mrs. Wilson Smith remembers as a girl considerably younger than Crofts, of hearing a great deal of him during a visit to New Lisbon and has a particularly strong recollection of how well some of the girls of the best families thought of him and of several visits that a number of them afterwards made to see him at his home on the "old Crofts farm" by Rock Camp Run, about six miles south of New Lisbon, where he was ill there shortly before his departure for the south.

There are no traces of the old Crofts house left except a part of the foundation, one old broken tree that was in the yard, and an unused well. It was on the main Lisbon-Liverpool road (Lisbon it was then, though, and East Liverpool had scarcely been settled) which at that point wound close along the precipitous, wild and beautiful gorge-like valley of Rock Camp Run, on a large and excellent farm, but in part quite broken and of an unusual sort of irregular beauty for even our irregular section. There are no old photographs of the place, and I do not believe that any taken now would be of service. In fact I have described the place in the past tense, as within the last twelve months our railroad construction work has radically changed the appearance of things thereabouts.

The Elliott letters disclose the fact that the faculty of Jefferson College and Daniel Webster Crofts were not on very cordial terms during Crofts' senior year, but do not indicate just what the trouble was. It will be noted from these letters that Crofts declared that he would refuse to accept his diploma from Jefferson. The fact remains, however, that Crofts' name was printed on the commencement program in 1848, and is registered to-

day in the general catalogue of Washington and Jefferson College as a member of the Jefferson class of 1848. It will also be noted from the letters of Crofts, the extreme bitterness which he had toward the faculty of Jefferson College. Immediately after leaving Canonsburg, he entered upon the career of a teacher.

While teaching he proceeded to study law under Judge Vance of New Lisbon, Ohio. There has been obtained for the fraternity archives the document appointing Daniel W. Crofts to the office of notary public in and for Columbiana County, Ohio. It is dated July 11, 1849, and is signed by the governor of the state—Seabury Ford. The oath to discharge the duties of the appointment is in writing and is signed, "Dan'l W. Crofts." Crofts pursued his law duties and was admitted to practice on October 11, 1850, in the twenty-first year of his age. The document authorizing him to practice as an "Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery in the Several Courts of Record of Ohio," has also been acquired for the archives. The examination for admittance was before the superior court in and for the county of Jefferson at Steubenville. Elliott was also admitted to the bar at Steubenville, but not until January, 1852, over one year after Crofts was admitted.

Just about the time Crofts was admitted to the bar, he was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in the New Lisbon Lodge, F. & A. M. He was the last one of the founders to take Masonic degrees, having been too young when in Jefferson College.

Poor Crofts seems to have lived in perpetual torment under the shadow of the Great White Plague which drove him on that long, lonely journey to Clinton,

Louisiana, in the fall of '51 in quest of recuperation, and laid its fatal finger on him the 9th of January, 1852.

I corresponded with Masons and court clerks in Clinton which resulted in the finding of the following interesting court record:

To the Honorable the Judge of the Seventh District Court, holding sessions of the same in and for the Parish of East Feliciana and State of Louisiana:

The petition of Robert C. Carman, of said Parish and State respectfully represents, that Daniel W. Crofts, Esq., has lately departed this life at the hotel kept by petitioner, in the town of Clinton in said Parish, that there are some effects belonging to said deceased, which ought to be inventoried.

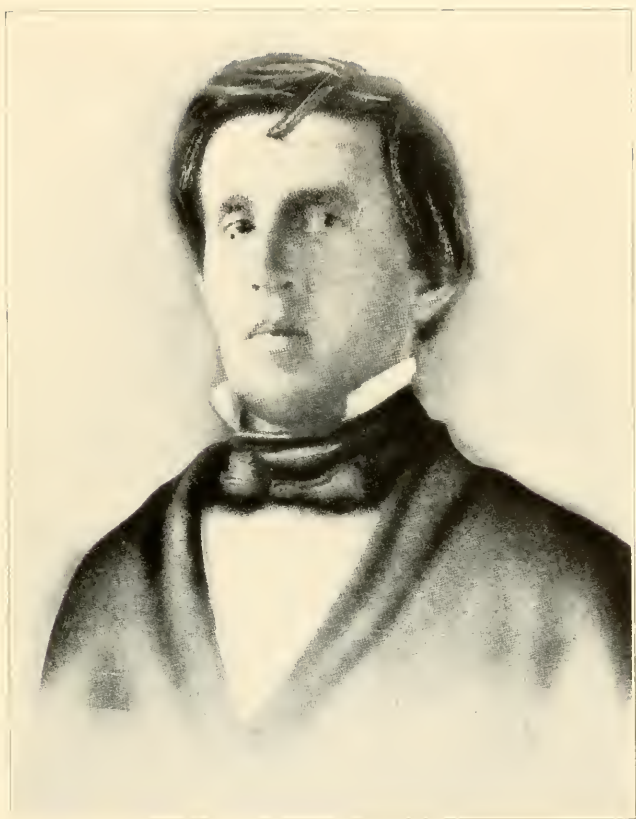
Petitioner further represents that he does not suppose that said effects would justify anyone in taking out letters of administration. Petitioner further represents that he has a privilege upon said effects.

Wherefore petitioner prays that an inventory be ordered, that the clerk of your Honorable Court administer said succession without the trouble or expense of a formal administration, that the effects of said succession be sold according to law for general relief.

By E. T. MERRICK, Attorney for Petitioner.

The following inventory was accordingly made of Dan Crofts' worldly effects:

One trunk, estimated at three dollars and fifty cents	\$3.50
Thirty-one books, estimated at twelve dollars and fifty cents	12.50
One portfolio, estimated at fifty cents	.50
Four pairs pantaloons, estimated at eight dollars	8.00
Five coats, estimated at fifteen dollars	15.00
Four vests, estimated at six dollars	6.00
Seven shirts, estimated at three dollars	3.00
Shaving utensils, estimated at one dollar	1.00
One hat, estimated at one dollar	1.00



DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS  
Copied and enlarged from a daguerreotype taken in 1850



Lot socks, undershirts, etc., at two dollars and fifty cents	2.50
Lot boots and shoes, estimated at fifty cents	.50
Carpet bag, at one dollar	1.00
One breast pin, at one dollar and fifty cents	1.50
	<hr/>
	\$56.00

And so it was that the Phi Gamma Delta pin bore its part in defraying the burial expenses of one of the founders.

For a long time, patient search failed to reveal his grave. The task of finding it seemed almost hopeless, for no record of burials had been kept in Clinton. As a last resort, I put the meagre facts in my possession at the disposal of the Sullivan brothers, Robert W. of Denison and Charles of the University of Chicago, who spent the summer of 1909 in Louisiana. The results of their efforts while almost purely circumstantial are to me most positive. I give Robert Sullivan's report in full:

Our telegram of this morning gave you the news of our discovery. The grave of Daniel Webster Crofts, unknown and unhonored for fifty-seven years, was found yesterday, the fourteenth day of February, by the Sullivan brothers, without question.

Both Judge Kilbourne and the Rev. Lewis, when we first saw them yesterday, said that there was absolutely no chance of finding the grave. There are no cemetery records, no undertakers' records, no health records, no court records, which could in any way throw the light on Crofts's final resting place, and the oldest inhabitant has no recollection of the burial.

Charles and I then went to the cemetery and made a careful search which resulted in the discovery.

You will remember that Crofts died on the ninth of January, 1852, in a hotel kept by Robert C. Carman. In

the cemetery near the entrance is a little mound, at the head of which is an old weather-beaten stone with this inscription:

Hannah Louisa  
daughter of  
R. C. and E. M. Carman,  
born, Feb. 28, 1850  
died, May 27, 1852.

And can it be that human mould  
Is but the dust it seems

Just a few feet from this is another stone much larger  
and still well-preserved. It reads:

Robert Clark Carman  
born in Delhi, Delaware Co., N. Y.,  
Nov. 10, 1819.

Departed this life, Nov. 21, 1855

Aged 36 years, 11 days

O weep not my wife, no longer repine,  
For in beauty transcendent your husband doth shine.  
But dry up your tears and prepare soon to come,  
To join in the praise of the Father and Son.

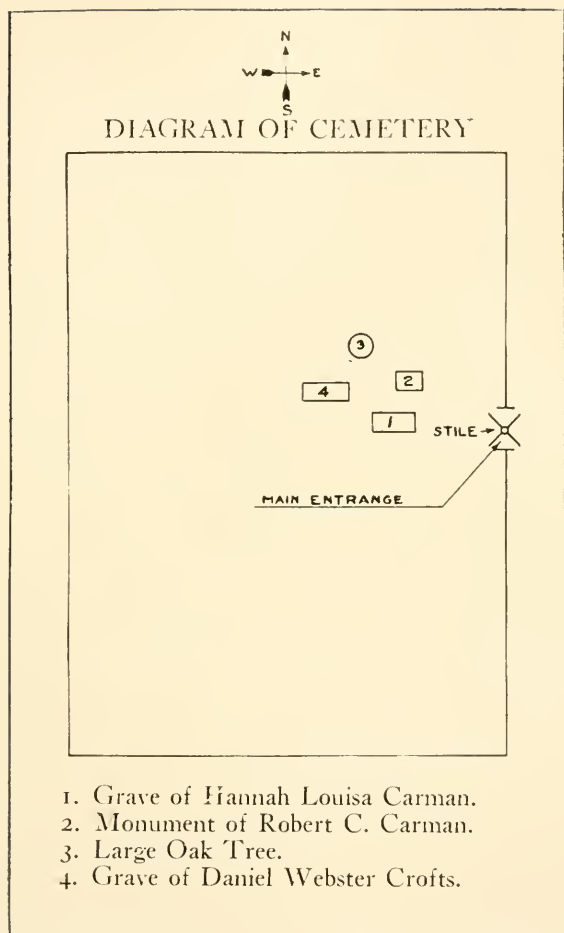
On the opposite side of the stone is engraved:

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the  
end of that man is peace."

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hours  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree nor flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away.

Now within ten feet of this monument (see the map) there is a moss-covered pile of brick about three feet wide and six feet long similar to other piles of brick in the cemetery which mark graves. There is no stone at this grave, but its position marks it as a part of the Carman burial site. The position of this grave, its unknown identity, the character of Carman, the hotel keeper "perfect and upright," together with other inferential evidence forced us to the conclusion that this was indeed the final resting-place of Daniel Webster Crofts. Is it not





MAP OF CEMETERY, CLINTON, LA.  
Drawn by R. W. Sullivan, Denison



a reasonable conclusion that Robert Carman becoming attached to Crofts, his sickly guest, recently come from so near his own birthplace and with but few years difference in age, buried him on his own lot?

In order to establish myself in this conclusion I went to see General Packwood, the oldest living inhabitant of Clinton — except his wife, who is two years older. General Packwood, it should be said, is not only the oldest living inhabitant with the exception noted, he is a veteran of the Civil War, a past-commander of the Confederate Veterans, past-master of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, F. & A. M., and mayor of Clinton. Neither the general nor his wife could establish the identity of the brick-covered grave, and both of them, it seems, have attended every funeral in and around Clinton for the past fifty years. After we had explained the circumstances of the case, they seemed to remember that Carman had buried a guest who had died in his hotel on his own lot, and agreed that the grave must be that of Crofts.

There are no members of the Carman family left in Clinton. Years ago, Robert, junior, went to Texas, and has never been heard from. The old Carman hotel burned down a year ago, and nothing is left but ashes. The enclosed cards show the old Clinton court house and Masonic Temple, two of the buildings which Crofts must have seen. You will also find enclosed a little flower plucked for you from the grave of Daniel Webster Crofts.

Fraternally yours,

ROBERT W. SULLIVAN.

The report of the Sullivans was sent to John Crofts, of East Liverpool, who, out of the dim recollections of the past, remembered that it was the Carmans who were responsible for the burial of his brother. There seemed, therefore, to be no doubt or question but that the final resting place of Crofts had been found.

And so the last of the six graves of our founders was

marked by a stone of Barrie granite shipped to Clinton with the inscription from the pen of Newton D. Baker:

DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS

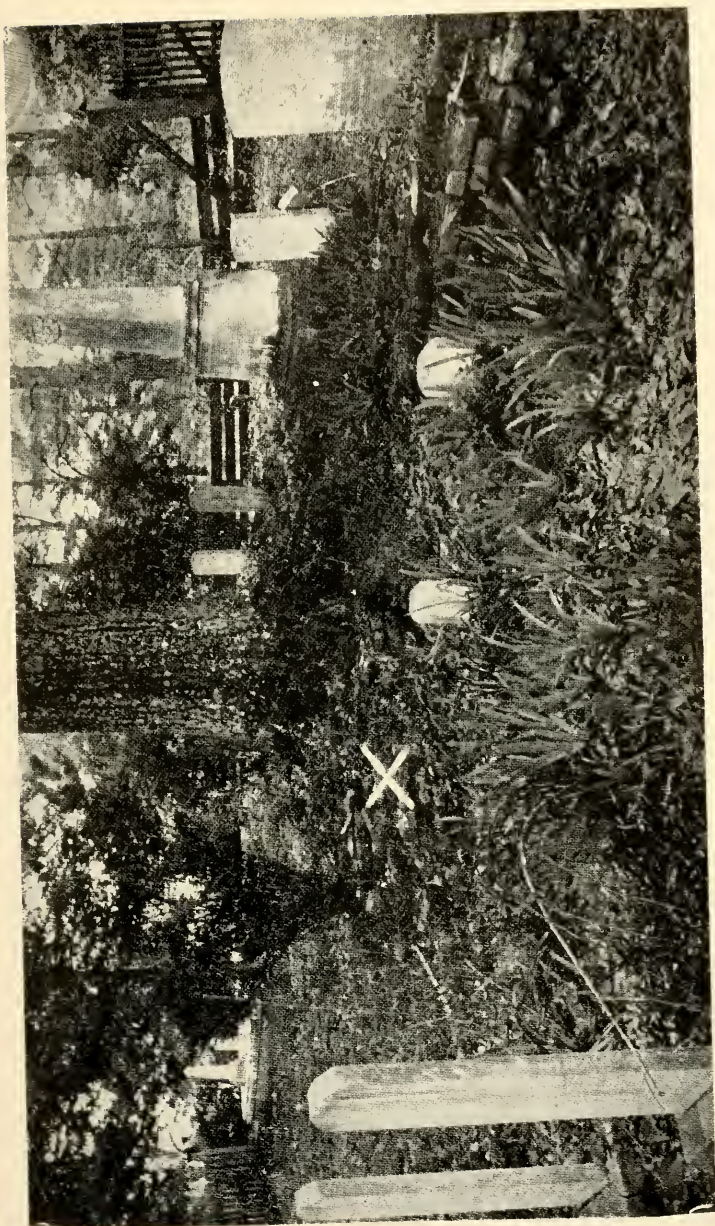
Born December 2, 1828  
in Columbiana County, Ohio  
Died January 3, 1852

The College Fraternity of  
PHI GAMMA DELTA  
of which he was a founder  
cherishes his memory and  
testifies its gratitude for  
his love and service by the  
erection of this stone.

The golden cord which bound the founders was broken by the death of Daniel Webster Crofts. He died on January 9, 1852, aged twenty-three years, one month and six days. Ellis Bailey Gregg died December 18, 1854, aged twenty-seven years, four months, and one day. John Templeton McCarty died on February 4, 1860, aged thirty-one years, six months and twenty-four days. Naaman Fletcher died on December 20, 1864, aged forty years, nine months, and twenty-three days. James Elliott died on November 10, 1883, aged fifty-eight years, eleven months, and four days. Samuel Beatty Wilson died on January 17, 1889, aged sixty-four years, ten months, and twenty-eight days.

The life of Daniel Webster Crofts was a spring-time full of promise and preparation, a summer of happiness and hope, an autumn of sorrow and sadness, and a winter of despair and death.

After the death of Ellis Bailey Gregg, one of the "Immortal Six," a paper was found in his desk in Peoria, Illinois, upon which he had inscribed some lines dated



GRAVE OF DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS BEFORE STONE WAS PLACED BY THE FRATERNITY





April 16, 1852. Is it possible that Gregg upon the receipt of the news of the death of Daniel Webster Crofts could have written these lines?

Man is heir to what? To sorrow, pain  
And death. He is destined to die and to return  
To dust. The young, the aged and the  
Beautiful maiden, death nips in the bud,  
And beauty and grace become wedded to the tomb.

Of equal intensity with his bitterness toward Jefferson's faculty appears to have been Crofts' love for Elliott and his interest in the welfare of the "Delta Association." His letters abound in biting irony and picturesque epithets.

#### LETTERS OF DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS

WEST POINT, MAY 29th, A. D. 1848.

James Elliott, Jr., Mount Pleasant, Ohio:

DEAR FRIEND JAMES — Do not understand me to say I am in West Point Military School — it is West Point, Ohio, Columbiana county. I left you and Ellis at Pittsburg. I have been getting along finely — went immediately to New Lisbon after I got home — spent about a week there — had a very pleasant time of it — saw all my acquaintances in that place, and found I had still some strong friends there. Am now rusticating about six miles from New Lisbon — a very pleasant country. Saw William G. March the next day after I left you, told him how commencement had been distributed (to use an awkward phrase), and, I can assure you, William was a little got. Well, James, the "die is cast," and "Rubicon is passed," and I have come to the conclusion that I can get through this world without a diploma from Jefferson College. I expect to teach in New Lisbon this summer. I can raise plenty of scholars, I think, to justify me, the only thing I fear is the government of the school. Every boy in the town knows me full well. I shall be in town



in a day or so to get circulars printed in the meantime. I have the most popular lawyer in the place electioneering for me, also Dr. George McCook is doing all he can for me. I think there will not be much difficulty in raising a good school, and I flatter myself I can do more in that line than almost any other person. But I must tell you a little circumstance that the faculty of Jefferson College did. Before I left Canonsburg, *alias* Sodom, I told old Williams that I expected to teach in New Lisbon this summer. Well, in order to try to disappoint me they have written on to Dr. George McCook to see if they could not raise a school for Jacob Winters, but McCook sent them back poor encouragement, I can assure you, and is now using all his influence for me. Now this you would perhaps consider a little mean, contemptible, and despicable; so do I; yet when I consider the men by whom it was perpetrated, I could expect nothing better. You might as well expect the waters of the Mississippi to flow backward in their channel, as to see anything good come from such despicable knaves, as well as fools, as they are. But, however I disregard them, I stand firmly supported in the consciousness of my own rectitude. And all their poisoned arrows hurled at my innocent head will come far short of the mark. "I curse the bond of blood by which they are united," may defeat and disappointment blast their every hope, and may their brightest anticipations never be realized. You have my prayer for Jefferson College. I wonder how the "Delta Association" is getting along. I hope she is still prospering and flourishing as well as before we left. I hope she will ever prosper until she far excels the Beta Society in intellect and moral-worth as America now does the other nations of the globe, in the development of free principles. Then will the glorious object of its founders be accomplished. And then our anticipations will no longer be inane dreams, but stern realities. You have my prayer for the Delta Society. But I must let you know my future prospects, inasmuch as I confide in you as much as any brother I have. I am going to

study law in New Lisbon under Joseph E. Vance. I expect to teach and read as much as I can at the same time, and he has assured me that after I am through reading with him he will take me into partnership, and give me one-third of all the profits of the office. He has an excellent practice, and it is increasing very fast. This is a good offer to make at first I think, however, I am as well acquainted with him as I am with you, and he would not make such an offer were it not that he is acquainted with me. Well, James, I am getting lazy. You will, therefore, have to excuse me. You know, as well as I, that it is hard on the flesh to write a letter when the temperature is 100° Fah. I shall be at commencement for anything that I know of yet, but you must not be disappointed should I not be there. Something may take place that will render it impossible for me to be there. If I am not there I am not going to act Quay with you. Your friend

D. W. CROFTS.

James Elliott.

P. S.— I wish you would write to me before commencement, once at least.

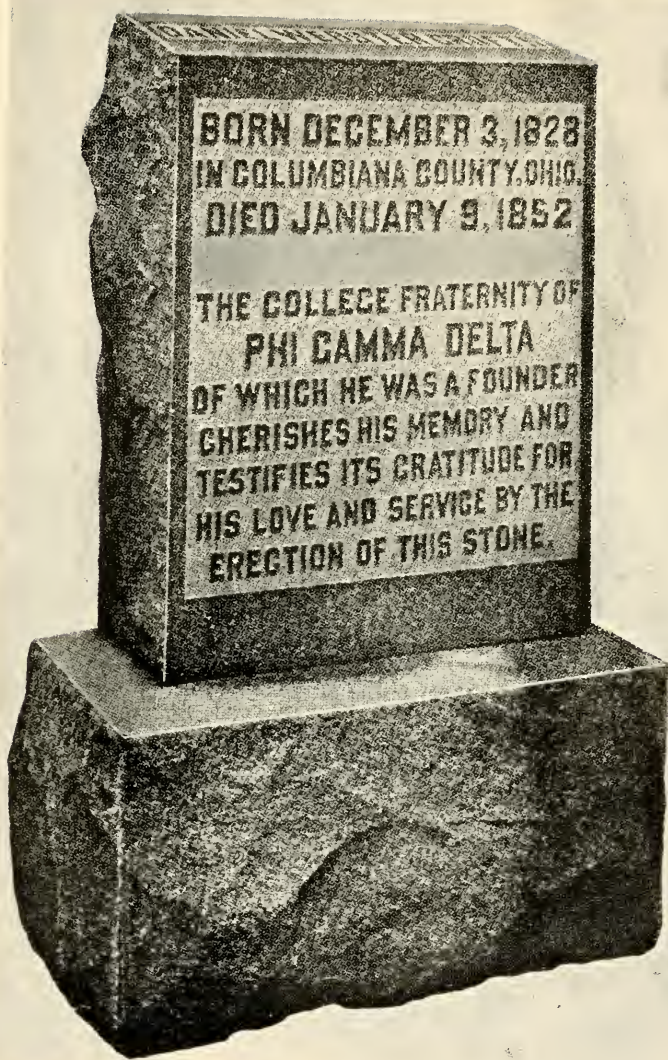
NEW LISBON, JULY 3, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND JAMES:

Your favor came duly to hand, and I am very happy to hear from you and the Deltas in general. I can not express to you in words the happiness I feel in hearing of the success of that noble association. Yet in days that are to come it will be said that J. T. McCarty, S. B. Wilson, N. Fletcher, E. B. Gregg, James Elliott and D. W. Crofts were its founders. Oh! what a noble band they now constitute—there is Fletcher, Pershing, Ray, Barrett, Woodrow, T. B. Wilson, Mathers, the flower of Jeff. Coll. Where is Betaism? It is gone, and not a vestige remains to point out where the proud fabric once stood. Well James, I am writing this letter after dinner upon Sunday. I have regaled myself with a few of those vegetables called onions. I feel somewhat disposed to go asleep, as you know they frequently "*somnum suadebunt*

*inire*," but to come to the point, I "opine" that the days of Jeff. Coll. are numbered, that she is bound to go down, and this opinion, I think, is not unfounded; the report has gone forth to the world that the institution is on the decline, and when such an opinion prevails, her doom is sealed. God speed the day is my fervent prayer. I will tell you what *I* think of Jeff. Coll., it is absolutely beneath the dignity of any one even to mention her name. I consider it so perfectly insignificant that I never shall stoop so low as to take a diploma. From the success of the Deltas I think ere long, that in every land and every clime, we can grasp the hand of a brother, a kindred spirit. May the time soon arrive when they will be spread all over the earth. Then will our bright anticipations no longer be inane dreams but stern realities. I expect to pay Canonsburg a short visit about the last of September, 1848, and if you can so arrange it, I would be very happy to see you there at the same time.

In regard to the prospects of my school, I think they are very flattering. I have ten classical scholars now, tomorrow morning I will receive some of the fair sex, perhaps six or seven, and in the course of a week or so, I will have some six or seven males more. It is my firm conviction that the school in this place can be made worth \$600.00 in a short time. In the fall I will have about fifteen classical scholars, you need not think many of them will be sent to Jeff. Coll. I have taken some pains to injure the college in old Columbiana county, and I find the prevailing opinion is that the Coll. is going down, the administration of A. B. Brown is looked upon as a bore. They will find hereafter, that this county will not be so strongly represented. I know not for what reason, but it appears very evident to me that some of the Deltas are not as strong friends of mine as they pretended to be whilst I was at Coll. Since I left there, *you* are the only one I have heard from, I know not what reason to assign for it except that they wish to cut my acquaintance. If such be the case, I must say I have been grossly deceived



THE TOMBSTONE OF DANIEL WEBSTER CROFTS





in some men there. I wrote to J. T. McCarty during senior vacation, not a syllable have I received from him. They certainly know my address. They have some excuse for not writing, but if they are ever going to, it is about time I was hearing from them. The old man and I had a little quarrel since I left Coll., and he has cut my acquaintance. So that I am cast entirely upon my own resources, without paternal or maternal care. But I trust in God that I will be able to outride the storm, and land securely in the destined port. I hope that in a short time the dark clouds which now overhang me will disperse, and the bright sun burst forth to illumine my pathway.

New Lisbon is a very pleasant place, it is somewhat of a city compared with old Canonsburg; upon the whole, however, I think it is rather aristocratic. Society has about four grades here, the first comprises those in affluent circumstances (and by the way, they are not very intellectual); the second is one degree below the first; third, one degree below the second one, and the fourth is the rabble. It is connected with the Ohio river by the Sandy and Beaver canal (which also goes on to the Ohio canal and intersects it at Bolivar), upon which there is a daily packet. Well Taylor has got the nomination. So the world goes. Merit has little, if anything, to do with a man. It is rather a bitter pill for some of the enlightened Whigs to swallow. I think there are seventy or eighty Whigs in this county who will not vote for him. As soon as I possibly can, I shall forward you that borrowed money, and can assure you, if I ever find you in similar circumstances, that I shall return the compliment.

Your friend,

D. W. CROFTS.

P. S.—Write soon and let me know how you do. "Peace be with you." "*Vale.*" "*Vale.*"

*O Facultas Jeffersoniensis Collegii. "Procul, O Procul este, profani."*

Should you correspond with any of my old friends give

them my best wishes for their success, together with my address, and tell them to write soon and often.

NEW LISBON, OHIO, SEPT. 18, 1848.

James Elliott, Esq., Mount Pleasant, Ohio:

BROTHER JAMES — Your very interesting and mysterious letter of the 11th inst. has been received. You can hardly conceive my surprise, whilst looking upon the back, knowing your hand, and there Mount Pleasant stamped in bold relief; however, upon opening it the mystery was solved — “The Rubicon is passed and Rome was free no more.” I think I can appreciate the farce. Mc was so anxious to have you in Brookville, that he never took into consideration the fact that the pedagogue must have pupils, and that a man can’t live on air. However, impute it all to the man’s unhappy temperament, and I was going to say, judgment. I am certain there is no deception about him, he is as you all do know, a plain, blunt man. A better soul never lived, but he overlooked several items when he wrote on for you. I suppose you are pretty well satisfied with Brookville. “Man never is but always to be blessed.” God grant that you may speedily find a situation corresponding to your abilities. *Tabula Rasa, Jr.*, was in New Lisbon about four weeks ago, and called to see me in my school rooms. All I can say upon that score is that he did not meet with a very warm reception. Oh! had it not been that some scholars were present, it would have done the inmost recesses of my soul good to have read him his pedigree; now just conceive, after a man has treated me in the manner in which he did, and then want me to send my scholars to Jefferson. Yes, I would if it were not for one little thing, but he also took the liberty of saying a few things about my private character, which no one but a d——d spirit of Pluto’s regions would have uttered. But enough on this score. Were you a son of Temperance and wanted to edit that kind of a paper there is a good opening here; the present concern, called the *Ocean Wave*, is about to fall through, and God grant that it may, for



there has been nothing original in it from the editor since it started. The fellow has not brains enough to edit a paper, he can't write a bit. He has no press, his type and everything else can be had for about \$130; with a capital of \$300, a fellow could do well here that would attend to his business. He has about 400 subscribers, and God knows his paper has never been fit for anything. Besides this fellow is a complete knave. I gave him \$3.00 to attend to a little business for me in Pittsburgh, he appropriated it, and has never said anything about it. My present quarter is out now; I expect to commence shortly again under auspicious omens; probably about the first of October. I am going to commence reading law there too. I expect I can read about four hours per day. Well, a word about politics, James Mason is my man. We want to send a man to congress who can make a speech. We want this dark section of the country to send one man to Washington who can make a speech, we want to send a man there who will advocate the tariff of '42, and who will go for the Wilmot Proviso. If we can do this, I am satisfied, but I fear the result, when I think of the Lop Ears. Another reason why I am afraid is, that Cable is very trifling insignificant. I mean and you know this is almost certain to insure him success. If you want to go to Congress, for God's sake steal a sheep, you will be certain to go then. In regard to the New Yorkers bringing out Henry Clay, all I have to say is, that I will be with them, if he accepts, but I don't think he will do that, he has gone home to his constituents in Kentucky to give his bones to her congenial and grateful soil, and to commit his spirit a rich boon, to the remembrance of her patriotic sons. As regards Taylor, it is stooping pretty low for a Whig to support him, after his Lippard letter and some others of the same import. We want a Whig president, we don't want these presidents of the people, they want to be too popular. I believe the man is a perfect fool. I am not satisfied at all with his late movements, as for instance, his saying he is

not the candidate of the Whig party, but the candidate of the people. I thought he was nominated by a Whig convention and that he would consent to be their candidate and that he would likewise consent to be the exponent of their principles, but I think we have been grossly insulted (I mean the people), and trampled upon by that slaughter house convention. Everything that was formerly Whig has been immolated upon the altar of availability. If the cursed fool had let it rest after he had written the Allison letter, it would have been a bitter pill then, however, it might have been gulped by me. I have made one speech for him, and if God forgives a poor erring creature for that one rash inconsiderate act, I promise I shall hereafter never do it again. Neither do I go for Cass, the dust-licking, office-seeking contemptible, change-vacillating knave. Nor do I go for Martin Van Buren. Devils may repent to accomplish their hellish schemes, this is the plan that Matty and the Barnburners have taken to give vent to the malice rankling in their bosoms at the so-called Democratic party, because he did not get the nomination in '40. They may gull fools, free dirt men, etc., but they can't fool me. I judge of what men will do from what they have done. In Martin I see no reformation. Nothing of importance has taken place here. Yes, I would give my "kingdom" to see you. If you can come do so, for God's sake, I am pretty well bored to-day by fellows calling on me, and this will be somewhat of an apology for this miserable scribbling, and composition. The next time I write I will make amends. Wherever you are do not forget to write. \* \* \* my watchword. My motto, \* \* \*. Write soon, Write immediately upon receiving this.

From your brother,

DANIEL W. C.

P. S.—Tomorrow, I expect to go out to raise a few dimes from some of my creditors.

Give my best wishes to all friends and Deltas to whom you write.

Write soon. I have not yet heard from McCarty.

D. W. C.

NEW LISBON, Dec. 7, 1848.

James Elliott, Esq., Mount Pleasant, Ohio:

BROTHER JAMES — Long, long has it been since I received your last welcome letter, and I fear you have ere this time thought your brother had forgotten you. But I flatter myself from my acquaintance with you, that you are a man of very liberal views, and you will therefore know how to appreciate my circumstances; say not my heart has grown callous or lukewarm, for such is far, far from being the fact. I still live, and am a Delta both in soul and body. Various changes have taken place in my earthly pilgrimage since I last wrote to you; then I was professionally engaged in the capacity of pedagogue. Now I am reading law and nothing else. My school when I first commenced was small. From the representation of the citizens, however, I was induced to believe I would have a very large school as well as a profitable one, in the course of time; time flew on, but with it came not the anticipated accession. And I then told them they had held out false inducements to me, and so far as I was concerned, they could find a teacher "whose patience would out-strip Job's" (in the language of the very erudite Elliott). Since then they have not been able, I believe, to secure a teacher and God grant they may never find a man such a fool as to teach for nothing and board himself. I then determined to strike for the Sunny South and seek my fortune among the fever and ague swamps of Mississippi, the Everglades of Florida or the cotton-fields of Texas. My father finding me so very independent and seeing me so very desirous of acquiring a small capital for the purpose of completing my legal studies, kindly intervened and offered to see me through and from this I am saved the disagreeable *bore* of going South, for such I always considered it to be. I remained at home about one month after leaving this place and was continually bored, harassed, troubled and tormented, knowing not what I was about to do or where my bark would land. You will therefore know how to consider

this long neglect. I am now settled and *in futuro* shall be at my post, ever ready to atone for past grievances. Have been but a few days at the study of Blackstone — like it very well — think Blackstone *habet leges*. My other correspondents have been treated about the same way you have been, but I hope to God they will have liberality and philanthropy enough to excuse me, when they find out the true state of affairs. Have not heard from Old Jeff. for some time, but must write and get the current news. Expect *Deo Volente*, to be at next commencement. Very pleasant time here now, dancing school, balls, etc., in full blast, but I cannot participate. You recollect my letter in regard to Taylor; well that was only a sudden ebullition of passion. I am now very well satisfied at his election. Think he will do it up according to the best of his ability — take him to be a clear-headed and sagacious man — have no doubt he will restore the government to the good old days of Washington and Jefferson. So far as I know nothing has been telegraphed to our place from Columbus. See it stated in a Pittsburgh paper of the sixth that no speaker of the Senate was then chosen. Ewing (*Loco*) having received seventeen votes; Whig (don't recollect the name) eighteen votes and one blank. In the House all have been sworn in, including the members from Hamilton, whereupon the Whig members have vacated their seats. Good! Want to see Robespierreism and Dantonism, anarchy and rebellion put down, and it can be done. If they do not organize this winter the Whigs can send up a majority that will send terror to the hearts of the Revolutionists again next winter. Let me know when you go to Wheeling. Something of your prospects. God grant, James, that your situation may be worthy of your merits. If you know of any situation that you think could be had let me know, as I might, probably, take a notion to leave, but I do not think I shall, as my chance for success in law is very good here — expecting to stay and go in partnership with my old preceptor, J. E. Vance, whose practice I suppose is worth

some little over \$2,000. With my best wishes for your success in life, James, I take a fond adieu for the present.

From your brother,

D. W. CROFTS.

P. S.— Be not an imitator of this mean scrawl, but write me a good, long letter; this I have just scribbled off in haste, without any regard to penmanship, punctuation or composition, merely to discharge a duty which I consider imperative, being sleepy, tired, etc., etc. Write soon. Write, write, write.

If you get this letter immediately as I expect you shall, I shall feel highly indignant if you do not answer *eo instanti* Blackstone, McCarty. You know my reasons for not writing sooner to you, and I shall consider you as taking advantage of *Lex Talionis* if you do not write.

NEW LISBON, January 2, 1849.

James Elliott, Esq., Mount Pleasant Ohio:

BROTHER JAMES — Yours of the fifteenth ult. has been received, and I can not disclose to you what pleasure it afforded me to hear from one with whom I have whiled away so many pleasant hours in sweet conversation, and perambulated the accustomed walks of college life. 'Tis sweet to call back the remembrance of the past, re-enact our former exploits, "fight our battle o'er again." Nothing to write about this time. Going it Chapter XVII of *Guardian and Ward*, book first, Blackstone, and also trying Story on *Promissory Notes*, a small whet; hope to be at *Pons Asinorum* as you call John Stiles, in a short time. New Year's day is over, not much fun here, rather dry. I have been out in the country a piece and just returned, lost a night's sleep, do not feel in a good humor for writing, so I'll postpone it for a more convenient season.

Tuesday night, 9 o'clock.

Wednesday night. To begin, Pat Logan and old long-eared Hanna passed through here some time ago, and called to see me. They give a glowing description of the

prospects of Jefferson. They say the college numbers 220 students. White has hung himself; no wonder he committed suicide after having associated himself with that mean, low, contemptible faculty. It would have been more honorable for him, had he associated himself with a band of highway robbers, horsethieves, or pirates. I have no doubt but that his conscience torturing him worse than the stings of ten thousand scorpions, induced him to commit suicide. The only thing to be regretted is that it was not old Harry, or Williams; they would not have been missed much.

Jim, I have been kind of misanthrope, have not entered into holy orders, but have secluded myself almost entirely from the world, study hard, and mingle but little with the busy throng. About going to Wheeling, I can make arrangements to come, provided you can get me a school. I can read here until spring or summer, and teach a year or so and be reading law all the while under my present preceptor. It would not retard my progress very much, and I would be much better off when I am admitted, in a pecuniary point of view. In fact, I think it would be the best plan, for I could take a more thorough course than by reading straight ahead. But more anon. If you see fit you can mention my name as an applicant from long deliberation.

I wrote to Fletcher and Ray sometime ago, but as yet have received no answer. I long to hear from them. Some rascal at college wrote a letter to me and signed Mat Emery's name to it. He thought, perhaps, he was going to bore me, but his anger was rather dull. I have not heard from Mc for a long time, but expect shortly to get an answer. The legislature has at last organized upon Townsend's compromise. I long to hear which of the members from Cincinnati get seats, it all depends how those cursed Freesoilers vote, they hold the balance of power as I understand it. I'm bored to death with fellows in the office, I don't know hardly what I'm writing. I don't like to cut short a letter, even if there should



ination in 186 they may gull fools, free dent men  
De but they can't fool me, I judge of what men will  
do from what they have done, in Martin I see  
no information Nothing of importance has taken  
place here. I could give you nothing that would  
interest about local matters. I should be very  
happy to see you here Yes I would give my  
"Kingdom" to see you If you can come for Gads  
Sata, I am pretty well bound to day by fellow calling  
on me, and this will be somewhat of an apology  
for this miserable scribbling and composition  
The next time I write I will make amends  
Whether you are do not forget to write

My Walab-word My motto P. I. Δ.

Write soon Write immediately upon receiving  
this From your brother

James E Daniel W C  
P. S Tomorrow I expect to go out to  
raise a few dimes from some of my creditors

FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF LETTER OF CROFTS TO ELLIOTT  
September 18, 1848





be nothing worthy of notice, but under the present circumstances I must bid you adieu with my best wishes for your success in future life. I leave you, farewell, farewell

Your friend,

D. W. CROFTS.

James Elliott, Esq.

P. S. — Jim, write soon *Eo Instanti* Blackstone, McCarty.

NEW LISBON, April 8, 1849.

James Elliott, Esq., Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.:

ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER — Your long expected letter has at last been received. Numerous were the surmises of your old friend in relation to your whereabouts. Sometimes the thought would strike me that you had embarked for the sunny plains of California, but again, when I would reflect upon the character of the man, it would occur to me that the glittering of gold could not spread its fascinating veil so as to bewilder your better judgment. No, James, I know you place your mind on higher objects. Gold, I suppose, is quite necessary, but it is not a god. It is not \* \* \*, nor is it \* \* \*. Your judgment is too cool, too deliberate, you weigh circumstances too coolly to be deluded. But the welcome epistle has been received, and I am happy to learn that you are at least located upon the pleasant banks of the Potomac. No doubt a very romantic and pleasant situation. How I should like to sojourn with you for a short period, to take you by the arm as in days of yore, wander over the banks of that delightful river, and view the steamboats gliding over its waters so majestically. But ah, cruel fate has separated two congenial spirits perhaps never more to see each other. The thought makes me feel melancholy. McCarty, I suppose, is now on his way to the gold places of the Sacramento. I have not heard from him for a long, long time; he sent me a paper, however, which mentioned that the company from Brookville were about to start on the first of April, if I remember right; it also stated that John T. McCarty had been elected captain. May prosperity crown his expedition with suc-

cess. May no malady or disease o'ertake him; may his expectations be realized, and may he be permitted once more to return to the land of his fathers, hale and hearty, with gold ample enough to remunerate him for his arduous undertaking, is the heartfelt wish of one who claims to be a friend and brother. Sam B. Wilson is in Darlington, Beaver Co., Pa., teaching in the seminary. He sent me a circular of his exhibition, which is the first I have received from old Sam of any kind. It is my intention to write to him today yet, and shall inform him that you are on the banks of the Potomac. It has been a long time since I heard of old Fletcher or Ray. They sent me a circular of the Franklin exhibit a short time ago, which took place on the twenty-ninth of March. The select orators were Ward, and that noble and magnanimous boy, Crews. Essayists, Burt and Logan, original orators, Perkins and Gilchrist. Debate: "Is error in judgment a proper subject of moral disapprobation." Affirm, Frazer; deny, old Fletcher. But Jim, what shall I say further? My heart is still as warm as formerly; my aspirations are still as high, but I cannot at present give utterance to my feelings. My progress in the study of law is perhaps somewhat tardy. It is my desire to do it well. I read accurately what I do read. I am now going it on Kent's *Commentaries*, which is somewhat of a recreation after reading Blackstone. Since I commenced reading law, I have learned considerable about human nature, which, by the way, is a grand study. I have received an appointment from this honorable court as school examiner for Columbiana county, which is somewhat of a promotion, is it not? Am I not getting up in the world fast? My ideas are rather disconnected and rather few, and what few I have are not worth very much. Upon the whole, I think it would be advisable not to bore you much longer.

I have just returned from church and feel quite exhausted after a long bore of about one hour and a half. Jim, old *Tabula rasa* wants to marry, if you know any

women on the Potomac, who would like to marry, send them on to Canonsburg, as they will stand a good chance. May prosperity attend you in all your efforts as I know they will always be laudable. Go on cheerfully, in the great work which is before you and you will one day be an honor to your constituents. I did not like to accept a place in the cabinet during the present administration. My modesty forbade.

D. W. CROFTS.

James Elliott:

Finally, "Peace be with you always," as well as an easy conscience. Let me hear from you as soon as possible, if not sooner. Adieu. Adieu.

D. W. C.

J. E.:

Let me pay the postage on your letters for a short time, until I settle up that little difference betwixt us, and excuse me for not thinking of this idea before this, as I am naturally obtuse.

D. W. C.

NEW LISBON, August 14, 1849.

James Elliott, Esq., Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.:

BROTHER JAMES — Once more I am with you; ye crags and peaks, I hold to you my hands to let you know I still am free. I am to write, yes, must write, but what shall I write about? Believe me, I have not had an idea for six weeks. What shall I say? If I should chance to give birth to an idea, I would be so surprised at myself that undoubtedly a physician would be sent for. When old Orr used to sit up on the rostrum in the prayer hall and smile with one of his wonted, idiotic smiles, McCarty used to say that he had an idea, but that was all a foul and malicious slander, he never had an idea, if he should ever get one, he would undoubtedly think he was *enciente*. But Orr is a good old man, and must not be slandered, he is the best friend I had among the faculty. No man can slander me with apparent honesty, and say I have had an idea for the six weeks past.

Jim, I am sick and have been so for five or six weeks, though I am still trying to read a little, but it is almost

a vain attempt. For six weeks have I been taking blue pills and calomel. I am badly used up. I scarcely know myself. It is my intention, if I do not shortly get better, to go out home on the farm and rusticate awhile, perhaps a month or so, and see if it will not invigorate my physical energies as well as intellectual.

Well, how do you get along? Give us your hand. I can almost fancy I am now grasping it — would to God it were so. Vain wish. Mountain, hill and dale, woodland and lake separate us. Can it be hoped we will ever be permitted once more to exchange feeling of soul in a social converse. Yes, Jim, the hope affords me a consolation, I will cherish it. It must be so. Chitty's *Pleadings* is now my study, rather an unpropitious season for me to undertake such an irksome task. Gould I have read, but it is a mere introduction to the science.

Fletcher has at last condescended to write just as he was leaving the halls of college. He gives me some news, which is new to me. He states that \* \* \*, that infamous, grovelling, hell-deserving wretch, had been initiated into the "Mystic," and with all the perjury and treachery of a traitorous Simon had left, been initiated into the \* \* \*, and revealed in words, hot-glowing from his sordid and craven spirit, all the secrets of the order so far as they could be comprehended by his contracted intellect. It is strange, surpassing strange, that they should initiate such a base wretch into such an honorable body and then it is still more strange that a man could be found so lost to every sense of honor as to act with such hellish baseness. But Fletcher also states that they will be able to outride the storm and surmount every difficulty. May they, is my hope, they have the material. But now, Jim, it is time for me to bring this bore to an end. It is my expectation I will hear from you shortly. Do not neglect it. I know my letter is unworthy any reply, but write anyhow *eo instanti*. I will send you a *Palladium* this week, there is a small pop for me in it, which I wrote one day whilst sick, in a few minutes. I have been carrying

on a spirited local discussion with the editor of the *Patriot* for sometime. But it has ceased. It was in relation to our Whig postmaster. I beat him, I did.

D. W. CROFTS.

James Elliott, Esq.:

I often write little articles for the *Palladium*, and have them put in as if written by the editor. The editor himself can not write any and will either have to sell out or get an editor.

NEW LISBON, November 16th, 1849.

James Elliott, Esq., Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.:

BROTHER JAMES — It has been some time since I received your last quite acceptable epistle, but for various reasons, I have deferred answering until now. I have been busy attending our court of common pleas for three weeks last past, and, consequently, have done but little else. Supreme court also has just risen. It sat for the space of two days and did any amount of business in a short time. How shall I commence to interest you. "I nothing know, but that I am." What shall I write? When last writing I stated I was sick. Well I still continue to be in that list yet, still there is a great improvement. My stomach is about as much use to me as a piece of tripe of the same dimensions. Everything eaten remains *in statu quo* for about the space of four days, when, by the use of strong purgatives, I am generally able to find relief. Oh! I sometimes lead a miserable life. "Oh, life, thou art a galling load, a long, a rough, a weary road to wretches such as I."

You state, if I recollect, in your last letter that you are very tired of your location and expect to return to the land of your fathers in the spring. Well, what are you going to do? Are you still going to follow your honest avocation as Pedagogue, or are you going to stick out a shingle: "James Elliott, Atty., Counselor at Law & Solicitor in Chancery." Without bearing or holding any false inducement, I think you could raise a good school in the town of Salem in this county. There was a

very large one there last winter, and the teacher has left, as I understand. This is a mere suggestion. I think a good school could be raised, but I may be disappointed.

A branch of the State Bank has been established here recently. We now have two branches in this county, one here and another at Salem with a capital of \$400,000. One year after this date I propose to make the fatal attempt of being admitted to practice law. Then it will be "bread or blood." I am going to do it if I possibly can. Are you with me "to crags and peaks!" Jim, I don't know what you will think of this apology for a letter. Perhaps you will think I'm drunk, insane or something else. But such is not the fact. I can't write; I can't philosophize or anything else. I am, as you do know, a plain blunt man. I'm afraid the last drop of patience and forbearance will be exhausted, but I throw myself on your charity.

I have just heard from Crews and Logan. Do not be remiss as I have been, but condescend immediately to answer this fatal perforation.

Yours in the bonds of brotherly love. D. W. C.

NEW LISBON, NOVEMBER 29th, '49.

James Elliott, Esq., Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.:

ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER JAMES — Your favor of the 6th inst. has been received some time ago but through negligence an answer has been delayed in the present time. My correspondence is in rather a dilapidated condition, scarcely know-bore — I am idealess. "I nothing know but that I am." Since last writing to you I have heard from Bros. Gregg and S. B. Wilson. Gregg appears to be flourishing like an old green bay tree, judging from the tenor of his letter. One of my students started to Washington College some time ago, and, I suppose, he and Gregg will have some pleasant times. S. B. Wilson and Cyrus Pershing are in Somerset, Penna., studying that noble profession, the law, under Judge Black, a very distinguished jurist in that section of the country, and S. B. states they will be joined by Bro.



Logan in a few days. That will be a noble, jovial, magnanimous trio. Nothing has as yet been heard from our old esteemed Bro. McCarty. He has ere this time arrived at his destination if yet alive, which I hope and pray to God may be the fact. I hope that he may live to return to the land of his fathers and be a distinguished man, distinguished as he is noble. You mention in your letter that you should like to have something more about the course of reading. I will state in the first place that almost every student at law reads a course somewhat different. The course I expect to pursue will be about as follows: first Blackstone's *Commentaries*, next Kent's *Commentaries*, then *Pleadings*. I have read three authors on *Pleadings* — Gould, Stephen and Chitty; Stephen is the most easily understood and is rather an interesting work; much more can be learned from Stephen concerning the practice and manner of drawing up pleadings than any other extant. It is an excellent work, and I strongly recommend you to read Stephen. Next comes *Evidence*. I have read Phillipp and am now at Starkie. Though, I suppose Greenleaf is superior to Starkie. I shall next read some work on *Real Estate*. I think it will be Hilliard on *Real Property*. I shall then take up Story's *Equity Jurisprudence*, and, having completed that, shall read Waddock's *Chancery*. These, with a few things interspersed, as, for instance, Story on *Promissory Notes*, Chitty on *Bills*, etc., together with a review of Blackstone, Chitty (which by the way, I have read twice already), will be about all the reading I shall do before being admitted. Bro. Wilson has some new suggestions to make, and of which you have no doubt heard before this time, in regard to our order, which, suffice it to say, meet my cordial approbation. I do not know as I have anything further to say. You must excuse this apology for a letter. I gave Jefferson College a small blizzard some time ago and sent you a copy of the paper. I also sent a number to Friends Snyder, Williams, *Tabula Rasa, Jr.*, respectively. I hold the office of Notary Public and must

prepare for taking depositions to-day; therefore, nothing more at present.

D. W. CROFTS.

Keep yourself pure and unspotted from the world.  
The grace of God be with you. Amen. D. W. C.

Write *eo instanti*. Write. Write. D. W. C.

NEW LISBON, Jan. 23rd, 1850.

JAMES ELLIOTT, Esq., Pomonkey, Charles Co., Md.:

ESTEEMED BROTHER JAMES — Your pleasing letter has been received and while I am in the way I had best endeavor to make an imperfect reply. It has been so long since I have writtten a letter that I have forgotten the *modus operandi* — though the plan I most usually adopted in former times was to scribble over three pages of letter paper without, if possible, advancing an idea. It is not best to depart from long established precedents. I shall therefore have to follow the old plan. In reply to the business part of your letter, I have to say that it would afford me infinite pleasure to have one of the old well-tried veterans in the same office with me. I, therefore, recommend you strongly and ardently to come, provided you can make the necessary arrangements. New Lisbon is rather a pleasant place, and I do not hesitate in saying that you would be well pleased. Besides, I presume your necessary expenses would not be larger than in other places. Boarding can be had at the best hotel in the place for \$2 per week, and at any of the others for \$1.75. Your tuition I can not say what it would be, but would be trifling. Your clothing would be no more costly than they are at present. Your necessary expenses I do not hesitate in saying will be as small as at any other place, but in addition to your necessary expenses I would simply say you can spend as much as you please, owing altogether to your disposition to mingle with society, and the fair ones in particular. Your expenses need not be as much as they were at Canonsburg. In relation to your idea of pedagoguing at Salem, I have not the means of giving you the information desired. I

am not acquainted with any person there, and have not been in the place for better than a year. I can tell you what I predicate my opinion upon though; until last summer there was a high school kept in that place. The school was large, sometimes as high as seventy-five to eighty scholars. The teacher from some reason or other left, and there has been none since that time. It is a community inhabited almost exclusively by Quakers. The former teacher was a Quaker, and what chances a white man would stand among them, I am scarcely able to say, but presume he would get along if he had a few certificates of good moral character. I would recommend to you, if you can so arrange your pecuniary matters, to commence the study of law exclusively. Come on — do. Bid adieu to the life of a pedagogue. Swear you never were one. Persevere in the study of law; labor long and hard at the law, and the law alone, and you will arrive at eminence in that honorable, noble and dignified profession. You must, you can succeed; you have perseverance, and talents of a high order, make a strike; there is no such word as fail in your vocabulary; in the language of old Dan Webster, there is plenty of room in the profession, above, but below it is crowded like h-h. You have talents and other qualities which will place you in the profession above. Do not give up to despondency then, but persevere and a grateful community will at length reward you. But adieu, kind friend. Make a judicious choice. Do not hesitate, but if you can arrange it, come right along, and let us read, and reason together as in days of yore.

Answer at your earliest possible convenience.

D. W. CROFTS.

NEW LISBON, March 25th, 1850.

Mr. James Elliott, Jr., Mount Pleasant, Ohio:

FRIEND JAMES — Your welcome epistle last sent has been received. I do not propose answering it, but merely to throw out a suggestion. While I was up North a couple of weeks ago, I was asked by Dr. Berthollette, the

father of William I. Bertholette, who graduated in our class, whether I could inform him where they could get a teacher for their academy, which is to go into operation sometime next month. I immediately thought of you and told him I would write you as soon as possible. The salary will be \$300, or perhaps \$350. The village is small and your expense would be very trifling, besides I should suppose you would be able to read considerable law. You can write to Dr. Bertholette, of Washingtonville, immediately, it being in Columbiana Co., about ten minutes north of this place. Or you can write to me and I will communicate to him on the subject. I am writing this in the court house while court is in full blast. If you deem advisable you can make a visit *in propria persona*.

I cannot give you as much information in relation to the academy, its prospects, etc., as you would like. You had probably better make a visit in person and judge for yourself.

Yours, etc., in haste,

D. W. CROFTS.

NEW LISBON, O., June 24, 1850.

James Elliott, Esq., Wellsville, Columbiana Co., O.

OLD FRIEND JAMES — I was somewhat surprised to receive your letter this morning. I had not heard of your enterprise or whereabouts, and was very anxious to find out where you were, and what you were doing, not having heard since I saw you. It gives me pleasure to hear of your enterprise, and I hope you will succeed. Any service I can render, or any assistance I can give, will be given cheerfully. But I will not be able to do anything in the way of obtaining subscribers until you publish a number. The editor of the *Palladium*, I presume, would be willing to sell out, but whether at a fair price and reasonable price, I am unable to say. I have understood that Bob Wilson, a former editor from Steubenville, is about to buy him out. Once more let me bid you God-speed in your enterprise. You must pardon me for not writing more at present. Court is in full blast, and I am

busy. When I have more leisure I will write at length. In the mean time, let me hear from you again.

All of which is respectfully submitted in haste.

D. W. CROFTS.

P. S. — Put my name to that list as a subscriber.

NEW LISBON, OHIO, Aug. 26, 1850.

James Elliott, Jr., Esq., Mt. Pleasant, Ohio:

OLD FRIEND JAMES — Yours of the twenty-first inst. has been received and I hasten to reply to the interrogatories therein contained. I have seen Wilkinson and held a short consultation with him. He appears anxious to sell, but at the same time, is desirous of selling at his own price. The lowest he says he can take for the establishment is \$900 in cash, though from what he says if security can be given, time can be had by paying part down. He states that the only reason he desires to sell, is that he wishes to engage in something else, for he can clear every year enough to pay the price at which he holds the concern. I wish to know how much capital you have to invest, and what you would think of investing it in the concern. I have been thinking for a couple of days, that if you were desirous of going into it, and would desire a creditor and proprietor, that I might possibly be induced to go a half, if I can obtain the funds necessary, which I could not say positively that I can. Write me soon, and at length, and by the time I have received your letter, I will be able to decide and see whether the necessary funds can be procured. I think the press and all can be had for something less than \$900.

In great haste, yours, etc.,

D. W. CROFTS.

WEST POINT, Feb. 7, 1851.

James Elliott, Jr., Esq., Steubenville, Jefferson Co., Ohio:

FRIEND JAMES — Your favor was received and should have been answered long ago, and would have been, but for existing circumstances. The letter was sent to New Lisbon, and after lying in the postoffice there for some time, was sent to me at West Point. The reason I am

home is that consumption has, with its deadly fangs, seized upon me. For some time I despaired of getting well again, but of late I am considerably encouraged. In all probability I will be able to go into business next summer, some time. I was admitted in Steubenville last supreme court, and since that time have been at home taking cod liver oil and other nostrums. This is the first writing I have done since I came home. I don't like to sit long at one time. Excuse haste, and a bad pen.

Yours respectfully, etc.,

D. W. CROFTS.

NEW LISBON, March 30, 1851.

James Elliott, Esq., Steubenville, Ohio:

MY DEAR JAMES — Your kind letter was received, but I have not it with me, but recollect you said you would be at home a couple of weeks or so, after which, you expected to return to Steubenville. Presuming you are there at present, I so direct these lines. Since my last I have been gradually improving, but am still far from being well, though by care and prudence, hope to regain my health. I have been here but a couple of days, and think I shall remain for some time, depending upon my health. I shall not confine myself or pay any attention to business for some time, until I acquire more strength and vigor. I know not what or how to write you, as news is dull. Tom Woods, who was at college at the time we were, has swung a shingle here this winter. He is in partnership with H. Griswold, of Canton, with whom he read law, and who intends attending our court. Hon. John Pierce has been re-elected judge in our district, much to the regret of the members of the bar in general. May God grant that the new Constitution be ratified, if for no other purpose but to depose this "thing," as he has long since been voted by all capable of thinking.

You stated in your letter that you had found out the whereabouts of old Mc., and that you were shortly expecting a letter from him, as you had written to him some



time before. I wish you would give me his address, as I desire to write to him.

And now Jim, I must come to a close, as I desire to do as little writing at one time as possible. May God grant you vigor of body and mind to go on in the glorious but laborious work before you, as I now can fully appreciate its loss. I desire not to live if my health must continue as at present. Life is a "galling load" to me, "a long, a rough, a weary road."

Write to me soon and direct to this place, as I expect to be here for some time.

From your affectionate friend,

D. W. CROFTS.

There was obtained from the brother of Daniel Webster Crofts a letter which was written from Clinton, Louisiana, and is perhaps the last written by him. It is a final touch to the pathos of the career of this unfortunate founder.

Clinton, Dec. 3, 1857

DEAR BROTHER THOMAS

I arrived in Clinton on last night the 2nd Dec. after a very fatiguing trip of about four weeks on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi. My health has been bad, very bad, in fact alarming, though I am now a little better. At Cincinnati I had a hemorrhage of the lungs, at which time I bled probably one pint and a half. In a few days another equally as bad. Suffice it to say that they have prostrated me, reduced me to a bare skeleton. The weather here is warm and pleasant and will probably restore me in time. I have not strength to write much at a time but will write more at length hereafter. With my kindest regards for you and all the rest I conclude.

Your affectionate Brother,

Thomas S. Crofts

DANIEL W. CROFTS.

West Point

Col. Co., Ohio.

P. S. Mr. Merrick is absent attending Court and will not be back for four or five days.



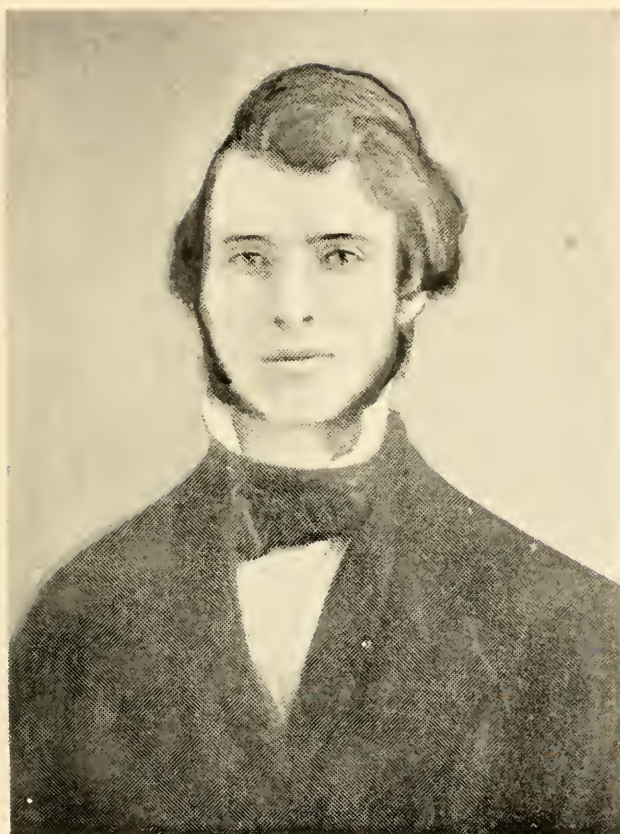
## CHAPTER VII

### NAAMAN FLETCHER

THE meagre bit that we know of the life of the first secretary of Phi Gamma Delta is summarized in the obituary notice published in the Wabash (Indiana) *Plain Dealer* of December 29, 1864, a week after his death.

Naaman Fletcher was born in Zanesville, Ohio, February 27, 1824, and was the youngest of a family of seven children. When about three years old, he lost his father and was adopted by a distant relative in whose family he grew up. About the time he reached man's estate, he entered on the study of law, and was admitted to practice at the bar. Realizing the insufficiency of his previous education, he entered the sophomore class at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1847 and graduated in 1849. He then opened a law office, beginning practice at Piqua, Ohio, where he remained three years. In 1852 he commenced the life of an editor at Massillon, Ohio, publishing the *Massillon News* in partnership with J. W. Logan, a former classmate. About this time he married Elizabeth M., daughter of E. Crosby, M. D., who survives him. 1853 he removed to this place and bought the *Gazette* office, and afterwards the *Intelligencer* office and uniting the two published the *Gazette and Intelligencer* up to the time of his decease.

He died on Tuesday, December 20, 1864, after an illness of three days of typhoid fever. All who knew Mr. Fletcher will sincerely lament his death and his deeply afflicted family have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.



*N. Fletcher*  
1848



He had endured a hard struggle with the world, and was just beginning to reap the fruits of his labor; had secured a comfortable home with the happy companionship of a beloved wife and a dear little boy of five years, when he was cut down in the prime of his life, in his forty-first year.

Mr. Fletcher was not a professed Christian, but he had for some time been a serious seeker after the truth, and on his deathbed gave evidence of a very hopeful character that he had found Jesus, who is "the way and the life." He was a kind, genial, open-hearted man; upright and moral in his life; honorable in his transactions, with a spirit above all meanness; remarkably free from censoriousness; high-spirited, yet void of all ostentation; a good citizen, a warm friend, a useful member of society. He may have had enemies — few good men have not — but he had more friends by whom he will be greatly missed and sincerely lamented. Let the tongue of enmity be silent, and whatever faults he may have had, let the memory of them sleep with him in the dust.

The distant relative referred to was probably James Blair, of Sidney, Ohio, at whose expense Fletcher was repared for college.

The notice states that Fletcher had studied law and been admitted to the bar previous to his matriculation at Jefferson. This is corroborated by his letter of January 6, 1849, to Elliott, in which he speaks of his profession and gives Elliott advice in regard to reading law.

Fletcher was twenty-three years old when he entered Jefferson, and twenty-six when he graduated "with distinguished honor." His part in the perpetuation of our order was significant, for with Commencement, 1848, the rest of the founders separated in pursuit of their chosen professions in distant parts, leaving to the

junior member the responsibility of selecting worthy successors to carry out their ideals. One of the chosen, who later became the well-loved Bishop of Chicago, William E. McLaren, writes of this period:

When I entered college all [the founders] were gone except Fletcher, who was now a senior, and Gregg, who loved to linger still *inter sylvas Academi*. Fletcher was a man of much force, and was particularly skilled in debate.

Fletcher succeeded Wilson as the second president of the "Delta Association."

J. W. Logan, with whom Fletcher published in partnership the *Massillon News* in 1852, was a member of Alpha chapter in 1849 and a room-mate of Fletcher at "Fort" Emery, which appears in the college catalogue for that year as their domicile. A classmate records: "He was very fond of music. My earliest recollections of college life are associated with the weird notes of a violin that came from the open window of his room near the old college building." Logan later became a well-known man in Iowa, occupying a seat in the House of Representatives from Ft. Dodge.

In 1852 Fletcher married Elizabeth Crosby, a graduate of Granville Female College, Granville, Ohio. He evidently referred to her in his letters. Miss Crosby's name first appears in the catalogue of 1847 as a student. The Granville Female College was a Presbyterian college which became extinct some years ago, its last president being the Rev. D. B. Hervey, D.D., Jefferson '58. The buildings of the G. F. C., as it was familiarly called, were razed during the summer of 1908. Before the destruction, I searched the rambling halls and rooms of the old buildings in a futile endeavor to discover some memento of Elizabeth Crosby.



TOMBSTONE OF NAAMAN FLETCHER





Fletcher carried the spirit of the "Delta Association" into the seat of Denison many years before Lambda Deuteron was established, and had it not been for the prohibition of fraternities, the Denison chapter might today be one of the oldest of Phi Gamma Delta.

A futile effort was made to clear up the discrepancy between the Vernon catalogue, which says that Fletcher studied law at Sidney, Ohio, after graduation, and that after passing the bar examinations he practiced at Massillon, and the obituary quoted above from the *Wabash Plain Dealer*, which says that he practiced before entering Jefferson, and afterward at Piqua, Ohio. The court records of Columbus, Shelby, Stark, and Miami counties were searched in vain for evidence to corroborate the Vernon catalogue.

Not long after his marriage Fletcher tired of law, and moved to Wabash, Indiana, where he established *The Wabash Intelligencer*, and made it the medium of his strong Union views. A conflicting account of his sudden death is told by Harry O. Rhodes, Amherst 1895, who was born and raised in Wabash, where he learned his story from the late Judge Calvin Cogwill:

It was during the time when the North was filled with men working more or less secretly for the Southern cause. This element had found expression in Huntington county just east of Wabash county, in the organization of "The Knights of the Golden Circle," a secret society which spread rapidly in Indiana, and whose end was to silence or get rid of the leaders of the Union party. The organization was very strong in Huntington county, and in the Eastern part of Wabash county. They made boast that never would a speech favoring the Union be made in a certain school district in Eastern Wabash county. Judge Cogwill, who was a strong, fiery Northern man, and of

more than local reputation for his decided views, made up his mind that he would hold a meeting in that district himself. He went to Naaman Fletcher, with whom he had become intimate, and stated the case to him, saying that he, Fletcher, with his education, was the best man in the county to deliver a speech on such an occasion. Fletcher agreed, and the date was set. Judge Cogwill had the word passed around in that neighborhood when and where the meeting was to be held. When the time came, Cogwill slipped out of his house, for it was guarded by troops to prevent his death at the hands of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and together they drove some eight or ten miles to the schoolhouse. When they arrived the building was full. They made their way to the front of the room, where the Judge stepped on the platform and, laying a brace of revolvers on the table, said that he would shoot the first "damned secesh" who made a disturbance. He then introduced Fletcher as the speaker of the evening. Fletcher made a strong talk — so strong in fact, that when he was through a number of men came up and shook hands with him. Judge Cogwill told Rhodes that he never heard so logical an argument for Unionism.

When the two started to drive back to Wabash, they found the night had turned suddenly cooler, and Fletcher, who had become heated and covered with perspiration from his exertions, became chilled before reaching home. He was stricken with pneumonia, and died within a week. This happened during August, 1865. He was buried in the Wabash cemetery, his funeral being very largely attended. His wife and young son soon moved to Davenport, Iowa, where all trace of them was lost.

It is regrettable that persistent appeals to the Wabash Masonic lodge and efforts through advertisement never materialized in the discovery of any of Fletcher's kin.

When in 1917 I was instructed by the *Ekklesia* to find and mark the grave of the founders, I was baffled by the dearth of information at hand. Knowing that

Fletcher had been an editor in Wabash, I directed my first appeal to the cemetery trustees there, who reported that doubtless he had been interred in the old cemetery, long since abandoned, and that his grave was in all probability lost. Further search on the part of Thomas MacNamee, president of the Wabash Cemetery Association, resulted in the following report:

I have examined all of the old cemetery records and have made inquiry of the old sexton for some clew, but found none. I then spent several days carefully searching in the new cemetery and finally found Mr. Fletcher's grave, marked with a marble headstone about three feet high and four inches thick. All the joints are loose and the whole in a very bad condition. The grave seems to be on the foot of a lot owned by one of our old citizens, Mr. S. Fisher, long since dead. There seems to be no evidence of deed or record of ownership except in Mr. Fisher. The stone as I have said, is in bad condition and needs re-setting.

Very truly yours

THOMAS MACNAMEE.

Under the direction of F. W. Plummer, Psi '08, the stone marking the grave was re-set and restored to good condition, and the words "One of the founders of Phi Gamma Delta" were added. The inscription now reads:

NAAMAN FLETCHER

Died December 30, 1864

Age Forty Years

Rest in the Lord

One of the Founders of Phi Gamma Delta

Not a stone's throw from this grave is a memorial to one of the founders of Psi Upsilon, bearing the inscription. "Erected by Alpha Chapter of Psi Upsilon."

On the Sunday of March 1, 1908, I entered the beautiful cemetery of Wabash, Indiana, following to the last resting place all that remained of one of my dearest friends, and a prince of men. Sitting with me in a carriage was a Mr. Paine, a gentleman who had seen eighty-four winters, and who had lived nearly all of his life in Wabash. We talked of the virtues of our deceased friend, and what his loss meant to the community. "Not since the death of Naaman Fletcher many years ago," said Mr. Paine, "have I grieved so because of the loss of a friend." "And you knew Naaman Fletcher, then?" and I told him of my interest in the fraternity which his old friend had helped to establish. The old man told me of the manliness and splendid life of Fletcher, and how in the prime of his manhood he became lost to him. I had come with sadness to attend the obsequies of a friend. I had thought to visit the grave of a founder, but in this aged man I felt strangely as if in the living presence of Naaman Fletcher. With the octogenarian I stood under the beech tree which sheltered the grave of Naaman Fletcher and I read with fraternal interest and pride on the little tombstone "One of the Founders of Phi Gamma Delta."

Fletcher's letters which follow have a sprightliness of style and an easy flow of diction that bring realistically to the reader's mind an impression of the writer. Whimsically humorous, yet entirely free from the caustic irony which disfigured Crofts' letters; sincere and friendly, his spirit is reflected through the years to us, the fortunate possessors of the hastily written lines. The first was written on that part of the paper unused

y McCarty in his letter to Elliott, from Canonsburg,  
May 29, 1848:

Well, my dear Brother Delta:

"Mac" has just aroused me from the most overpowering slumber that ever fell on the lids of mortal man by saying that "now if I wish I could write you a few lines" in his letter. I do not know what he has written, nor do I think it of sufficient importance to enquire — doubtless he has retailed to you all the gossip with which our village is so constantly excited, and has amused you by many of his own grave speculative predictions, resolves, etc. As for myself, I have nothing good to say. I am at best but a poor, miserable sinner, partly shipwrecked in the midst of the great ocean of (life) time. I am, however, struggling to reach the haven of peace and glory — amen. The last few days have been exceedingly warm, and in consequence thereof I have been roasted, fried, stewed, cooked, boiled, baked, broiled, and there is now nothing but a grease spot left of me. Yesterday (the blessed Sabbath day) I had set apart and consecrated for the purpose of writing my response, but lo and behold, it was so like that place from whence Dives lifted up his eyes that I could do nothing else but sleep. Now I have determined to wait until next Sunday; if I should fail then, I will wait until you come, and get you to write it for me.

I am much pleased with the pins. They surpass any of the kind that I ever saw, though they do not exactly come up to my taste.

S. B. W. has gone off to some place incog. to get a little of the balm of Gilead, etc.

The president of Meadville College preached for us last night — a good Methodist sermon.

Your speedy return among us is anxiously desired by all your friends in general, and your humble ser. in particular.

We look for something in your speech calculated to do honor to yourself and the Delta Society, so labor, man.  
*"There is no excellence without labor."*

Forgive this hasty scrawl and these incoherent remarks. I am just becoming wakened, and find that the sheet is full.

Be assured I am thy sincere friend, FLETCHER.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, June 20, 1848.

My dear Elliott:

BROTHER DELTA — I am most happy to acknowledge the receipt of your letter containing, as you said, five dollars, a receipt for which you will find enclosed. We are at last separated. You are at your home among friends, warm-hearted friends, but I am here comparatively alone, surrounded by those whom I can neither love nor respect. Yet I am contented, for it was my own choice, and although I am not just in the midst of congenial spirits and boon companions yet I am permitted the high privilege of holding sweet converse with most of the great souls that lived, and in their society I must be happy — I must be improved. But I will not trouble you with speculations. I know you are anxious to have the "gossip"—the news—the flying reports that circulate so freely in this narrowed village and as I am some on these topics, I will not delay you further, nor will I attempt to excite your curiosity by making attempts at climax.

In the first place I was never so grieved in my life as when I found that you and all my particular friends had gone off without giving me the farewell shake of the hand, and receiving my parting blessing. I could not realize the fact that you had gone, for hours after you left, but no one was to blame. I was engaged in business that had to be attended to and I suppose you were hurried off. In the afternoon I was down at the Emery several times in order to see some of my other friends depart and also to have an explanation with my Washington friends who were said to be ranting around like mad buffaloes and seeking me. But whenever I came among them they were as quiet and gentle as sucking doves, and hadn't a word to say on the subject of knocking down that black-guard Martin. The evening passed by without my hav-



ing any further difficulty with them. The next day some of our boys were over at Washington and saw Martin and others who were, *a la mode de* St. Paul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Dickie and myself and saying if we ever came to Washington within two years we should surely pay the penalty of our bravery. I am not at all frightened however, and had I any business at their village I should not hesitate a moment about going over.

*Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.*

All of our professors and, indeed, every one who knows anything true about the circumstances, justifies us and gives us credit for the deed. In fact, James, I am not at all fond of fighting, but I never will stand and permit an individual who considers himself my equal to calmly, coolly, deliberately, maliciously, and wilfully insult me without at the same time calmly, coolly and deliberately attempting to knock the gentleman down and teaching him a lesson he will not soon forget. So it was with Martin, and so it shall ever be with all such.

Wednesday evening was a rich time for your humble correspondent. I was with the ladies, as a matter of course, until a late hour, when Maj. Watson came to me and told me that Jno. Brown wished to see me. I excused myself to the females, and called on Mr. B., whereupon I received a very polite invitation to be and appear *propria persona* at his saloon at twelve o'clock, as he then and there intended, purposed and meditated to treat his old friends and customers who yet remained in town. You may be sure that I was not slow in accepting the invite, and preparing myself accordingly, hungry and fatigued as I then was. The hour of midnight at length rolled around, and found cheerfully seated in the above mentioned saloon a circle of fellows surpassed in brilliancy, wit and talent only by a full meeting of our beloved Delta Association. There was on behalf of the Betas, S. T. Wilson, Winters, Dr. Leatherman, Cox, Rankin, Mc-Shafer, Denny Rodgers, Ike McKinney, Latham; on the



part of the Deltas, Penington, Gilchrist, Logan and Fletcher. They had the advantage of us, as you perceived, in numbers. But never mind, "there is a good day coming, boys." Aside from these things, I would say, in all candor, that the ice cream, lemonade and mint julep suffered with a vengeance. Jokes were cracked, toasts drunk and songs were sung; in a word, "All went merry as a marriage bell," and about one o'clock that crowd parted never to meet again! The next evening a similar treat was given by Murphy. Thus has the vacation opened gloriously, and I am beginning to think that could I but get a letter from home with money in it sufficient to pay my debts, I would be a decidedly clever fellow.

Friday and Saturday were too unmercifully hot to do anything but stay within the shade and cool our parched tongues once in awhile with a glass of lemonade cooled a little below zero. Yesterday—it having rained in the morning—was cool and pleasant, and I went to church and spent it very delightfully. As you will readily suppose, I missed many a familiar face when looking in the church, but I was somewhat surprised to find so many still there—there being nearly thirty. Most of these, however, will leave to-day; indeed, but a few moments since I bade farewell to Denny Rodgers, McKinney, Logan and Carson. So they go! Milligan still remains here, confined to a bed of sickness! Poor fellow, he is to be pitied. He is reported better this morning. On Saturday I received a letter from Sam B. He was then on board the steamer Michigan, wending his way homeward, as happy and as sad as a human being in his circumstances could be. I have no fears for Sam. With his talent he must rise, and he must become distinguished. He was our first II—. May he prove himself worthy so distinguished an honor!

But, my dear Elliott, I must close. I think I have written sufficient to convince you fully that I am decidedly some on gossip. I have written thus in order to gratify your laudable curiosity, for I know that you can not be

bored the steamer Albatross wending his way homeward as happily  
and as sure as a hammer lying in his circumstances, could be  
I have no fears for him. With his talents he must rise and he  
must become distinguished. He was our first - maybe  
prove himself worthy to distinguish an honor!

But my Dear Elliott I must close I think I have written  
sufficient to convince <sup>you</sup> fully that I am decidedly down on  
gossip. I have written this in order to gratify your laudable curiosity  
and know that you cannot be otherwise than anxious to hear what  
has become of your remaining friends. I think of rejoicing over  
them when I come to that part of your letter wherein you  
say that your Watchword is and your soul sings the  
highest trills in the bosom of persons. So on! So on!  
and again I say So on! With this resolution and  
your own firmness you too will succeed and become soon  
a more brilliant jewel in the Delta crown. How I do regret  
when I reflect that in a few years the names of my intimate cor-  
respondents and dearest friends will become the highest standards  
for the rising generations to aim at. That they will be regarded  
with pride as American citizens and adopted as models worthy  
of all imitation! So mote it be.

And now my Dear Elliott <sup>in unity</sup> in the bonds of sworn fellowship  
and the secret of my sister brotherhood I remain as ever  
your sincere friend and admirer  
N. Pritchett

P.S. I had forgotten almost to tell that Pinnjlong Isikhi's left the day after Corn. Poor fellow, the both came near weeping & embrace each of them and we parted in silence.  
Write soon, and never forget to write always. W.F.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF FLETCHER TO ELLIOTT



otherwise than anxious to hear what has become of your remaining friends. A thrill of rejoicing ran through me when I came to that part of your letter wherein you say that your "watchword is *Perge* and your loadstar the highest niche in the temple of Fame." Go on! Go on! And again I say, Go on! With this resolution and your own friendship you, too, will succeed and become even a more brilliant jewel in the Delta Crown. O, how I do rejoice when I reflect that in a few years the names of my intimate companions and dearest friends will become the highest standards for the rising generations to aim at. That they will be regarded with pride as American citizens and adopted as models worthy of all imitation! So must it be.

And now, my dear Elliott, united by the bond of sworn fellowship and the sacred tie of mystic brotherhood, I remain, as ever your sincere friend and admirer.

N. FLETCHER.

P. S. — I had forgotten almost to tell that Penington and Gilchrist left the day after Com. Poor fellows. they both came near weeping. I embraced each of them, and we parted in silence.

Write soon, and never forget to write always. N. F.

P. S. 2d. — Tell old Dan, when you write to him again, that I would be much gratified if he would write to me; that I rejoice in his success, and shall ever rejoice.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, Aug. 9, 1848.

BROTHER ELLIOTT — Your "hasty" letter was duly received and gave me pleasure, as all your letters do. I have just finished my dinner, at which I stored away in the regions abdominal no small amount of corn, beans, potatoes, tomatoes, blackberries, pie, etc., etc., and the consequence is that I feel more like sleeping than writing, but I determined this morning that, *Deo volente*, would answer a large number of letters which accumulated in the postoffice during an absence of two or three weeks — among which was yours. This prim and virtuous resolution, you perceive, is being carried out, but I fear

that my reputation will be a great sufferer; for, really, it is a most difficult matter for me to think what I want to say, a more difficult matter still to recollect it long enough to write it down. I am in one of those peculiarly dull and stupid states which are the inevitable results of dissipation and loss of sleep. Now, don't be alarmed and conclude that I have become dissipated and regardless of the rules of decency and propriety — far from it, *i. e.*, as far from it as when we bade farewell to each other (which by the way, we didn't do at all — all your-my fault!). But the truth is that last night, or rather yesterday I walked out in the country "all for to see my lady love," and after spending some time, more or less, in her dear presence, I was permitted to retire up-stairs thinking over the joys, delights, pleasures and comforts of a student of Old Jefferson. I began to think that now this night I will have a glorious sleep, sweet dreams, and arise early in the morning refreshed and invigorated, and before any of my fellow-students have stirred from their repose I will be in my room, as gay as a lark, and they will never be any the wiser but that I remained there all night. With such thoughts as these I was rapidly sinking into a state of forgetfulness, and already I felt that I was on the border of the land of dreams and in less than no time would be commingling with its faery inhabitants, revelling in palaces and luxuriating amid groves of spices and gardens of flowers. But, alas! it ever happens that when we are just ready to stretch forth the hand and seize on pleasures and delights, they elude our grasp and vanish from our sight, and we are left behind disappointed and chagrined to find that all was but the fantastic vision of a dream or the idle imagining of an overwrought and heated imagination. Unfortunately, it proved so with me, for just as the last moment of wakefulness was about expiring I was aroused by a universal and sudden burst of singing — the music of which was anything else but that of the sphere. The first words that I caught in the affright and agitation of the moment were:

*"He had no wool on the top of his head,  
The place where the wool ought to grow,  
Den lay down de shovel and de hoe,  
Hang up de fiddle and de bow;  
No more work for poor old Ned:  
For he's gone where de good niggers go!"*

I jumped out of bed, ran to the window, which, fortunately, happened to be up, and stood listening for a few moments, when I was enabled to make out who these wandering minstrels "mought be" and the cause of this serenade. I soon learned that Mason, Grier, Hawkins, Bankston, and two of the Quails and some two or three others, were in the crowd. After they finished their song the rascals commenced vociferously calling for Fletcher! I was thunderstruck. How in the d—l did they know that I was there, and then what right had they to follow me out from town and call me up from my rosy slumbers in a style so unusual and uncereemonious. I answered from the window and inquired the cause of the call. They declared that I should go to town with them—that I had slipped off from them in the evening, but that they had found out where I was, and had come out to escort me in. I remonstrated, but all in vain, so I made it a work of necessity and dressed myself and went down and was hailed by them as a brother and a friend. We then gave the fair girls another song or two and departed for the other house. Arrived there we sang them several songs, were invited in and treated to a good supper, "sipped of some good old rye," as those called it who partook of it, related a few anecdotes by way of episode, toasted our host and hostess, left in a perfect whirl of enthusiasm for town, where we arrived about three o'clock A. M.

Now, I hope you understand how it is that I was in noisy company, lost my sleep, and am dull and stupid, without being at all a dissipated character. You recollect old Jno. T.'s saying, "*Necessitas non habet legem!*" So it was with your humble respondent. But a truce to this,

for I think I hear you say, "By the gods! What an introduction! Will it never have an end?" Yes, my dear Elliott, the exordium is now closed, and I am ready for all sorts of gossip — news, accidents and incidents.

I might dispense with Canonsburg almost with one sentence by saying that things remain *in statu quo*; for really there is not much variety in this farmers' village, and now especially with us students who remain housed up in the old college. Our chief diversions consist in fiddling (our musicians are Hawkins, Drake, Logan and Grier), dancing, card playing (*entre nous*), stealing (procuring) pears, green corn and peaches, hunting, fishing, and visiting the fair sex. These delightful and innocent pleasures, interspersed now and then with the reading of a novel, occupy our time and cause it to pass us unnoticed and unperceived. Indeed, I can scarcely realize the fact that eight weeks of the vacation are gone and but five or six remaining, yet it is even so.

But do you ask if I remember the companions of last winter? I shall never forget them! That chosen band — the "immortal six." How like unto brothers do they seem. Yea, my heart yearns to see them again and clasp them to my heart. Their places are not yet supplied, nor ever will they be. Oh, how delightful and how melancholy the remembrance of the past! Elliott and McCarty, Sam B. and old Dan, Gregg and Ray! My firm and unwavering friends, think ye I can forget? Never! Before I close I must tell you of the glorious result of the Washington experiment of the Delta chapter. I know it will do your soul good, as it doth the upright in heart. Logan and I were over there last week and attended one of their meetings. They initiated one member, which made the nineteenth, and they are all the very first fellows of the institution. They will have all the honors on commencement, and nearly every speaker will be Delta. They are warm and enthusiastic in the cause, and declare it to be the best thing of the kind extant! Even so say we. They have obtained fourteen pins, and will wear them in a week or two. This will make the B.'s look wild.



But are you going to Brookville? Old "Mac" writes that he is trying his best to persuade you to come. If you can do well, go, for you will find old "Mac" no half-souled friend, and I know he is very anxious that you should do so. Now, my dear Elliott, let me conjure you to write soon and write a long, long letter — one in which I can see the soul.

Believe me ever sincerely your friend. N. FLETCHER

I have many more things to write about, but have not time now. I should have told how I started from college never again expecting to return, and how my friends interfered in my behalf and how I came back again. But more anon.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, NOV. 11, 1848.

DEAR ELLIOTT — To-day is, as you will perceive from the date, Saturday, and I have determined to write you a few hasty lines "whedder or no." Your last kind letter would have been answered long ago, if I had known in the first place where to send my letter. I was left in doubt as to your whereabouts, inasmuch as you wrote that you would probably go to Wheeling to teach, or else some other place. When I read this, I supposed you intended that I should delay my answer until you wrote again, either to myself or some one of our band. After hearing from you again I was so busy in society matters and the Lyceum, and besides I knew that old Ben and Crews kept you posted up with the glorious intelligence of old Jefferson, and I on that account further delayed; but now an opportunity of writing is afforded, and by the everlasting hills, I will seize upon it. The election is over — Taylor is elected and Cass defeated!!! Oh, ye gods, would that mine eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might mourn over the afflictions of our people! Yes, Jim, old Pennsylvania, the keystone in the Democratic arch, has proved recreant to the trust reposed upon her and truly has aided in defeating one of the best men ever offered to the American people! Shame upon her! forever shame upon her! I will cease this section of the

Union just as soon as I can get a diploma — now mark that. But there is one consolation left and that is that Ohio, the glorious Buckeye State, has gone right for once on the presidential question. I tell you, Jim, that I feel proud of the land of my birth — I will never leave nor forsake it. It is my own proud Ohio! But enough of this soul-stirring and melancholy theme. Let me forget and bury my grief in the “ashes of despair.”

A few days since I had the pleasure of hearing from you through Crews, and right glad was I to hear that you are still right side up with care — enjoying life and pushing onward and upward in the great struggle for fame and glory. It is most gratifying to me to have such news from those I love and esteem, as I do my brethren of the “mystic tie.” It gladdens my soul and always adds greatly to the measure of my happiness. Old Jno. Templeton is, if I am permitted to judge from his letters, fulfilling his destiny and answering our expectations to the utmost. Now that electioneering times are over, I hope that both Jno. T. and my very dear friend Elliott will lay aside all thoughts of addressing popular assemblies and devote their entire attention to the study of their chosen profession. Aim to be distinguished lawyers, and the rest will follow as a matter of course. Sam B. in the character of pedagogue is prospering and, I believe comparatively happy, but his ambition I know aims at something which he thinks a higher and nobler calling. Oh, why are we not all born rich? Why must the immortal spirit be clogged and hampered and chained down to the dull realities of existence merely because the man has not a few pieces of paltry gold? I often wish ’twas otherwise so that I might have the gratification of beholding some of my dear friends in that condition of life best suited to their minds. Old Daniel in Columbian writes me a most cheering letter, and my hopes of him have been strengthened. Go on, then, companion of my other days, and may thy success be commensurate to thy worth!

Gregg is now in Washington studying law. He was over here week before last, and spent two or three days. So was Jno. Penington — but I am forgetting myself. Ray detailed all their circumstances to you and I must not repeat. So much concerning our departed brothers. O, if you, *i. e.*, all of you, only knew with what deep solicitude we watch your efforts in the struggle of life, I am satisfied that it would cheer you on your ways, and be strong consolation in the hour of reverses and disappointments. Know then, my dear Elliott, that such is the case. Every letter that arrives from a Delta is canvassed by us in Council assembled, and when we know that success has crowned the effort of any one we, too, rejoice with him, and are glad in our souls.

Last night was one of the most interesting sessions of the F. L. Society that I ever saw. There was nothing but regular performance, but then they were of a superior order, and in number not small. We were in until nearly twelve o'clock, and adjourned without one hard feeling having been created. Since Old Ben wrote to you nothing of interest has occurred, only — and that is what we all deeply regret — our brother Gilchrist has been compelled to leave college and go home on account of sickness. He has been unwell for several weeks with a pain in his side and a cough. He thinks that he will be quite well against Christmas, and will then return to college and resume his studies. He left on Thursday, and I have not heard from him since. In consequence of his departure Old Ben and I have moved our quarters from "Fort" Ballentine to "Fort" McCoughus, and we are now quietly ensconced in the room where Jno. Penington delivered his valedictory. "Call and see us." Israel Pershing came on to-day, and we will no doubt have him in our association forthwith. On Wednesday we took in Krepps, one of our seniors. He is a splendid fellow — was at Washington a year ago and was considered one of the most talented there. So goes it.

Our exhibition will come off in March at the close of

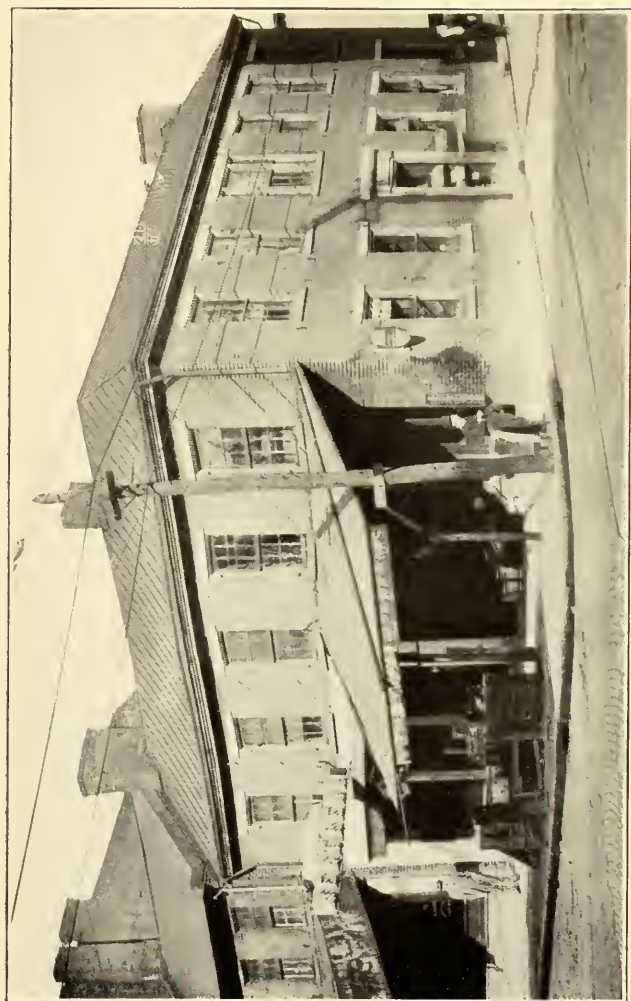
the winter session. Frazer and I are the champions on debate, and we discuss this question, viz., "Is error in judgment a proper subject of moral disapprobation?" Aff., Frazer; deny, Fletcher. What do you think of it?

But I must really close. I have three other letters to write this afternoon, and it is now nearly two o'clock. So, brother, farewell, and may happiness await upon your steps and pleasure be your handmaid. N. FLETCHER

P. S.—Write soon.

JEFFERSON COLLEGE, Jan. 6, 1849.

DEAR BROTHER ELLIOTT—Your welcome letter was forwarded to me at Butler, whither I had gone to spend the holidays with our friend Gilchrist. Yesterday I returned again to Canonsburg, the "loveliest village of the plain," and now that I have got warmed and rested the first thing I do is to answer thy epistle. Right glad am I, my dear friend, that you are so comfortably situated and are enjoying life in the manner that you say. Nothing gives me more pleasure than the perusal of my friends' letters wherein I read that they are happy, contented and prospering, for I recognize in their success an omen of my own, when I shall have finished my course and like them have gone forth into the world to try my fortunes. Yes, Bro. Elliott, I rejoice in your welfare, and only wish that your success may be doubled. Then you are reading and luxuriating in my favorite—Blackstone—among lawyers, the book of books. But, really, as you say, I always considered that part of which you speak as very dry and uninteresting, but then I waded through once, twice and thrice, and so must you! Cool comfort? "There is no excellence without labor." This is especially true in the science of law. No getting lessons then merely for the purpose of reciting to a professor and then forgetting them forever. O, no, a man to be a good lawyer, must possess accurate and ready knowledge, so that whenever he is called upon for his opinion on a question of law, whether it be in the street or in open court, he may be at once prepared to give it without consulting his books.



EMERY TAVERN AS IT IS, 1920. STAGE COACH STATION IN 1848





Bear this in mind, young man, and your success is certain — you see that I have assumed the dignity of adviser. This is the advantage of being a member of the bar — an old practitioner.

The villian of whom you spoke in your letter as having turned traitor to our association is the son of the \* \* \* \* \*, of \* \* \*. He has fine talents, and is gentlemanly in his deportment, but at heart a perjured villain! The poor devil can't look one of us in the face — “a guilty conscience needs no accuser.” We say nothing to him, or even about him except among ourselves. Let him go and do his worst, and may the frowns of hell be upon him. Our chapter is in a prosperous condition — the members are one in spirit and action, and all “seems to go merry as a marriage bell.” The second session has just begun, and we will soon have a meeting of the chapter when two or three names will be proposed for consideration — all good fellows and true. In regard to matters and things in general about college I believe there is nothing except three new students and the fact that Harry Snyder delivers a course of lectures to our class on Saturdays, beginning next week. He is styled in reference to this fact “professor and *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.” These lectures are to be not confined to any one thing in particular, but rather upon subjects that are not in any part of the course “and concerning which many of our graduates are ignorant when they receive their diplomas.” Of course, you are an exception to this rule. We anticipate much from the efforts of this indefatigable and impartial professor. We may be disappointed.

The weather is quite cold; the beautiful Chartiers is closed with ice and affords us fine skating, consequently most of my time is spent thereat. I was out all this forenoon with many others, and a glorious time we had; but I am now quite tired; indeed too tired to write a good letter (if so be that I do so at any time). You will, there-



fore, in your wrath, remember mercy. I have quite a number of letters to answer forthwith, and this is a matter that I have never neglected. Now, no reflections upon yourself; but, in fact, unless unavoidably prevented, I never forget to answer soon my friends' correspondence. I must write to McCarty, Crofts, Sam B., and several others.

Old Ben has been home; recruited his flagging spirits and is now with us, looking two hundred per cent. better than you ever saw him. Indeed, Jim, you would hardly know old Ray, he has improved so much. We often talk together of bygone days — of our meetings, our walks, our talks, and our various amusements and delights. Happy days; too happy to endure long.

Our exhibition is now the all-engrossing subject among the Franks and among the students generally; next thing in importance is the senior orations, which will be begun next Tuesday week. We will not have music, but then it is expected that the music of our speeches will amply compensate for any loss of the kind. I have one of the prettiest little orations — about eight minutes long — that will be listened to this session. Subject: "Unwritten Music." How do you like it? All poetry; not a line of prose in it! "Ye gods," methinks I hear you, "what a fool!" Now, don't be so fast, young man; wait until you hear it. When I say it is poetry I don't mean that it is written in rhymes, nor yet in blank verse. Oh, no; I never yet have been fool enough to perpetrate anything of that kind; but then, you know, Jas., that a performance may be poetical and yet not rhyme. Thus it is with mine. I wrote to please the fancy and tickle the ear. How I have succeeded will be for others to judge at the proper time.

You see I am writing with all sorts of pens; well, when I commence I never like to stop to mend or make a pen. It ruins a train of thought and destroys all connections!

Gilchrist is here in pretty good health, and begs to be remembered to you.

Write soon, and believe me as your sincere friend.

N. FLETCHER.

SPRINGHILL at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains

April 6th, 1849

DEAR SAM B.

From the date of this letter you will perceive that I am not at Canonsburg but rather among some of the everlasting hills that you read about. It is sufficient for an explanation to say that the morning after Exhibition I started with one of my fellow students for this place where I shall spend my vacation. So many things occur to me that I am at a perfect loss what to write first — Your last letter afforded me several hearty laughs, although I did not believe a word of your supposititious story. I freely grant that did the opportunity offer, you would as freely and willingly engage in such an affair, but I cannot think that you could be persuaded to lay aside your books long enough to bring about such a result. However the story was very well told and the ruse to deceive me succeeded admirably. I cannot at the present time retaliate but may at some future “make a desperate attempt and splendid failure.” Well the Exhibition is over, Sam, and Frazer and I have separated perhaps forever but before we did so I gave a few of my best licks that he will not soon forget. I had written out a debate on the negative that I thought knocked his all to the devil but I did not speak the half of it — I threw it aside and went it offhand and O ye gods and little fishes, but I did endeavor to make the damn sneak feel that he had the smallest possible soul. He made me very angry up in the Hall just before we came down, by opposing your election to deliver our diplomas and I then swore I would be revenged — and suffice it to say that I was completely satisfied. I have heard nothing from an impartial source concerning the merits of my performance except one. Harry Snyder was passing through Union Town yester-

day and was conversing with the old gentleman with whom I am staying and in speaking of my debate he remarked that "it was an excellent debate but he thought that I was most too severe upon my opponent." This coming from Harry is not so bad. But then the debate is over and what has been done can't be undone. I said that you were chosen to deliver the annual address to the graduating members of the Franklin L. Society, but I must tell you the fact that it required an effort — the d——n long ear tribe going against it to a man, but they were too few — "they were weighed in the balance and found wanting." I will not particularize. I will not tell how the President refused to take the chair and call the house to order, and how your humble servant did it for him — I will not say how many speeches Arnold made against it and how mortified the whole d——n crew were when a large majority stepped out in the floor for you — their ears fell right flat on the floor and as I went out I stepped on several. Now Sam as to your duty in our behalf. I trust that you will at once accept, and for the Honor of our beloved association come over and help us — that will deliver us one of your best — something like the speech on the expunging of those black lines or your valedictory to the Delta on the evening before our last Commencement. You will have a better audience than Gilson had as we will endeavor to have the address after night and doubtless many of our brethren at Washington will be over. But I need not say a word — your own good sense and taste and a desire to build up and establish our Order will be a sufficient guaranty that all will be done as it should be.

You have doubtless heard from Gilchrist by this time and I need not enter into the particulars of anything connected with the College. I have had miserable health this winter Sam and I feel that were my time at College to be prolonged very much that I could not endure it. For the four weeks preceding our Exhibition I had not an hour of sound sleep and at one time I really thought that I must

give up all and let the Exhibition go. Indeed on the night of the performance I was quite unwell — but thank Heaven I am still on the land of the living and home of the free, and feel that every day I am gaining strength and health. I am in one of the loveliest places that my eyes ever beheld — within a half a mile of the Virginia line — at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains and with one of the most pleasant agreeable and intelligent families that I have ever met with. There are two lovely black eyed girls who talk French as fluently I should judge as they do the English. They are fine musicians, and in the evening we all gather in the parlor and then let music reign supreme. Speaking of blackeyed girls, Sam, I am reminded of your “jealousy,” and while I think of it I had better say to you that I was totally unconscious of your designs in that quarter at the time that I was flourishing in Butler, and if I had known it I do assure that I would never have permitted an arrow from Cupid’s quiver to have pierced my gizzard, but under the circumstances how could I have avoided it being, as I was, entirely free from all similar engagements and attachments, and in daily — aye, hourly, communication with those “large, dark, spiritual eyes” and as lively a creature as I could have wished for. Indeed I could not. It would have been doing great injustice not to have worshipped at the shrine of such beauty and loveliness. But Sam I believe I am capable of doing a generous act and as you have so candidly confessed your strong, ardent and firm attachment for the unseen beauty, and as you are my sworn brother and very dear friend I cannot do otherwise than yield to your request and submit entirely to your superior merit. And now Sam my best wishes in the pursuit of such a prize — ’tis no ordinary one. The beauty, accomplishments and loveliness that you have heard me speak is no poetical fiction — (as you may very well know coming as it does from me) but a “stern reality” therefore put on your very best looks — shave, shirt and — so forth, and thence forthwith go over and pay our mutual friend

and brother J. P. G. a visit and should the lovely Jenny be at home, and you do not come off more than conqueror then, indeed, have I under-rated your ability to please the fair.

As for me, I have now to do with other darkeyed ones, and as I am now writing I see their fairylike forms glide past me with the quietness of the evening zephyr. I have been struggling for several days but I find that it is no use fighting against the spirit of Love. I must yield. He must, indeed, be a hard-hearted and reckless creature that can behold day after day such charms and not feel that the human soul was made to love and be loved — not to feel the warmth of passion begin to dissolve the icebound heart and permit the warm blood to gush through it freely and purely. I confess that love is too much an everyday affair with me to resist such influences. I am too susceptible of soft impression to escape the toils that I know to be weaving around me — so then here's in for it, let come what will. Tomorrow I take a long ride with my fair one to see the house or rather the former residence of the distinguished Albert Gallatin. You know where this is and when it was built as all this and more too is recorded in the historical recollections of Pennsylvania. This property now belongs to my fair one, and doubtless she will point out to me all its beauties and conveniences, though she is as modest and artless as the lily or the mountain daisy. Indeed, her modesty is only equalled by her virtue. But I must not enlarge upon this fruitful theme or I will have you jealous again, and "darn my riggin" if I yield up this time. Do you hear that?

Yesterday Sam, I had one of the loveliest strolls that I ever had in my life. I do believe that I never felt so much the power of nature to enlarge and expand the soul as I did then. Soon after breakfast four of us — one young man besides myself and two boys, started for the mountains to fish for trout, and to shoot whatever game might chance to fall in our way. We ascended one of the very highest peaks in our ramble and when we had reached the

very summit, we turned around to look at the plain — below and Oh! ye gods if ever I beheld a lovely, transporting sight it was then. I just threw off my hat, and coat, and gave one of the boys my fishing rod, and stood and hallooed until I could have been heard in Pittsburgh. It is utterly beyond the power of language to convey an idea of one's feelings when under such inspiration. In looking towards the West I could see the Monongahela and Cheat rivers winding along among the hills for miles until they finally met, embraced and in each other lost. Hill after hill — vale after vale lay spread out before me until it seemed that I could distinguish in the distance my own beloved home in the Far West. Here a village, and there a village sent up their curling wreaths of smoke. Upon the sunny side of almost every hill were to be seen the cheerful farmhouses that seemed in the distance no bigger than my hat. Altogether it was a grand sight and truly sublime. But here I am at the close of my sheet and must omit the particulars of our trout fishing among the mountains. When I see you, Sam, I will tell you all. Now will you write to me forthwith? Don't delay so long — only eight weeks more at College and then for the West! Oh, my feelings when I think of it!

Sincerely thy true friend and Brother

N. FLETCHER.

Piqua, Jan. 8th, 1850

DEAR SAM B.

Your welcome letter was duly received and I embrace the first opportunity that has offered itself of replying to it. I had been informed some time ago of your removal to Somerset in company with Cy and Jim and I must say that I was rather pleased than otherwise when I learned that you three were all engaged together in the study of law. As a matter of course, Sam, it would have given me pleasure to have heard from you sooner. Indeed I had looked anxiously for a letter. But since my departure from college I have learned that it is not always a matter of choice when we shall answer the letter of a friend. It



depends in a great measure upon circumstances — I hence concluded that something prevented you from writing and I would patiently wait until your leisure afforded an opportunity. I have just laid down the third volume of Kent's *Commentaries* when I had been reading all about *Incorporeal Hereditaments* — and specially the *right of piscary*. This you are by this time aware is no very interesting subject to the student of law in one of the Western States, and I assure you that it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep from snoozing a little. I feel therefore like doing everything else but writing a letter. But I am sure if I should delay until I did feel like writing an age would elapse before your letter would be answered. I entertain, as perhaps you are aware, some curious notions about this world, but I shall not stop here to disclose them. I shall reserve that until we meet. I would like very much to convey to you an adequate idea of what I am doing if it were possible, but I fear that I cannot accomplish it, so various are my pursuits. I am ostensibly an "Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery" and as such I am endeavoring to obtain a living practice that legitimately belongs to the profession. But I tell you Sam that a young lawyer who is just beginning the practice and who depends upon his own exertions for his support and livelihood, must stoop to a great many things that do not strictly belong to his calling — for instance he must not refuse to draw up deeds for the conveyance of real estate — a thing which almost any jackass of the Peace can do as well as he. Nor must he refuse to collect a small claim, which any body else could do. These among other things must all be done by the young lawyer. In this way I made five dollars yesterday, and in fact I make more by collecting than in any other ways. The consequence is that I am half the time out of my office, running around through town or else in some neighboring town. I am endeavoring this winter to review my law studies. I wish, indeed, I must read over the standard authors in Law, so as to be pre-



While I was up, I went on the Indian side  
in the excursion boat, & now I can say that I  
have been out of the United States, except for that.  
As we came down we remained two days at  
Livingston, where I enquired for Danlaps & found  
to my great disappointment that she had just  
left for Kentucky, not more than a week previous.

I have been at home ever since I returned  
from up the river, & hard at work too, for married  
labors. I shall return to Kansasburg next Septem-  
ber according to present determination. I received a  
letter from Ed. Ellis a few days since, & as well as  
old men. You & he are I believe very best friends, for  
you have written to me, where none of the others have.  
I have not written far, any far yet, though. It  
may soon, I don't know exactly when.

If you wish to know about a school concerning  
which I am hardly prepared to give you any in-  
formation. I will try & find out & let you know if  
there is such an one to be gotten as you would have  
any and also, I can get twenty five & thirty & thirty  
four dollars a month here, but I will write soon.  
Let you know all about it. Give my respects, my  
heartfelt respects to the fellows & I hope you  
write to them, & for yourself accept the warmest  
feelings of,

Your sincere friend,

Thos W. B. Brews

ACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY THOMAS W. B.  
REWS TO JAMES ELLIOTT FROM HIS HOME, WOODLAWN, GLAS-  
GOW, MISSOURI, JULY 21, 1848



pared for the courts during the next judicial year. With this object in view, and interrupted as I must necessarily be and am — I am about as hard a student as I was at Jefferson College. I read more or less every day when I am at home. Then there are other things to occupy time which are incidents of a professional man's life. We have our Lyceum in town in which are congregated the *literati* of the place. Here I must once in a while blow off and I tell you truly that it requires my utmost efforts to sustain a fair standing among my fellow members. A week or two ago I consented to address one of the public schools in town at the close of the quarter not for a moment supposing that any persons but the scholars and teachers would be present. Hence I made no preparation whatever. You can therefore judge of my surprise when on the day before the examination it was publicly announced that "Mr. Fletcher a graduate of Jefferson College" would address the school the next day and every person was invited to attend. I never was so completely got in my life when I went up to the school house the next day and found it jammed and crowded with ladies and gentlemen — young and old. I however succeeded in making one of my happiest efforts and came off eventually with "great eclat." The Holidays in this place have been unusually lively — parties, balls, concerts, dancing school — weddings, sleighing, — are some of the amusements which enable us to drive away dull care. Last night I spent the evening with a lovely girl who graduated last year at the Granville Female Seminary. She is one of your bright intellectual girls who is all simplicity and grace — destitute of all affection and coquetry. You can imagine how I enjoy the company of such a lady. In fact I would gladly spend all my evenings with her and yet I am not in love — no, by no manner of means. My bright ideal is in the old Keystone State. But then when I become intimate in a family where all the members are refined and intelligent and always glad to have me call and who lay aside their dignity (I mean that dignity nec-

essary to put on before strangers or those who are not familiar) and invite me in the midst of their family — thus leaving the parlor to its loneliness — I tell you Sam I enjoy the society of such and in enjoying their society I enjoy life. Such a family is the one I visited last night. The old gentleman is a regular bred physician of high standing, who graduated a number of years ago at Union College, New York, where he obtained a splendid education. His manners are those of the perfect gentleman — He is a member of the Presbyterian Church. The old lady was born and bred in North Carolina and was the daughter of a rich planter. She is likewise very intelligent and refined. Then the oldest daughter is all that I could hope to find in woman! There are two other children — a young man — very much like George Kennedy and about his age — and a younger sister who is all loveliness. This completes the family and a lovelier family I never knew. When I called in the evening I found only the older girl in the parlor. But when the other members of the family heard my voice they came in all but the old gentleman and little Maggie (who is about 14 years old). I enquired for her and found that she had been sick for some days, but was so as to be up. Before I had time to make many enquiries Maggie came in — “She would come in to see me for I had not been there for a week.” After a while the old gentleman came home and here I was with the whole family, not as a stranger, but more like a son. We sat and talked, and laughed and philosophized for hours — But young people will always stay up later than the old folks and during the course of the evening I all at once realized the fact that “Lizzie” and myself were alone sitting side by side reading a letter that she had just received from one of her “dear school-mates.” When I looked into her soft black eyes that looked “love to eyes that spake again” I tell you that nothing but my undying passion for my lady love in old Pennsylvania kept me from declaring right out that I loved her! And yet I am not in love with her Sam. But

oh if you could only be here a few weeks and be with her as often as I have been. I know that you could not resist her charms and fascinations, freed as you are from all "entangling alliances." And then Sam how she would love you! It would be that pure and holy love which one bright intelligence entertains for a kindred spirit. Indeed, as I talked with her I could not avoid thinking of you, and I told of you, and as I spoke of our sincere friendship for each other and of the qualities that you possessed and which I praised so much she sighed and bid me speak of you again to her. Yes Sam she is lovely, altogether lovely and yet I declare I am not in love with her.

Your thoughts concerning our cherished association meet with my cordial concurrence. The same thoughts had occurred to me time and again, but situated as I was, I could not act. I could do no more than what I did. It would be most gratifying to me to meet again with the Founders of our order and do what ever was in my power to perfect our Constitution. But I hardly can hope for such a thing — indeed I could not appoint a time when I would be able to meet you all. But whatever can be done by suggestion to the members at Jefferson College I am most willing to do. And let me say to you Sam that I know of no three persons to whom I would sooner commit the remodelling of our Constitution than yourself and your two associates in the study of Law. Get together, talk the matter over, compare views, digest a system, try it and after you have made every improvement that you can make send the result of your labors to our brethren at College and let them act upon it.

But I must close. My supper bell is ringing and calls me hence. Give my best to Jim and Cy and tell them both to write to me forthwith. *Perge!*

As Ever

N. FLETCHER

It will not be inapropos here to make brief mention of the man who led Phi Gamma Delta when all the

founders were gone. "That God of boys, Tom Crews," as Logan calls him in a letter, appears prominently in the early minutes:

September 29, 1849, Crews was appointed chairman of a committee to fix signs for the association; March 2, 1849, he was appointed a committee to make passwords.

May 17, 1850, he was a committee to draft by-laws and revise the constitution.

His greatest work in the fraternity, however, was the introduction of William E. McLaren to the "Delta Association" May 21, 1850. The friendship between these two was lifelong. One entry in Crews's interesting diary, *Index Rerum*, records the affection between them:

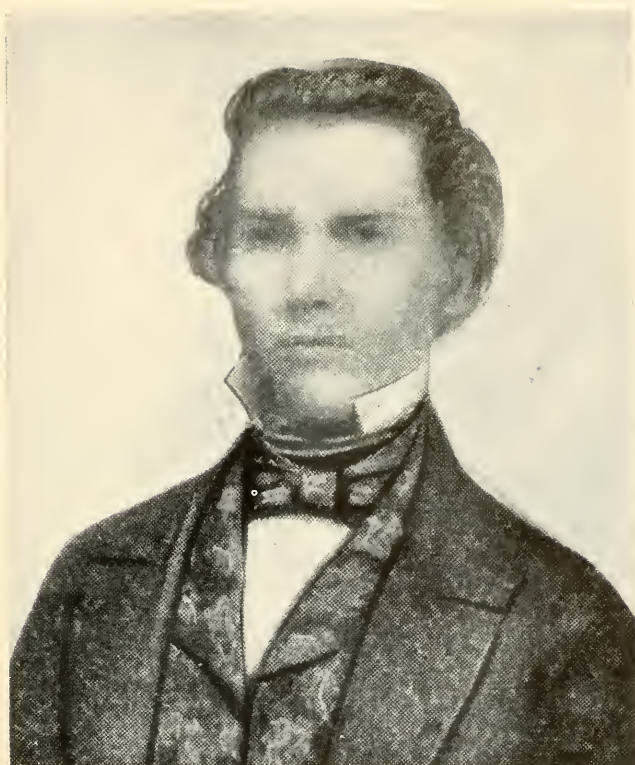
McLaren writing to me from Cleveland 21st May, '53, thus drinks my health in a glass of sherry:

Here's to your health in this glass of wine,  
Your health in this glass of wine, Tom Crews;  
Watch over the flames of your friendship, Tom,  
As I do watch over mine,

Thine McL.

And here's a bumper to you, friend Mac,  
Of the richest Muscatelle,  
That vestal fire is still burning, Mac,  
Brighter than the flames of h-ll.  
And here's a pledge to you, my friend,  
In the juice of the red grape given,  
I'll watch that flame till life shall end  
And light it then in heaven.

Judge Thomas B. Crews, of St. Louis, has told me that his father had tattooed on his left arm, above the elbow, the Greek letters \* \* \* The nephew of Ellis Bailey Gregg is quite positive that Gregg also had tattooed on his left arm the mystic letters. The supposition, however, that the founders and the early initiates



*Thos. W. Carey*

1850





were all tatoood in this manner is dispelled by the testimony of the widow of John Templeton McCarty that such marks did not exist on the arm of McCarty.

Crews left Jefferson for Union College, Schenectady, where he took his A.B., in 1851. He retained his affection for Phi Gamma Delta while at Union, to judge from an entry in *Index Rerum* for January 31, 1851:

Today the two parties of the Senior Class met to determine on a day for the election of class marshal. The Sigma Phi and Psi Upsilon Frats form one party together with the A. O. (Only Alternative, according to Dr. Nott) and the Chi Phis, Kappa Alphas, Theta Delta Chis and Delta Phis form the other. The neutrals are scattered about on either side but for the Phi Gamma Delta Society I am the sole representative here, and take pleasure in ranking here with the latter party.

The portrait here published shows the Delta pin on his waistcoat.

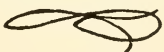
After graduating from Union, Crews studied law in Schenectady, and in 1855 commenced to practice at Marshall, Missouri.

When the Civil War began, he took the field in command of a company under Southern colors. For bravery in some half-dozen battles he was promoted lieutenant-colonel of the Second Missouri regiment. He was captured and sent to St. Louis and bore the distinction of being the first paroled prisoner of the war in Missouri. In 1866 he resumed his law practice in St. Louis, where he enjoyed honors in congressional campaigns at the hand of the Democratic party. He married, in 1857, Miss Virginia Jeffries, a daughter of C. S. Jeffries, a pioneer of Missouri from Virginia. Colonel Crews died in St. Louis, June 25, 1891, at the age of fifty-nine years. A family of six children survive

him. His son, Judge Thomas B. Crews, of St. Louis, has placed at my disposal several old records of his father, among them some pamphlets bound in a volume called "College Miscellany" with the fly leaf autographed "T. W. B. Crews, \* \* \* Glasgow, Mo."

The first thing of interest in this volume is a copy of the *Family Circle and Parlor Annual*, which was published by D. Newell, New York City, in 1849. One of the articles in the issue is by Cyrus L. Pershing, entitled "A Glance at the Benevolence of the Age." Pershing was in the class of 1848, Jefferson, and one of the first initiates. He became a well-known citizen of Pennsylvania and was for years presiding judge of the twenty-first judicial district of Pennsylvania. Another pamphlet in this volume is an address delivered in behalf of the Franklin Literary Society of Jefferson College to the graduating members, June 13, 1848. The committee of publication were three members of Phi Gamma Delta: J. P. Gilchrist, James W. Logan, and Samuel B. Wilson. There is also bound in the volume an address delivered before the Franklin Literary Society of Jefferson College at its semi-centennial anniversary, November 14, 1847, by the Rev. W. A. Passavant. The first name on the committee of three on publication is the signature of our founder, "J. Templeton McCarty." This pamphlet is of much interest, for it gives a complete history of Jefferson College from the time of the organization of the M'Millan log cabin, which is now in the possession of Phi Gamma Delta, as a memorial to the founders. There is also in the volume another pamphlet, an address also given at the semi-centennial anniversary of the Franklin Literary Society, in which J. Templeton McCarty is again chairman of



Your friend  
W. E. McLarn  


1850



the committee on publication. It is evident from this book of "Miscellany" that Crews associated with the members of Psi Upsilon at Union, as there are several pamphlets of addresses before the Psi Upsilon fraternity in the volume. There are also bound addresses given before the Phi Beta Kappa society and before the Philomathean Literary Society of Union College, and Crews probably held membership in both.

Another exceedingly interesting pamphlet in Volume II of "College Miscellany" is a catalogue of Union College of 1851, in which the name of Crews appears in the senior class. There are 239 students registered in this catalogue. The very unusual thing is the printing of the names of the secret societies and the list of members. There are given: Kappa Alpha, founded at Union in 1825, the first fraternity, after Phi Beta Kappa, to be founded in an American college; Sigma Phi, founded at Union in 1827; Delta Phi, founded at Union in 1827; Psi Upsilon, founded at Union in 1833; the Fraternal Society, founded at Union in 1833, and which, in 1859, became a chapter of Alpha Delta Phi; Chi Psi, founded at Union in 1841; Theta Delta Chi, founded at Union in 1848; the Equitable Fraternity, an anti-secret society, founded at Williams in 1834, which afterwards became Delta Upsilon, and, in addition, members from other colleges, of which Beta Theta Pi is credited with two members (Andrew J. Poppelton and James K. Knight) and Phi Gamma Delta (T. B. W. Crews). It is evident that neither the members of Beta Theta Pi nor Phi Gamma Delta, who were in Union in 1851, found conditions there conducive to the establishment of chapters, for Beta Theta Pi did not enter Union until 1881 and Phi Gamma Delta did not

establish a chapter at Union until 1893. It is of interest to the Chi chapter that T. W. B. Crews was the first member of the fraternity in Union College. Crews, we may assume, was an unofficial envoy extraordinary in 1851 from Jefferson to Union for the purpose of establishing a chapter there, but found the conditions unfavorable.


Many of the old songs of Phi Gamma Delta, some by Bishop McLaren, are preserved in the *Index Rerum* of Crews. One of those by McLaren, "The Delta's Farewell," is as follows:

*Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu,  
Ye brothers of our mystic tie,  
Ye favored and enlightened few,  
Companions of our social joy.  
Though we also so soon must part  
Pursuing fortune's slippery way,  
With tearful eye and melting heart,  
We'll mind you still when far away.*

*Oft have we met, a social band,  
To spend a pleasant meeting night  
Oft, too, like brothers hand in hand  
Have passed, oh! many hours so bright  
And by those words, so old, not trite  
Which none but Deltas ever say,  
Fond memory o'er our heart shall write  
Those happy scenes when far away.*

*May Phi Gamma Delta still  
Unite us in the bonds of love,  
Such love as this, oh! ever will  
Please the omniscient eye above.  
That you may keep the unerring path,  
The path of right, nor from it stray,  
'Till you may mock the world's weak wrath,  
Will be our prayer when far away.*



ourburgh is concerned, I can not a counter-  
feit cent for it - it is repulsive to my  
memory - save one star - !  
(That star is rather poorly drawn but  
it expresses my idea.)

You are still desirous of  
visiting Europe - It seems so Eu-  
topian to me - I can hardly  
think seriously of it. But none the  
less would I love to go. The day will  
come perhaps when I can - If you  
can go - go by all means. This is  
the right time of life as you say.

But I only intended a letter  
to you; now, and must close.  
For the present

Adieu

Your friend

W.E. McLaren

That poetry was mislaid  
and found just the evening I  
started. It will be published  
in time. W.E. McLaren



*Farewell, brothers, 'tis sad to break  
The ties so fond and true,  
But faith points out the path to take  
A path unknown and new.  
A last request permit me here  
Our sorrowing hearts to allay,  
Your prayers — we ask them with a tear,  
For us, your friends, when far away.  
And now once more a long adieu,  
"Remember, oh! remember these  
Your Brothers" ever firm and true  
In zephyr wind or adverse breeze.  
No more — no more! These moments bright  
Must cease until that glorious day  
When brothers all once more unite  
In Heavenly Chapter far away.*

Here then ends my account of "The Immortal Six" and the founding of Phi Gamma Delta. We have made many a jaunt to dear old Canonsburg. We have found the old "log cabin college," repaired it and builded for it a new foundation, and have placed on the cabin itself a tablet in bronze to the memory of the founders of Phi Gamma Delta. We have looked into every nook and cranny of the old college buildings from basement to garret and delved into the moldy library, the books of which have been unused for over half a century; visited the old literary society halls, looked upon the oil portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, given by them to Jefferson College and kept in hiding since the decision was made to make Washington and Jefferson one. We have made journeys to the old "forts," found the room in "Fort" Armstrong where McCarty lived and where Phi Gamma Delta was founded, cut out the window sill where "Mac" had carved his name,

taken out the mantlepiece around which the founders had gathered, and carried away the door of "Mac's" room. We have driven the country around about with a son of one of the first initiates who was born in the old town and who knew all the haunts of the old students; we missed nothing. We have stood on the site of the old "Seceder Church" and found the Hutchinson spring. We have seen Briceland's, the popular banquet rendezvous of the primeval days of Phi Gamma Delta, and stood in the doorway of the Emery Tavern where the stage coaches transacted passenger traffic in the days of our founders. We have gazed on the ruins of the Black Horse Tavern, another hostelry frequented by the students of the 40's and 50's, made famous in the history of our country as the scene of mail robberies during the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794 and the headquarters of the Federal troops under Governor Harry Lee of Virginia sent by President Washington to quell the rebellion. We have visited the swimming hole, shouted in imagination to "Mac" and his confreres and found the water fine. We have lived the student life of the forties. We have dug into the dust of garrets, found letters in the handwriting of the founders, the manuscript of the original constitution, speeches of Wilson and Gregg, the cane of McCarty, his watch and his diary, Elliott's pin and the *Index Rerum* of Crews. We have followed the founders in their law practice and witnessed their defeats and victories, and then we have gone to their graves. We have found two, that of John Templeton McCarty, in Marysville, California; and that of Daniel Webster Crofts, in Clinton, Louisiana unmarked; we have found that of Naaman Fletcher, at Wabash, Indiana, and that of Ellis Bailey



THE SWIMMING HOLE



Gregg, at Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, hidden by weeds of forgetfulness; we have found two under the watchfulness of loving care, that of James Elliott, at Wellsville, Ohio, and that of Samuel Beatty Wilson, at Beaver, Pennsylvania. We have participated in the marking of each grave, and at last have seen a stone with an inscription:

“One of the Founders of Phi Gamma Delta.”





## EPILEGOMENA

A correct musical composition begins and ends in the same key. The final notes of "The Beginnings" will be synchronous with the primal. Our dedicatory prelude was to the loyalty of our brothers "of the mystic tie"; the postlude will be on the same theme.

There is evident throughout the correspondence of "The Immortal Six," and in the early records of "The Delta Association," a grave concern lest the ideals established should not be carefully cherished. This anxiety has been manifest throughout the years in many who loved the fraternity, and have worked for her because of love.

When the plans for the Fifty-First Convention in 1899 were being made it was especially desired that General Lew Wallace, then National President of the fraternity, should attend the Convention, and give the inspiration of his presence. The author of *Ben Hur* was unable because of illness to make the journey from Crawfordsville to Dayton, and wrote the following greeting:

Dear Brother Chamberlin:—

I wish it were in my power to attend the coming Annual Banquet of the Phi Gamma Delta at Dayton. As that cannot be, permit me to load every brother's plate with good wishes to wait on him with a Well done for every good and great thing he may do in his life; for by such good and great things I know he will make certain of the better things of the life to come.

To me the most beautiful, the most lovable, the most

engaging objects of hope and affection, are the young men fast coming to their inheritances, public and private. As they pass before me I follow them with wonder. What influences are they to leave behind them? What paths are they to pursue? Society is to be theirs; what will they have done for it? And the Republic; its mission is to minister to the happiness of our own people, and carry Freedom to oppressed peoples everywhere; will the mission have been sacredly observed?

You, more favored than I, to whom the Banquet is accessible, rulers of society, keepers of the Republic—you, who may chance to hear what here I say, and make dividend of my good wishes and affection, allow me a reference to one law which, well remembered, will make your lives of value to the generation, your successors; it is very simple — There is a God.

LEW WALLACE.

This was written more than twenty years ago. It seems very strange when a legion of brothers had just given themselves for the righteousness of the Spanish-American War that there should have been any implied doubt of the worth of the young brothers of the time.

And the Republic; its mission is to minister to the happiness of our own people, and carry Freedom to oppressed peoples everywhere; will the mission have been sacredly observed?

The unfurling of the Service Flag at the New York Ekklesia, December, 1917, by the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, Johns Hopkins '92, was the answer to that question. There are thousands upon thousands who have answered the question by a willingness for the supreme sacrifice to carry freedom to oppressed people everywhere. They are the keepers of the Republic.

There is no need for any doubt. "*Perge*," the first watchword, still inspires. Phi Gamma Delta ever



### OLD BLACK HORSE TAVERN

The building was razed in 1920. It was the scene of the famous mail robberies during the Whiskey Insurrection of 1794



wields its mystical influence, and will eternally. The inheritances of "The Delta Association" have been, are, and will be preserved; its mission will be sacredly observed.

*Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter.*





## INDEX RERUM

See pages 177, 276, 277, 280, 282



## INDEX RERUM

- ABOLITION, 125  
 Academy and Library Company of  
     Canonsburg, 27  
 Acheson, A. W., 199  
 Adams, Andrew A., 143  
 Adams County, 134  
 Adams, John Quincy, 28, 39  
 "Age," 91  
 Alabama, Marion, 94, 95  
 Alabama, Tuscaloosa, 94  
 Alabama, University of, 94  
 Alexandria, Va., 187  
 Allegheny College, 95  
 Allegheny Mountains, 106, 267, 269  
 Allen, J. W., 93  
 Allen, W. R., 30  
 Allison, James, 26, 49  
 Allison Letter, 228  
 Alpha Chapter, 86 93, 95, 111, 143,  
     144, 149, 248  
 Alpha Delta Phi, 279  
 Amherst College, 249  
 Anderson, Rev. Merle H., D.D., 95  
 Anderson, N. B., 94  
 Anderson, Walter B., 60  
 Antrim County, 104, 211  
 Arbuckle, 48  
 Archives, 7, 68, 76, 169, 199, 215  
 Archons, Board of, 8, 30, 31, 200  
 Arnold, George C., 44, 47, 48, 131,  
     268  
 Arrow Rock, Missouri, 177  
 Assignates, 130  
 Association, Delta, 7, 10, 34, 38, 39,  
     54, 59, 62, 69, 77, 82, 83, 85, 87,  
     90, 93, 111, 162, 168, 179, 185, 194,  
     197, 209, 221, 222, 248, 249, 253,  
     255, 276, 286  
 B's, 260  
 Badge, 57, 76, 80, 119, 122, 127, 169,  
     204, 209, 210, 217  
 Baker, Newton D., 117, 220, 286  
 Bancroft, George, 45  
 Bangor, Maine, 164  
 Bankston, 259  
 Barnard, 78  
 Barnburners, 228  
 Barnett, J. M., 49, 56, 86  
 Barrett, 223  
 Baylor University, 94  
 Beatty, Rev. Chas. C., D.D., 70  
 Beatty, Susan, 134  
 Beaver Academy, 202  
 Beaver Bar Association, 146  
 Beaver County, Pa., 137, 143, 145,  
     148, 234  
 Beaver Falls, Pa., 56  
 Beaver Lodge, 137  
 Beaver, Pennsylvania, 78, 86, 96,  
     137, 138, 140, 143, 150, 160, 161,  
     283  
 Bell, L. R., 93  
 Bennett, Mr. Joseph, 214  
 Berry, Henry, 132  
 Berry, Moses A., 133  
 Bertholette, William I., 242  
 Bertholette, Dr., 241, 242  
 Beta, 119, 154  
 Betas, 39, 255  
 Betaism, 223  
 Beta Chapter, 54, 91, 93, 94  
 Beta Theta Pi, 39, 222, 279  
 Bethel College, 95  
 Beveridge, 41  
 Bible Association, 132  
 "Black David, The Hog Drover," 58

- Black Horse Tavern, 282  
 Black, Jeremiah S., 136, 137, 154, 238  
 "Black, Red Head Jemes," 58  
 Blackstone, 119, 140, 230, 231, 233, 234, 239, 264  
 Blaine, A., 175  
 Blaine, James G., 54  
 Blair, James, 247  
 Blair, Rev. John, 23  
 Board of Archons, 8, 30, 31, 200  
 Boker, Bill, 133  
 "Bombasticus Braydy," 59  
 Book of Forms, 206  
 Borough of Washington, 68  
 Bosler, Charles H., 10, 105  
 Braddock, 56  
 Brady, Freeman, 59  
 Brewer, Luther A., 9  
 Briceland's, 89, 282  
 Brookville *American*, 106, 113  
 Brookville-California Company, 108, 109, 112, 116, 132  
 Brookville Hotel, 126  
 Brookville, Indiana, 104, 105, 108, 115, 118, 120, 121, 122, 123, 126, 127, 129, 175, 176, 192, 194, 226, 233, 261  
 Brown, 43  
 Brown, A. B., 57, 224  
 Brown, Rev. Alexander B., 61  
 Brown, A. H., 95  
 Brown, Donald S., 30  
 Brown, Dr., 84  
 Brown, Rev. W. F., D.D., 29, 30, 32, 33  
 Brown, Rev. Wm. Y., D.D., 105, 152, 164, 202, 212  
 Brown, J. H., 194  
 Brown, James, 199  
 Brown, John, 255  
 Browning, 194  
 Buchanan, James, 39, 45, 137  
 Buchanan, John M., 139  
 Buckeye State, 186, 262  
 Buena Vista, 98, 203  
 Burnett, T. S., 93  
 Burnett House, 136  
 Burns, J. F., 94  
 Burrows, Mr., 128  
 Burt, 49, 234  
 Burt, Augustus, 51  
 Butler, Benjamin F., 39  
 Butler County, Pennsylvania, 124  
 Butler, Pennsylvania, 264, 269, 264, 269  
 Byron's Tragedy of Cain, 170  
 CABLE, 227  
 Caine, J. T., 94  
 Caldwell, 104  
 Calhoun, John Caldwell, 104  
 California, 105, 107, 112, 113, 130, 131, 194, 233  
 California Legislature, 113  
 California, Marysville, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 282  
 California, San Francisco, 116, 133  
 Calvin, 89  
 Combridge College, 129  
 Cameron, J. A., 93  
 Campbell, Alexander, 26  
 Campbell, Robert McGregor, 196  
 Campbell, S. T., 208  
 Campbell, Wm., 51  
 Canada, 163  
 Canon, Colonel John, 26, 27, 30  
 Canonsburg Academy, 26, 70  
 Canonsburg Female Academy, 50  
 Canonsburg, Historical Society of, 53  
 Canonsburg, Pa., 9, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 43, 45, 50, 68, 69, 70, 71, 75, 76, 81, 82, 84, 93, 106, 119, 126, 136, 155, 157, 159, 166, 168, 192, 194, 204, 205, 206, 208, 209, 215, 222, 224, 225, 235, 240, 246, 260, 264, 281  
 Canonsburg, The Academy and Library Company of, 27  
 Canton, 244  
 Carman, Robert Clark, 216, 217, 218, 219

- Carman, E. M., 218  
 Carman, Hanna Louisa, 218  
 Carmichaels, Pennsylvania, 196, 200, 201, 283  
 Carnahan, Dr. James, 34, 37  
 "Carrot Head," 59  
 Carson, 256  
 Carson, Sr., 41, 49  
 Catalogue, fraternity, 92  
 Cass, 125, 228, 261  
 Central Presbyterian, 32  
 Centre College, 94  
 Chain for Pin, 204, 210  
 Chamberlain, Wilson S., 212  
 Chamberlin, William F., 33, 84  
 Chambersburg, 55  
 Chapel Hill, N. C., 92, 93, 94  
 Chapman, General, 187, 189  
 Chapter, Alpha, 86, 93, 95, 111, 143, 144, 149, 248  
 Chapter, Beta, 54, 91, 93, 94  
 Chapter, Chi, 280  
 Chapter, Delta, 92, 93, 94  
 Chapter, Epsilon, 92, 93, 94  
 Chapter, Gamma, 91, 94  
 Chapter, Grand, 7, 75, 77, 92, 148, 149, 194, 197, 206  
 Chapter, Iota, 94  
 Chapter, Jefferson, 136, 158  
 Chapter, Kappa, 93, 94  
 Chapter, Lambda, 93, 94  
 Chapter, Lambda Deuteron, 83, 249  
 Chapter, Nu, 94, 95  
 Chapter, Omicron, 94, 95  
 Chapter, Pi, 95  
 Chapter, Rho, 95  
 Chapter, Tau, 94, 95  
 Chapter, Theta, 94  
 Chapter, Xi, 94, 95  
 Chapter, Zeta, 94  
 Charles County, Md., 153, 157, 188, 233, 235, 240  
 Charlottesville, Va., 95  
 Chartiers, 24, 25, 68, 265  
 Cheat, 271  
 Chi Chapter, 280  
 Chi Phis, 277  
 Chi Psi, 279  
 Chicago, Ill., 76, 179, 180, 184  
 Chicago Ekklesia, 8, 30  
 Chicago, University of, 8, 217  
 Chitty's Pleadings, 182, 236, 239  
 Civil War, 59, 70, 177, 219, 277  
 Clark, Arnold, 207  
 Clay, Hon. Henry, 39, 45, 46, 227  
 Cleveland, Ohio, 214  
 Clinton, Louisiana, 215, 216, 217, 219, 220, 245, 282  
 Cogwill, Judge Calvin, 249, 250  
 Coke, 158  
 College, Allegheny, 95  
 College, Amherst, 249  
 College, Bethel, 95  
 College, Centre, 94  
 College, Granville Female, 248, 273  
 College, Howard, 95  
 College, Jefferson, 7, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 38, 40, 53, 54, 56, 61, 63, 68, 70, 71, 75, 77, 84, 95, 98, 105, 106, 108, 110, 120, 124, 125, 129, 135, 136, 137, 152, 154, 158, 164, 165, 166, 170, 185, 194, 197, 202, 203, 209, 211, 214, 215, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226, 230, 232, 239, 246, 247, 249, 254, 257, 258, 261, 264, 273, 275, 278, 280, 281  
 College, Jefferson Medical, 29  
 College, Marietta, 94  
 College, Meadville, 253  
 College of New Jersey, 23, 37  
 College, Pennsylvania, 95  
 College, Union, 274, 277, 279, 280  
 College, Washington, 50, 53, 54, 57, 58, 70, 81, 94, 110, 124, 129, 133, 169, 209, 238.  
 College, Washington and Jefferson, 29, 30, 35, 53, 58, 60, 70, 71, 95, 143, 177, 215, 230  
 College, Williams, 61, 279  
 College "Miscellany," 34, 39, 278, 279  
 Collier, Colonel James, 181  
 Colmery, John Scott, 57

- Columbiana County, Ohio, 211, 215,  
 220, 221, 224, 234, 242, 262  
 Columbus, Ohio, 130, 191, 230  
 Concord, John, 133  
 Conn, 160, 190, 192  
 Confederate Army, 55, 177  
 Confederate Congress, 55  
 Confederate Veterans, 219  
 Connorsville, 128, 129  
 Conrad, John M., 108  
 Constitution, 75, 91, 136, 155, 189, 207  
 Convention, *see* Eklesia  
 Cook, J. H. H., 32  
 Cook, John M., 179  
 Cope, S. S., 179  
 Corinthian Lodge No. 9, F. and A.  
 M., 117  
 Corwin, Sam, 128  
 Corwin, Thomas, 39  
 County Antrim, 104, 211  
 Cox, 120, 255  
 Cox, T. B., 94  
 Craig, John H., "Innocent Johnny,"  
 59  
 Crane, Miss Rachel, 179, 184  
 Crews, Thomas W. B., 10, 34, 38, 39,  
 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52,  
 53, 56, 78, 86, 91, 108, 110, 111,  
 121, 124, 156, 165, 166, 168, 177,  
 178, 192, 203, 205, 208, 209, 210,  
 234, 238, 261, 276, 277, 278, 280,  
 282  
 Crews, Judge Thomas, 278  
 Crofts, Daniel Webster, 41, 42, 43,  
 44, 45, 54, 75, 81, 84, 86, 87, 90,  
 99, 100, 119, 123, 124, 128, 157,  
 158, 159, 175, 176, 185, 188, 201,  
 204, 207, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215,  
 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 223,  
 225, 228, 231, 233, 235, 237, 240,  
 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 252, 257,  
 260, 262, 266  
 Crofts, John, 211, 219  
 Crosby, E., M.D., 246  
 Crosby, Elizabeth M., 246, 248  
 Cumberland, Pa., 68, 157, 160  
 Cumberland Pike, 157  
 Cunningham, Wallace McCook, 212  
 Curator's Book of The Lyceum, 68  
 DAILY APPEAL, 114  
 Dallas, George M., 106, 107  
 Dantonism, 230  
 Danville, Ky., 94  
 Darlington, Pennsylvania, 234  
 Darlington, Pennsylvania, Academy,  
 136  
 Daugherty, E. B., 139  
 Davenport, Iowa, 250  
 Davis, Jefferson, 39  
 Davis, Dr. T. D., 95  
 Dayton, Ohio, 284  
 Delans, Colonel, 128  
 Delhi, Delaware Co., N. Y., 218  
 Delta, 38, 58, 119, 123, 150, 154, 158,  
 160, 186, 201, 202, 206, 209, 222,  
 229, 253, 254, 263, 268  
 Delta Association, 7, 10, 34, 38, 39,  
 54, 59, 62, 69, 77, 82, 83, 85, 87, 90,  
 93, 111, 162, 168, 179, 185, 194,  
 197, 209, 221, 222, 248, 249, 253,  
 255, 276, 285, 287  
 Delta Chapter, 92, 93, 94  
 "Delta's Farewell," 280  
 Delta Hall Number One, 76, 81, 118,  
 169  
 Delta Hall Number Two, 81  
 Delta Phis, 277, 279  
 Delta Upsilon, 279  
 Deltas, 39, 54, 56, 79, 83, 87, 91, 93,  
 120, 121, 124, 125, 129, 131, 153,  
 154, 155, 169, 205, 207, 209, 223,  
 224, 228, 256  
 Democratic Party, 125, 228, 261  
 Denison University, 10, 83, 105, 217,  
 249  
 Dickie, S. H., 43, 255  
 "Dodd, Eli-Ass," 59  
 Dodd, Rev. Thaddeus, 69  
 Doddridge, Joseph, 26  
 Doddridge, Phillip, 26  
 Donald, 36  
 "Donkey John," 59  
 Douglas, Stephen A., 39, 41

- Drake, 260  
 Duncan, James, 26, 120  
 Dunlavy, James, 26  
 Durham, Lord, 163  
 Dutch, 125
- EAGLESON, WM. S., 93  
 East Feliciana, 216  
 East Liverpool, 219  
 "Eclectic," 41  
 Edmiston, David, 54, 59, 78, 81, 110, 124, 130, 133  
 Edwards, Rev. James C., 114  
 Edwards, Jonathan, 53, 70  
 Ekklesia, 250  
 Ekklesia, Chicago, 8, 30  
 Ekklesia, Cincinnati, 136  
 Ekklesia, Fifty-first, 285  
 Ekklesia, Fifty-eighth, 30  
 Ekklesia, Fifty-ninth, 30  
 Ekklesia, New York, 286  
 Ekklesia, Old Point Comfort, 8, 30  
 Ekklesia, Pittsburgh, 194  
 Ekklesia, University of Chicago, 8  
 El Dorado, 10, 190  
 Elegy, 200  
 "Eli-Ass" Dodd, 59  
 Elliott, Charles, 179  
 Elliott, Edgar, 179  
 Elliott, Frank, 76, 86, 170, 174, 179, 184, 185  
 Elliott, James, Jr., 10, 40, 41, 42, 45, 46, 49, 50, 54, 75, 76, 77, 81, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 101, 102, 108, 110, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123, 125, 127, 128, 129, 131, 133, 151, 152, 153, 156, 157, 159, 160, 161, 163, 164, 165, 168, 169, 170, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 188, 190, 193, 195, 197, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 214, 215, 220, 221, 223, 226, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 247, 254, 256, 257, 260, 261, 263, 264, 271, 275, 282  
 Elliott, Rachel C, 179, 185  
 Elliott, Sallie, 179  
 Ellis, 221  
 Emery, Mat, 232  
 Emery Tavern, 254, 282  
 England, Manchester, 211  
 Epsilon Chapter, 92, 93, 94  
 Epsilon, Office of, 90, 91, 93, 94  
 Equitable Fraternity, 279  
 Eta Chapter, 94  
 Everglades of Florida, 229  
 Ewing, John, 59, 230  
 Ewing, Samuel Blaine, 30  
 Exhibition, 266, 267, 269  
 FAGGS MANOR, 23  
 Family Circle and Parlor Annual, 278  
 Federal Army, 177  
 Female College of Pittsburgh, 58  
 Female College of Granville, 248, 273  
 Female Seminary, Canonsburg, 50  
 Fifty-eighth Ekklesia, 30  
 Fifty-ninth Ekklesia, 30  
 Fijis, 9, 83  
 Filmore, 125  
 Findley, 41  
 Findley, C W., 86, 102  
 Fisher, Mr. S., 251  
 Fleming, William A., 59  
 Fleming, "Little," 59  
 Fletcher, Naaman, 29, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56, 75, 76, 78, 80, 81, 84, 85, 86, 87, 90, 101, 102, 108, 110, 122, 124, 129, 153, 157, 169, 185, 194, 204, 220, 223, 232, 234, 236, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 254, 256, 257, 261, 264, 267, 271, 273, 275, 282  
 Flinn, J. William, 177  
 Ford, Seabury, 215  
 Forrest, Edwin, 119  
 Forms, Book of, 206  
 Forsythe, 54  
 Forsythe, James, 81  
 Forsythe, James C., 58



Forsythe, James H., 58  
 "Forsythe, Leather-lip maw-mouth-  
 ed," 58  
 "Fort" Armstrong, 23, 75, 81, 82, 83,  
 84, 98, 106, 159, 281  
 "Fort" Ballentine, 81, 263  
 "Fort" Delaware, 177  
 Fort Dodge, 248  
 "Fort" Emery, 81, 248  
 "Fort" McCoughus, 263  
 Fort Pitt, 164  
*Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter*, 101, 287  
 Founders. *See* Crofts, Elliott, Fletch-  
 er, Gregg, McCarty, Wilson  
 Franklin, 34, 35, 39, 53, 56, 71, 202,  
 209, 234  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 27, 38, 69, 70,  
 281  
 Franklin County, Indiana, 126, 175  
 Franklin County Bible Society, 109,  
 131  
 Franklin County Seminary, 126  
 Franklin Hall, 50, 105  
 Franklin Literary Library, 37  
 Franklin Literary Society, 37, 40, 135,  
 165, 174, 197, 263, 268, 278  
 Franklin Society, 34, 38, 49, 51  
 Franks, 41, 42, 266  
 Frazer, George, 43, 44, 45, 47, 51, 52,  
 234, 264, 267  
 Fraternal Society, 279  
 Fraternity Catalogue, 92  
 Freesoilers, 232

GALION, MRS. MARY, 105  
 Gallatin, Albert, 120, 270  
 Gamma Chapter, 91, 93, 94  
 Gamma, Office of, 89, 90, 91, 94  
 Gateshead, 163  
 Gazette, 246  
*Gazette and Intelligencer*, 246  
 Geary, 40  
 Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, 94, 95, 134  
 Gibson, Chief Justice, 162  
 Gilchrist, John P., 38, 51, 56, 78, 80,  
 86, 119, 124, 167, 234, 256, 263,  
 264, 267, 278

Gilson, 268  
 Gilson, S. S., 95  
 Glasgow, Missouri, 110, 209, 278  
 Goodwillie, D. H., 44, 45, 46, 48, 50,  
 52, 82, 86, 90, 105, 135, 154, 155,  
 164, 199  
 Gotwald, W. D., 94  
 Gould, 236, 239  
 Grand Army of the Republic, 185  
 Grand Chapter, 7, 75, 77, 92, 148,  
 149, 194, 197, 206  
 "Grand Conversazione," 59  
 Grand Lodge of Louisiana, 219  
 Granville Female College, 248, 273  
 Granville, Ohio, 248  
 Gray, 200  
 Gregg, Aaron, 196  
 Gregg, Ellis Bailey, 37, 38, 39, 42,  
 43, 44, 45, 54, 56, 75, 76, 81, 84,  
 86, 100, 101, 110, 124, 156, 157,  
 158, 159, 185, 196, 197, 198, 199,  
 200, 201, 205, 207, 208, 209, 220,  
 221, 223, 238, 248, 260, 263, 276,  
 282, 283  
 Gregg, J. B., 38  
 Gregg, John, 196  
 Gregg, Maria Seaton, 196  
 Greeley, Horace, 39  
 Green, 88  
 Green Academy, 197  
 Greencastle, Indiana, 93, 94  
 Greenleaf, 239  
 Grier, 46, 52, 89, 259, 260  
 Griswold, H., 244  
 Gurley, Phineas, 41

HADLEY, T. J., 93  
 Hall, David, 40, 45, 46, 49, 50, 51, 52,  
 53, 78, 86, 90, 102, 119, 136, 155,  
 156  
 Hamilton, 44, 48  
 Hanna, Kersey, 214  
 Harper, Mrs. Sarah, 134  
 Harrah, J. H., 147  
 Harris, P., 93  
 Harrodsburg, Ky., 95  
 Harsh, Samuel, 86, 88

- Hawkins, 259, 260  
 Hays, I., 44  
 Hazel Green, 209  
 Heath, John W., 93  
 Heckel, E. B., 149  
 Heilig, Thco., 94  
 Henderson, 36  
 Henderson, Ebenezer, 26  
 Henry, Patrick, 27  
 Hepburn, Lawrence C., 43  
 Herriott, Mrs., 45  
 Hervey, Rev. D. B., D.D., 248  
 Hill, 40  
 Historical Society of Canonsburg, 53  
 History of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, 134  
 Holland, Geo., 130  
 Holmes, Mr., 211  
 Holt, Richard S., 139  
 Houston, Frank, 194  
 Howard College, 95  
 Hutchinson, 48, 49  
 Hutchinson Spring, 282  
 Hutchinson, Tillie, 81  
 Huntington County, 249
- ILLINOIS, Chicago, 76, 179, 180, 184  
 Illinois, Peoria, 199, 220  
 "Immortal Six," 75, 164, 185, 220, 281, 285  
 Independence, Missouri, 131  
 Independence, Texas, 93, 94  
 Index Rerum, 177, 276, 277, 280, 282  
 Indiana, 104, 124, 175  
 Indiana Asbury University, 94  
 Indiana, Brookville, 104, 105, 108, 115, 118, 120, 121, 122, 123, 126, 127, 129, 175, 176, 192, 194, 226, 233, 261  
 Indiana, Franklin County, 126, 175  
 Indiana, Greencastle, 93, 94  
 Indiana, Richmond, 116  
 Indiana, Wabash, 246, 249, 250, 251, 252  
 Indiana, Indianapolis, 104  
*Intelligencer*, 246  
 "Innocent Johnny" Craig, 59
- Iota Chapter, 94  
 Iowa, Davenport, 250  
 Iowa, State University of, 58  
 Ireland, 104  
 Irwin, 40
- JACKSON, ANDREW, 39  
 Jefferson Academy, 31, 32, 33, 58  
 Jefferson B-legs, 129  
 Jefferson Catalogues, 61  
 Jefferson Chapter, 136, 158  
 Jefferson College, 7, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 38, 40, 53, 54, 56, 61, 63, 68, 70, 71, 75, 77, 84, 95, 98, 105, 106, 108, 110, 120, 124, 125, 129, 135, 136, 137, 152, 154, 158, 164, 165, 166, 170, 185, 194, 197, 202, 203, 209, 211, 214, 215, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226, 230, 232, 239, 246, 247, 249, 254, 257, 258, 261, 264, 273, 275, 278, 280, 281  
 Jefferson County, Ohio, 176, 179, 215  
 Jefferson Medical College, 29  
 Jefferson, Thomas, 281  
 Jeffries, C. S., 277  
 Jeffries, Miss Virginia, 277  
 Jeffersonian Democrat, 138  
 Jenkins, 54, 78, 119  
 Jenkins, Albert G., 38, 55, 83, 86  
 Jenkins, Gallatin, 121  
 Jenkins, George K., 164  
 Jones, 78  
 Jones, Dan D., 130, 192, 194  
 Jones, John Quincy Adams, 38, 47, 52, 56, 86  
 Jones, John T., 94
- KANSAS, Topeka, 178  
 Kappa Chapter, 93, 94  
 Kappa Alpha, 277, 279  
 Kappa Phi Lambda, 69  
 Keck, Major Frank, 7, 9, 149  
 Kelly, John, 60  
 Kennedy, 91  
 Kennedy, Geo. McC., 86, 274  
 Kennedy, Robert P., 56, 86  
 Kent's *Commentaries*, 234, 239, 272

- Kentucky, 128, 227  
 Kentucky, Danville, 94  
 Kentucky, Harrodsburg, 95  
 Kentucky, Russellville, 94, 95  
 Kentucky, University of, 95  
 Kerr, William, 26  
 Key, 95  
 Kilbourne, Judge, 217  
 Kimble, John, 133  
 Knight, James K., 279  
 Knights Templars, 116  
 Krepps, Bolivar G., 10, 86, 111, 263  
  
 LAFAYETTE COUNTY, 128  
 Lafferty, James, 93  
 Lambda Chapter, 93, 94  
 Lambda Deuteron Chapter, 83, 249  
 Lambton, John George, 163  
 Lampoons, 54  
 Langley, A. B., 170  
 Langurs, 130  
 Latham, 255  
 "Latin School," 25  
 Laurens County, South Carolina, 104  
 Laurel Point Cemetery, 200  
 Lawrence County, 134  
 Lawrenceburgh, 130  
 "Leather-lip maw-mouthed For-  
 sythe," 58  
 Leatherman, Dr., 255  
 Leavitt, Edward, 54, 81  
 Leeamon, H. Clay, 129  
 Lee's Invasion, 55  
 Lee, Governor Harry, 282  
 Leopold of Belgium, 163  
 Lewis, Rev., 217  
 Library, and the Academy Company  
 of Canonsburg, 27  
 Library, Franklin Literary, 37  
 Linton, 52  
 Lippard Letter, 227  
 Lisbon, 214  
 Lisbon-Liverpool Road, 214  
 Literary Societies, 34  
 "Littells," 41  
 "Livingston's Law Register," 162  
  
 Log Cabin, 25, 26, 29, 31, 278  
 Logan, James W., 38, 46, 47, 49, 51,  
 52, 53, 56, 78, 83, 86, 119, 131, 154,  
 159, 160, 167, 168, 190, 204, 234,  
 238, 239, 246, 248, 256, 260, 276,  
 278  
 Logan, Pat, 231  
 Logan, Sr., 46  
 Long, Bob, 205  
 Long-eared Hanna, 231  
 Longfellow, 45  
 Lop Ears, 227  
 Loughran, Joshua, 197  
 Louisiana, 216  
 Louisiana, Clinton, 215, 216, 217,  
 219, 220, 245, 282  
 Lyceum, 43, 68, 261  
  
 "Mac," 82, 83, 98, 104, 106, 186, 194,  
 202, 203, 226, 232, 244, 253, 261,  
 281, 282  
 MacAlpine, Kenneth, 196  
 MacGregor, David, 196  
 MacNamee, Thomas, 251  
 MacWilson, 89  
 "Mae Evelynne," 77, 115  
 Magill, A. T., D.D., 51  
 "Maguire Gang, Molly," 55  
 Maine, Bangor, 164  
 Maker, Rabbi, 140  
 Mallory, John W., 93  
 Manchester, England, 211  
 March, Wm. G., 221  
 Marietta College, 94  
 Marietta, Ohio, 94  
 Marion, Alabama, 94, 95  
 Marquis, "Pumpkin-Head Johnny,"  
 58  
 Marsh Creek, Pa., 134  
 Marshall, A. P., 139, 146  
 Marshall, Missouri, 277  
 Martin, 254, 255  
 Maryland, 186, 191, 207  
 Maryland, Charles County, 153, 157,  
 188, 233, 235, 240  
 Maryland, Mount Aventine, 186, 188

- Maryland, Pomonkey, 153, 157, 159,  
 176, 188, 233, 235, 237, 238, 240  
 Marysville, California, 113, 114, 115,  
 116, 117, 118, 282  
 Marysville, Tennessee, 94  
 Massillon News, 246, 248  
 Massilon, Ohio, 246, 249  
 Masons, 110, 117, 137, 138, 160, 178,  
 215, 216, 219  
 Mason, James, 227, 259  
 Masonic, 76, 116, 179  
 Masonic Ball, 114  
 Masonic Hall, 110  
 Masonic Lodge, 104  
 Masonic Temple, 219  
 Mathers, John H., 56, 86, 202, 223  
 Maxwell, 40  
 Mayhew, Miss, 164  
 McAfee, 205  
 McCann, Hugh D., 54, 58, 81  
 McCarty, Abner R., 104  
 McCarty, Enoch, 175  
 McCarty, John Templeton, 7, 9, 10,  
 23, 29, 34, 38, 40, 42, 43, 44, 45,  
 46, 54, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 82, 83,  
 84, 86, 97, 98, 99, 100, 104, 105,  
 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113,  
 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120,  
 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 129,  
 130, 131, 133, 157, 159, 164, 169,  
 175, 185, 187, 194, 206, 211, 220,  
 223, 225, 228, 231, 233, 235, 239,  
 253, 260, 262, 266, 277, 278, 281,  
 282  
 McCarty, Molly, 115  
 McClean, Daniel, 26  
 McClelland, 81  
 McCook, Dr. George, 222  
 McCullough, 41  
 McDaniel, Mr., 203  
 McKay, 41, 47  
 McKeeley, 127  
 McKenna, Hon. T. M. T., 59, 199  
 McKinney, Ike, 119, 255, 256  
 McLaren, Wm. E., 53, 56, 80, 197,  
 248, 276, 280  
 McShafer, 255  
 Meadville College, 253  
 Meadville, Pennsylvania, 95  
 "Mellifluous Frank," 59  
 "Memorial Room," 53  
 Mercer County, Pa., 134  
 Mercer, Simou B., 56, 86, 90  
 Mercersville, Ohio, 127  
 Merchants Hotel, 116  
 Merrick, E. T., 216, 245  
 Metcalf, Ex.-Governor, 128  
 Metemora, 119  
 Mexico, 98  
 Miami County, 249  
 Miami University, 105, 110, 127  
 Michigan, University of, 61, 69  
 Miller, 118  
 Miller, Judge, 181  
 Miller, R. T., 93  
 Miller, S. W., 93  
 Milligan, 120, 256  
 Minis, David, 86, 102  
 Minutes of the Grand Chapter, 75,  
 77  
 Miss Maggie, 198  
 Mississippi River, 133, 245  
 Mississippi, University of, 177  
 Missouri, 192  
 Missouri, Arrow Rock, 177  
 Missouri, Glasgow, 110, 209, 278  
 Missouri, Independence, 131  
 Missouri, Marshall, 277  
 Missouri River, 110, 133  
 Missouri, St. Joseph, 131, 133, 194  
 Missouri, St. Louis, 58, 133, 277, 278  
 Mitchell, G. W., 203  
 M'Millan, Dr. John, 23, 24, 25, 29,  
 30, 32, 33, 53, 69  
 M'Millan Latin School, 34  
 M'Millan Log Cabin, 25, 26, 29, 31,  
 278  
 Moffat, President James D., 177  
 "Molly Maguire" Gang, 55  
 Monongahela River, 271  
 Montgomery, William, 199  
 Moodey, Honorable Roderick S., 176,  
 182, 191  
 Moore, 44

- Morehead, Rebecca, 134  
 Morehead, William, 134  
 Morristown, New Jersey, 114  
 Mount Aventine, Maryland, 186, 188  
 Mount Pleasant, Ohio, 128, 151, 190,  
     203, 226, 229, 231, 241, 243  
 Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania, 164  
 Mu Chapter, 94, 95  
 Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 92, 93, 94  
 Murphy, 256  
 "Mystic," 236  
 Mystic Brotherhood, 207  
 Mystic Tie, 151, 153, 157, 159, 160,  
     161, 191  
  
 "NANCY," 84  
 "Napoleon's Prophecy," 169  
 Nashville, Tennessee, 94  
 Nashville University, 91, 94  
 National Road, 68, 157  
 Naugle, D. S., 148  
 Nevada, 115  
 New Athens, Ohio, 170  
 New Castle, Pa., 134, 151  
 New Haven, Ohio, 104  
 New Jersey, College of, 23, 37  
 New Jersey, Morristown, 114  
 New Lisbon, Ohio, 120, 175, 176, 211,  
     212, 213, 214, 215, 221, 222, 223,  
     225, 226, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237,  
     238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244  
 New Lisbon Lodge F. and A. M., 215  
 New York, Delhi, 218  
 "North American Review," 41  
 North Carolina, Chapel Hill, 92, 93,  
     94  
 North Carolina, University of, 92, 94  
 Nu Chapter, 94, 95  
 "Nunc Ad Astra," 150  
  
 OCEAN WAVE, 226  
 Ohio, Cleveland, 214  
 Ohio, Columbiana County, 211, 215,  
     220, 221, 224, 234, 242, 262  
 Ohio, Columbus, 130, 191, 230  
 Ohio, Dayton, 284  
  
 Ohio Grand Lodge, 179  
 Ohio, Granville, 248  
 Ohio, Jefferson County, 176, 179, 215  
 Ohio, Marietta, 94  
 Ohio, Massillon, 246, 249  
 Ohio, Mercerville, 127  
 Ohio, Mount Pleasant, 128, 151, 190,  
     203, 226, 229, 231, 241, 243  
 Ohio, New Athens, 170  
 Ohio, New Haven, 104  
 Ohio, New Lisbon, 120, 175, 176,  
     211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 221, 222,  
     223, 225, 226, 229, 231, 233, 235,  
     237, 238, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244  
 Ohio, Oxford, 105, 122, 127  
 Ohio, Piqua, 23, 246, 249, 271  
 Ohio River, 184, 225, 245  
 Ohio, Sidney, 247, 249  
 Ohio, Steubenville, 160, 161, 178,  
     193, 215, 242, 243, 244  
 Ohio, Washingtonville, 242  
 Ohio, Wellsville, 160, 176, 179, 184,  
     193, 242, 283  
 Ohio, West Point, 211, 221, 243, 245  
 Ohio, Zanesville, 246  
 "Old Ben," 209  
 "Old Gregg," 85  
 Old Point Comfort Ekklesia, 8, 30  
 Omicron Chapter, 94, 95  
 Ophir, Land of, 133  
 Oram, 81  
 Original Six, 156  
 Orr, R. W., 57, 235  
 Orr, R. W., 57  
 Overholt, Karl, 150  
 Owesney, W. A., 179, 180  
 Oxford, Ohio, 105, 122, 127  
  
 PACKWOOD, GENERAL, 219  
 Pahl, H. F., 93  
 Paine, Mr., 252  
 Palladium, 176, 236, 237, 242  
 Passavant, Rev. W. A., 34, 43, 278  
 Patrick, Mr., 209  
 Patriot, 237  
 Patterson, Robert, 26

- Paxton, Wilson, Jr., 84  
 Pelham, 41  
 Penington, John B., 38, 54, 78, 86,  
 102, 119, 153, 159, 194, 202, 256,  
 257, 263  
 Pennsylvania, Beaver, 78, 86, 96,  
 137, 138, 140, 143, 150, 160, 161,  
 283  
 Pennsylvania, Beaver County, 137,  
 143, 145, 148, 234  
 Pennsylvania, Beaver Falls, 58  
 Pennsylvania, Butler, 264, 269  
 Pennsylvania, Butler County, 124  
 Pennsylvania, Canonsburg, 9, 26, 27,  
 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 43, 45,  
 50, 68, 69, 70, 71, 75, 76, 81, 82,  
 84, 93, 106, 119, 126, 136, 155, 157,  
 159, 166, 168, 192, 194, 204, 205,  
 206, 208, 209, 215, 222, 224, 225,  
 235, 240, 246, 260, 264, 281  
 Pennsylvania, Carmichaels, 196, 200,  
 201, 283  
 Pennsylvania College, 95  
 Pennsylvania, Cumberland, 68, 157,  
 160  
 Pennsylvania, Darlington, 234  
 Pennsylvania, Gettysburg, 94, 95, 134  
 Pennsylvania, Marsh Creek, 134  
 Pennsylvania, Meadville, 95  
 Pennsylvania, Mercer County, 134  
 Pennsylvania, Mount Aventine, 164  
 Pennsylvania, New Castle, 134, 151  
 Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, 119, 140,  
 157, 160, 162, 164, 194, 213, 227,  
 230  
 Pennsylvania, Rock Camp Run, 214  
 Pennsylvania, Somerset, 153, 157,  
 159, 168, 188, 238, 271  
 Pennsylvania, Washington, 30, 59,  
 69, 70, 91, 93, 94, 106, 157, 199,  
 203, 205, 207, 208, 254, 255, 260,  
 263, 268  
 Pennsylvania, Washington County,  
 68, 199  
 Pennsylvania, Westmoreland Coun-  
 ty, 134, 164  
 Pentecost, Dorsey, 26  
 Peoria, Illinois, 199, 220  
 Perge, 85, 91, 133, 153, 157, 159, 160,  
 162, 188, 257, 275, 286  
 Perkins 44, 45, 47, 49, 234  
 Perkins, C H., 47, 51  
 Pershing, Cyrus L., 50, 54, 55, 78,  
 83, 86, 102, 119, 137, 154, 155, 159,  
 190, 223, 238, 271, 275, 278  
 Pershing, Israel C., 52, 53, 86, 90,  
 102  
 Pershing, John J., 88  
 Petition Forms, 205  
 Phi Beta Kappa, 95, 279  
 Phi Gamma Delta, 8, 10, 23, 29, 30,  
 31, 32, 34, 37, 38, 39, 42, 54, 55,  
 57, 59, 61, 69, 77, 81, 82, 83,  
 84, 86, 87, 91, 95, 110, 111, 118,  
 136, 148, 149, 151, 164, 177, 200,  
 213, 217, 220, 246, 249, 275, 277,  
 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284  
 Phi Kappa Psi, 69  
 Phi Kappa Sigma, 60  
 Phillipp, 239  
 Phillippines, 9  
 Philo, 34, 35, 37, 39, 47, 50, 53  
 Philomathean Literary Society, 279  
 Pi Chapter, 95  
 Pi, Office of, 90, 91, 96, 155, 256  
 Pierce, Hon. John, 244  
 Pierson, Mary E., 114, 115  
 Pin, 57, 76, 80, 119, 122, 127, 169,  
 204, 209, 210, 217  
 Piqua, Ohio, 23, 246, 249, 271  
 Pitman System 174  
 Pittsburgh, Female College of, 58  
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 119, 140,  
 157, 160, 162, 164, 194, 213, 227,  
 230  
 Pittsburgh Graduate Chapter, 150  
 Playford, R. W., 53  
 Plummer, F. W., 251  
 Pogue, Thomas L., 32  
 Pomonkey, Md., 153, 157, 159, 176,  
 188, 233, 235, 237, 238, 240  
 Poppleton, Andrew J., 279



- Power, Frances H., 59  
 Pratt, 89  
 Prescott, W. H., 45, 205  
 Princeton University, 25, 28, 34, 58, 61, 106  
 Providence Hall, 33, 40, 41, 43, 50, 169  
 Prow, Elias, 45, 48  
 Psi Upsilon, 251, 277, 279  
 Pugh, 41  
 "Pumpkin-head Johnny Marquis," 58
- QUAIL, JR., 47, 49, 50  
 Quail, M., 42, 48, 259  
 Quail, W., 48, 259  
 Quakers, 241  
 Quay, Matthew Stanley, 50, 53, 136, 137, 138, 143, 190, 193  
 Quay, S. A., 42, 44, 49
- RANKIN, W. A., 119, 255  
 Ray, Benjamin F., 38, 42, 44, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 56, 78, 86, 87, 88, 89, 124, 128, 166, 167, 168, 197, 203, 209, 223, 232, 234, 260, 263, 266  
 "Red-head Bombasticus" Stewart, 58  
 "Red-head James" Black, 58  
 Reed, Mr., 203  
 Reid, A. M., 44, 49, 51  
 Reid, Jr., 89  
 Reynolds, 179  
 Reynolds, Miss Virginia, 86  
 Rho Chapter, 95  
 Rhodes, Harry O., 249, 250  
 Richards, M. H., 94  
 Richmond, Indiana, 116  
 Riddle, Dr. D. H., 53  
 Riddle, Squire, 205  
 Riddle, William, 26  
 "Rob Roy," 196  
 "Robespierreism," 230  
 Robinson, Elizabeth, 137  
 Robinson, George, 137  
 Robinson, J. W., 120  
 Rock Camp Run, Pennsylvania, 214
- Rodgers, Denny, 255, 256  
 Rowe, E. C., 94  
 Russelville, Kentucky, 94, 95  
 Ryman, John, 130, 131
- SACKADE, 119  
 Salisbury, 42  
 "Sam B.," 84, 120, 208, 256, 260, 266  
 "Sam T.," 84  
 Sandy and Beaver Canal, 225  
 San Francisco, California, 116, 133  
 Saviour of Greece, 163  
 School Master Among the Hoosiers, 129, 186  
 Scots and Picts 196  
 Scott, Abraham, 26  
 Seal, 185  
 "Sears's Guide to Knowledge," 48  
 "Seceder Church," 80, 282  
 Semi-Centenary, 42, 43  
 Seminary of Franklin County, 126  
 Seward, W. H., 39  
 Sexton, 40  
 Shaefer, Noah W., 32  
 Shelby County, 249  
 Sheridan, 173  
 Sickels, T. N., 93  
 Sidney, Ohio, 247, 249  
 Sigma Phi, 277, 279  
 Sindelar, Mrs. Charles J., 115  
 Six, The, 168  
 Skinner, E., 109  
 Sloan, 47  
 Smith, Caleb B., 128  
 Smith, Rev. Joseph, 69  
 Smith, Dev. Dr. Robert, 23, 25  
 Smith, Sr., 47  
 Smith, William, 57  
 Smith, William McK., 60  
 Smith, Hon. Wilson, 212, 214  
 Smyth, Henry, 57  
 Snodgrass, James, 26  
 Snyder, Harry, 239, 265, 267  
 Somerset, Pennsylvania, 153, 157, 159, 168, 188, 238, 271  
 South Carolina, Laurens County, 104



Spanish-American War, 7, 286  
 Spence, 49, 50  
 Spencer, 48, 209  
 Springhill, 267  
 Springhill Cemetery, 184  
 St. Alexander, 163  
 St. Andrew, 163  
 St. Anne, 163  
 St. Joseph, Missouri, 131, 133, 194  
 St. Louis, Missouri, 58, 133, 277, 278  
 Stanwood, Edward B., 117  
 Stark County, 249  
 Starkie, 239  
 Stanton, Edwin M., 176, 177  
 Stephen, 239  
 Sterrett, M. D., 94  
 Steubenville, Ohio, 160, 161, 178,  
     193, 215, 242, 243, 244  
 Stevenson, Jane, 211  
 Stewart, T. B., 48, 52  
 Stewart, John B., 54, 58, 81  
 Stoakes, Miss Mary Ann, 202  
 Stone, 53  
 Stoneroad, 43  
 Sullenberger, 130  
 Sullivan Brothers, 217  
 Sullivan, Charles, 217  
 Sullivan, Robert W., 217, 219  
 "Sunday Labors," 77  
 Swearingen, Thomas, 26  
 Swimming Hole, 282

TABULA RASA, JR., 226, 234, 239  
 Tabula Rasa, Sr., 189  
 Tappen, Judge, 181  
 Taylor, 122, 123, 124, 125, 127, 128,  
     131, 202, 225, 227, 261  
 Taylor, Lewis, 141  
 Temple Lodge F. and A. M., 199  
 Templeton, Jane, 104  
 Tennessee, Marysville, 94  
 Tennessee, Murfreesboro, 92, 93, 94  
 Tennessee, Nashville, 94  
 Tennessee, University of, 158, 207  
 Terrell, Rev. Wm., 109  
 Texas, Independence, 93, 94

Theological Seminary, 25, 50  
 Theta Chapter, 94  
 Theta Delta Chi, 277, 279  
 Tinker, Mr., 115  
 Tinker, Molly, 115  
 Todd, 40  
 Topeka, Kansas, 178  
 Trainer, Honorable J. A. H., 180  
 "Traitor Zach," 59  
 "Traitorous Simon," 87, 90  
 Troglodytes, 130  
 Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 94  
 Twenty-Three, 86, 87

UNION ARMY, 177  
 Union College, 274, 277, 279, 280  
 Union Party, 249  
 Union University, 92, 94  
 Unionism, 250  
 Uniontown, 203, 267  
 United States Army, 164  
 United States Hotel, 126  
 University of Alabama, 94  
 University, Baylor, 94  
 University, Chicago, 8, 217  
 University, Denison, 10, 83, 105, 217,  
     249  
 University, Indiana Asbury, 94  
 University, Iowa State, 58  
 University, Kentucky, 95  
 University, Miami, 105, 110, 127  
 University, Michigan, 61, 69  
 University, Mississippi, 177  
 University, Nashville, 91, 94  
 University, North Carolina, 92, 94  
 University, Princeton, 25, 28, 34, 58,  
     61, 106  
 University, Tennessee, 158, 207  
 University, Union, 92, 94  
 University, Virginia, 69, 94, 95  
 University, Wooster, 58, 150

VAN BUREN, MARTIN, 39, 228  
 Vaneman, Sr., 50, 51  
 Van Lear, John, 47  
 Van Vliet, Purdy, 149

- Van Wier Family, 145  
 Van Wier, Mary, 134  
 Vance, Joseph E., 215, 230  
 Vander Hurst, M. M., 93  
 Vernon Catalogue, 249  
 Vincent, 42  
 Virginia, 24, 55, 175, 194, 269  
 Virginia, Alexandria, 187  
 Virginia, Charlottesville, 95  
 Virginia, University of, 69, 94, 95  
  
 WABASH CEMETERY ASSOCIATION, 251  
 Wabash County, 249  
 Wabash, Indiana, 246, 249, 250, 251, 252  
 Wabash Intelligencer, 249  
 Wabash Masonic Lodge, 250  
 Wabash Plain Dealer, 246, 249  
 Waddock's Chancery, 239  
 Waggener, L., 94  
 Walden, W. A., 178  
 Waldron, 179  
 Wallace, General Lew, 285  
 Ward, B. C., 44, 46, 48, 51, 86, 234  
 Washington Academy, 69, 70  
 Washington, Borough of, 68  
 Washington City, 165, 189  
 Washington College, 50, 53, 54, 57, 58, 70, 81, 94, 110, 124, 129, 133, 169, 209, 238  
 Washington County, Pa., 68, 199  
 Washington and Jefferson College, 29, 30, 35, 53, 58, 60, 70, 71, 95, 143, 177, 215, 230  
 Washington and Jefferson Chapter House, 60  
 Washington, Pennsylvania, 30, 59, 69, 70, 91, 93, 94, 106, 157, 199, 203, 205, 207, 208, 254, 255, 260, 263, 268  
 Washingtonville, Ohio, 242  
 Watson, 130  
 Watson, James, 199  
 Watson, Rev. John, 34  
 Watson, Major, 255  
 Webster, Daniel, 39, 176, 194  
 Wellsville, Ohio, 160, 176, 179, 184, 193, 242, 283  
 West, 89  
 Western Theological Seminary, 29  
 Westmoreland County, 134, 164  
 West Point Military Academy, 211  
 West Point, Ohio, 211, 221, 243, 245  
 West Virginia, Wheeling, 230, 232, 261  
 Wheeling, W. Va., 230, 232, 261  
 Whig, 127, 128, 191, 192, 225, 227, 228, 230, 237  
 Whig Barbeque, 127  
 Whiggery, 128  
 "Whipple's Miscellanies," 52  
 White, 232  
 White Eagle of Russia, 163  
 Whitten, Miss, 165  
 Wickham, John J., 139, 145  
 Wilkinson, 243  
 Williams, 232, 239  
 Williams College, 61, 279  
 Williams, J. B., 94  
 Williams, S. R., 57  
 Wilmot Proviso, 227  
 Wilson, 36, 43, 49  
 Wilson, Anna, 137, 143  
 Wilson, Bob, 242  
 Wilson, Elizabeth, 137  
 Wilson, Frank, 139  
 Wilson, George, 137, 139  
 Wilson, Jr., 47  
 Wilson, Marmaduke, 134  
 Wilson, Mary, 137, 143  
 Wilson, Maurice E., D.D., 9, 56, 60, 82, 83, 84, 105  
 Wilson, Patrick, 134  
 Wilson, R. F., 48  
 Wilson, Sarah, 137  
 Wilson, Samuel Beatty, 10, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 54, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 83, 84, 86, 91, 96, 118, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 153, 154, 157, 159, 160, 162, 164, 167, 179, 185, 186, 190, 194, 205,

- 206, 208, 209, 220, 223, 234, 238,  
239, 248, 266, 269, 270, 275, 278,  
283
- Wilson, Sr., 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45,  
46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53
- Wilson, S. T., 84, 255
- Wilson, Thomas B., 9, 40, 43, 44, 45,  
47, 48, 51, 52, 53, 56, 78, 86
- Wilson, T. H., 207
- Wilson, W. S., 56, 86
- Wilson, Woodrow, 57
- Windes, F. M., 93
- Winters, 255
- Winters, Jacob, 43, 119, 222
- Wisconsin, 162
- Witherspoon, Dr., 23
- Woodrow, James, 43, 56, 78, 80, 86,  
89, 102, 223
- Woods, Jr., 40
- Woods, Levi, 133
- Woods, Tom, 244
- Wooster University, 58, 150
- Wylie, William, 26
- Xi CHAPTER, 94, 95
- YARYAN, MRS. JENNIE M., 116
- York County, 134
- Young, G. I., 38
- Youngstown and Ohio Railroad, 212
- ZACK, OLD, 202
- Zanesville, Ohio, 246
- Zeta Chapter, 94

















